

HISTORY OF
SAMUEL PAINÉ, JR.
A. D. 1778-1861
AND HIS WIFE
PAMELA (CHASE) PAINÉ
1780-1856

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SAMUEL PAINE, JR.
At Middle Age

History of
SAMUEL PAINE, JR.

A. D. 1778-1861

and his wife

PAMELA (CHASE) PAINE
1780-1856

OF RANDOLPH, VT.

and their

Ancestors and Descendants



Compiled and Edited by their Grandson
ALBERT PRESCOTT PAINE

[Randolph Center, Vt., 1923.]

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PREFACE

Just a few lines. So much matter has accumulated relating to the history of the Paine clan, past and present, it seems a pity it should all be forgotten, and lost in old boxes and trunks and eventual fires. So, partly by my own volition, and partly by the encouraging words and financial help of many members of the Paine family, I have ventured to compile and publish this volume; and I entreat you all, kind kindred, to be good to this little book, the product of many minds.

Give it a choice place in your library, and bequeath it to your children and your children's children.

ALBERT PRESCOTT PAINE.

Randolph Center, Vt. Sept. 10, 1923.



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INTRODUCTION

The history of families and their lineage to remote times is an interesting and instructive study, connected as it is with the history of different peoples and races. Altho the lineage of the different families of Paines who emigrated to America in the seventeenth century cannot be traced back of the time of their emigration, still the history of the family as a unit can be traced back to the Normans. I am very sensible of the fact that in every generation there is a union of two families, and that the Paine family since the time of the Normans, have been mingled in lineage with those of innumerable other families, and students of family lore can dispose of that fact as they see fit. The Paines of the family of my grandfather might not have much resemblance in family appearance to the Paines of the family of Stephen Paine who came from England in 1638 in the ship "Diligence" with 138 passengers, and settled in the new country; they were five generations apart. The resemblance would naturally be more racial than family. Nothing is known of many of the families united, either directly or indirectly, with the Paines to vary the lineage, nor how much of Briton, Saxon, Roman, Scotch, Irish, French or other blood, may have been mixed with the original Norman. Inasmuch as the foundation stock of the population of England is Anglo-Saxon, it is probable that the families that have united with the Paine family are largely of that stock. The following list of family names of the writer's ancestors is taken from a chart of our family tree made out with great care, patience, and research by my cousin, Mrs. Laura Morey Johns, of Sedalia, Mo. Scholars can doubtless discover the racial origin of most of them.

Viz: Agard, Allen, Ainsworth, Anne, Austin, Barbage, Bearse, Bishop, Blaxton, Bould, Bourtain, Bradley, Bruning, Bulkley, Bourne, Byrdd, Carre, Chase, Chickering, Clark, Crane, Day, Dudley, Butler, de-Audley, Fairbank, Farmer, Fiske, Fleming, Follansbee, Folsom, Gilman, Grosvenor, Goldstone, Gould, Hall, Haseldine, Hawes, Hill, Hoar, Hunt, Irby, Jefferies, Jelliman, Lacie, Lantersee, Littleton, Lynne, March, Middleton, Melgrave, Miller, Moulton, Musgrave, Norton, Ollyver, Overtsn,

Paine, Peck, Platts, Prescott, Ray, Rysse, Rogers, Savill, Sayre, Smith, Smythe, Sparhawk, Squire, Standish, Stanton, Storrs, Tilly, Tunstall, Watford, Wembourne, Wheeler, Wilbraham, Winslow. There are 81 names in all, and these family names might be multiplied. Every person has two parents and four grandparents; and if there is no marrying of cousins, or second cousins, the number of ancestors continues to double with each generation: so that Samuel Paine and Pamelia Chase would each have about a thousand ancestors who were living in the year 1500, say ten generations back, or about a million, twenty generations back. But of course there are many meetings of lines when the ancestry is confined to one small country like England; a family of A. D. 1900 might trace its lineage back in two or three lines of ancestry to the same particular family that lived in 1600 A. D. The points are: we cannot be confined in descent to any particular family; the Smiths, the Browns, or the Whites of the present time may be very unlike their ancestors of that name of 100 or 200 years ago; Samuel Paine could have claimed descent from 100 or 500 other families who lived 200 or 300 years ago

EARLY HISTORY

The following lengthy extract was published several years ago by Henry D. Paine, M. D., of New York City. It contains much valuable information of the origin of the Paine family:

Representatives of the Paine family, under one or the other of its orthographic varieties, are to be found in every state and territory of the union, tho the name is far from being common in any part of the country. It is most common in New England and regions colonized by people of the eastern states. First settlers of the Paine family were mostly in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Nearly all the older lines of northern Paines are derived from New England stock. Paynes of the Southern stock are derived mostly from early Virginia planters.

Some of the Virginia planters by the name of Paine were among the first adventurers to that coast. The name is variously spelled, the principal variations being Paine, Payne, and Payn, the first of which appears to predominate at the North, and Payne at the South. It may be doubted if either form can lay claim to superior authority either from derivation or usage. Our ancestors were not particular in their spelling. Documents were not uncommon in which two or three different ways of spelling are evidently applied to the same person. Tastes differ and changes occur in the method of spelling their family names. Different modes do not necessarily indicate different lineage. All these variations are easily traceable to the same Latin original, *Paganus*, a villager, which in its turn is derived from *Pagus*, a village. The inhabitants of villages were called *Pagani*, and as, during the gradual process of converting the people of the Roman Empire to Christianity, they, in many cases, retained their old religion long after the older or larger towns and cities had adopted the new faith, the designation acquired a new meaning. *Paganus*, or *Pagan* in English, became synonymous with a heathen or unbeliever, altho its original meaning was merely that of a villager or countryman. In Italy the name still flourishes as *Pagani*, *Pagni*, or *Paganini*. In France, especially in Normandy, where families of this name arose to honorable distinction, still other modifications of form are observed, as *Payen* and *Paien*. From Normandy

the name passed over to England, where it underwent still other changes, corresponding with the present usage.

The American families are not, it appears, of the same stock; especially as far as their past emigration is concerned; tho if the truth were known, it might show that many of the emigrants were near of kin. Nearly all of the first founders of the race in New England came from the contiguous counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent. About one in 1800 of the general population bears the name of Paine, Payne, or Payn; but in catalogs of colleges and schools, etc., lists of clergy, lawyers, doctors, teachers, postmasters, etc., etc., about one a thousand bears the name of Paine. Tradition has assigned to Thomas Paine, whose name appears as deputy from Yarmouth, (Cape Cod), to the first general court of the colony of Plymouth in 1639, the distinction of having been the earliest known voyager of our name to the New England shores. It is not known when he came over. Some think as early as 1621; perhaps not until 1632 or 1634. A William Paine is spoken of in colonial records in 1634, but no more is known of him. This Thomas Paine had a wife and son, and moved from Plymouth to Yarmouth, and the son, whose name was also Thomas, about 1653 settled in Eastham, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, and became progenitor of one of the extensive divisions of the American race of this name. John Howard Paine (born in 1792, died in 1853) author of "Home Sweet Home", was of this branch of the Paine family. His record is: Thomas (who came from England), 2, Thomas, (who settled in Eastham); 3, Deacon John Paine, (who was for 34 years clerk of Eastham, also selectman and representative); 4, William Paine, a highly respected citizen of Eastham; William Payne, 2nd, a distinguished school teacher of Boston, Easthampton, New York City, who was father of John Howard Paine. Robert Treat Paine, signer of the declaration of independence was also of this family, the Eastham branch. Next settler in order of arrival in New England, so far as known, was a William Paine, who with his wife Ann, and five children, embarked on the ship "Increase" in London in 1630. He settled first in Watertown, and afterwards in Ipswich, Mass., where he attained large influence in the affairs of the town and the commonwealth. He was the founder of the Ipswich branch of the New England Paines.

His brother Robert and two sons, also came to New England about the same time and lived in Ipswich: both men of enterprise and liberality.

THOMAS PAINE, aged 50, with wife Elizabeth and six children, from Wrentham, Suffolk County, England, arrived in Salem in 1637, in which year he also obtained a grant of land in that town. He died the year following, but his descendants are an important part of the Paine family in the United States; one division of which became large proprietors at Southold, Long Island, and Dedham, Mass.

Next in order was Stephen Paine, ancestor of the Rehoboth, Massachusetts, Woodstock and Pomfret, Connecticut, and the Randolph, Brookfield, and Williamstown, Vermont Paines. He, his wife, Rose, and three children took passage in the ship "Diligent," in 1638, and came to Hingham, near Boston. A year or two later he became one of the proprietors and inhabitants of Rehoboth, Massachusetts near the border of Rhode Island. He was an active and leading man in town and colony until his death in 1679.

He was the ancestor of the Rehoboth branch, one of the most extensive divisions of the Paine family. The name Payne or Paine appears among the residents of Norfolk County, England at as early a date as 1343. There was a Moses Paine at Braintree, Massachusetts, admitted freeman there in 1641. William Paine in New Haven was made freeman in 1647. There was another Thomas Paine at Dover in 1659. Tobias Paine from Jamaica married in 1665 at Boston, Sarah (Winslow) Standish, the widow of Miles Standish. He died in 1669, leaving a son, William, who graduated at Harvard in 1689. The above include all the author had reference to previous to 1666. It is probable that besides those mentioned there were others of whom no trace is found.

STEPHEN PAINE, from whom so many of the name trace their descent, was originally from Great Ellingham, a parish in the Hundred of Shropshire, near Hingham, Norfolk County, England. He was a miller and came to New England with a large party of emigrants from Hingham and vicinity in 1638. He came in the ship "Diligent" of Ipswich, John Martin, master, bringing his wife, Rose, and three sons, or two, and four servants. Above statement, from Plymouth colony records, is the only statement made of three sons, and it is thought that one son must have died.

Stephen Paine first settled at Hingham, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, where he had land granted him and was made a freeman in 1639, and elected a representative or deputy. In 1641-2 he, with four others, all of Hingham, applied to the authorities of Plymouth colony for leave to sit down in Seekonk, which was granted, and he removed there with his family in 1643-4.

Rev. Samuel Newman, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, who came from England in 1637-8, also removed to Seekonk, and at his suggestion the new settlement was called Rehoboth. The first grant of land in 1641 for township eight miles square was to Mr. A. Winchester, P. Wright, J. Peak, and Stephen Paine and divers others.

Mr. Paine became prominent in the affairs of the new settlement, and his name often appears in the records as holding offices of honor and trust. A man of considerable wealth for the period, his estate in 1641 being valued at 535 pounds. In 1645 he was chosen Deputy to the General Court at Plymouth, or as the original record quaintly puts it: "On the 31st of March, 1645, at a meeting of the town, upon public notice given, Stephen Paine and William Carpenter were chosen to certify the town minds."—Bliss' history of Rehoboth. He continued to hold office as deputy until 1660 and was elected at various times afterward. In 1661, he and his sons Stephen and Nathaniel, with Capt. Thomas Willett, the first English mayor of New York, and several others, purchased of Warmsitter, a sachem of Pokanoket and son of Massasoit, a large tract of land adjoining Rehoboth, which included within its limits the present town of Attleboro. He owned a tract of land within the limits of the present town of Swanzy and Barrington, Rhode Island, and his name and that of his son, Stephen, appear in the records of the towns of Sowains and Warren, Rhode Island. Mr. Paine's reputation among his townsmen is shown by the offices, both civil and ecclesiastical, that they conferred upon him. For instance it may be mentioned that in 1659: "It is agreed upon between this town and Lieut. Hunt and William Franklin that they shingle the new end of the meeting house, and that it be done as sufficiently as the new end of Goodman Paine's house," the inference being that what was good enough for him was good enough for the town. Again, in 1670, Mr. Paine, Sen., and Ensign Smith were appointed to select a place for Capt.

Hudson, of Boston, and John Fitch to build a wharf and warehouse. The first mention of Mr. Paine, Sen., in the town records of Swanszy was in 1671 as follows: "It is ordered that all such as have or intend to have, according to any former grant, any lotts or proportion of lands within this township, shall fully discharge ye several proportions of pay due upon ye purchase of lands in your town, according to their several ranks, before yt first day of September in manner and form following yt is to say, one half to Thomas Willet and to Hugh Cole, and ye other half unto Mr. Stephen Paine and unto Mr. Nathaniel Paine and yt they bring full and clear receipts of ye said proportion of pay from ye sd Respective lands ye sd Capt. Thomas Willet, Hugh Cole Mr. Stephen Paine, Sen., or Mr. Nathaniel Paine, and bring sd receipts into ye hands of Mr. John Allen, Sen., before ye 2nd of Dee. next, otherwise yt every person yt shall be bringing in of such receipts by ye time aforesd shall not only forfeit their lands in possession but also their right to any town lands yet undivided within the township." (Copied from Swanzy town records).

Stephen Paine, Sen., survived the trying period of the war with King Philip, and died in Aug. 1679, outliving his two sons. His first wife died Jan. 20, 1659, and in 1662 he married Alice Parker, widow of William Parker of Plymouth, or Taunton. His second wife died in 1682. The children of Stephen Paine who lived to the age of manhood were: Stephen, Jr., born in England in 1629, and Nathaniel also born in England, year not known. Stephen Paine, Jr., was born in Norfolk County Eng. and came to Hingham, Massachusetts, and to Rehoboth in 1643-4 with his father, where he became a prominent citizen and land-owner; took the oath of fidelity in 1659. He was by occupation a tanner; and took an active interest in town affairs and had many minor offices. Both he and his father being land owners in Swanzy, one or the other of them may have lived there a few years. "On the 9th of the 11th month of 1671 Stephen Paine, Sen., is granted a plot of ground to set a house upon adjoining the land of Stephen Paine, Jr. on the east side of New Meadow River." He was an active participant in the war with King Philip, in 1675, contributing money to carry it on (10 pounds 11-5) as well as his personal service in the ranks under Major William Bradford.

STEPHEN PAINÉ, JR., died in Rehoboth in 1677-8, leaving a wife, Anna, who later married Thomas Metcalf of Rehoboth. The children of Stephen, Jr., and Anna Chickering Paine (Mrs. Paine is supposed to have been the daughter of Francis Chickering of Dedham, Massachusetts) were as follows: 1, Stephen, 3rd, born Sept. 29, 1654, married 1st, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Williams of Taunton; 2nd, Mary Brintnell, Aug. 12, 1707. Represented Rehoboth in General Court in 1694 and 1703. He died in 1710, leaving two sons, Stephen and Edward, who settled in Connecticut. Rebecca, 2nd child of Stephen, 2nd, and Anna C. Paine, born Oct. 20, 1656, married 1st, 1673, and had two children; 2nd, 1677, Samuel Peck. Third child of Stephen and Anna C. Paine was John, born 1658. He lived in Swanzy and had a large family of children, wife Elizabeth. 4th child of Stephen Paine, Jr., and Anna C. Paine was Mary, born 1660, married Enoch Hunt in 1678. Samuel, 5th child of Stephen, Jr., and Anna C. Paine was the ancestor of Samuel Paine, Jr., of Randolph, Vermont. Samuel was born at Rehoboth in 1662, married 1st, Anne Peck of Rehoboth, Dec. 16, 1685, and 2nd, Abigail Frizzell, a widow, of Woodstock, Connecticut. He went "west," moving from Rehoboth to Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1710, purchasing land of John Butcher, land surveyor. Mr. Paine became an active and influential citizen. In 1695 he bought 200 acres of new land in Pomfret, Connecticut. He died at Woodstock, Connecticut, May 11, 1735. He had eight children by his first wife, all born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, viz: twins 1st, Samuel, born 1686, of Pomfret, Connecticut, 2nd, Anne, born 1686, married Peter Hunt of Rehoboth, died 1747; 3rd, Seth, born 1690, of Pomfret, Connecticut, progenitor of Vermont Paines, married Mary Morris. Seth was father of Judge Elijah Paine of Williamstown, Vermont, U. S. Senator one term, and Judge Paine was father of Charles Paine, Governor of Vermont in 1841-3, and Seth Paine was also guardian of his nephew, Samuel Paine, afterwards known as Capt. Paine, son of Noah, and grandson of Samuel and Anne Peck Paine, and father of Samuel Paine, Jr., of Randolph, Vermont. Seth died in 1772, Jan. 18. 4th child of Samuel and Anne Peck Paine was Sarah, born 1692, married Ensign Daniel Peck; 5th, Judith, born 1694-5, married Ichabod Peck of Attleboro, Massachusetts. The 6th child of Samuel and Anne Peck Paine was Noah, born May 21, 1696,

lived in Pomfret, Connecticut, married Jan. 13, 1732, Mahitable Storrs, died in 1753. He was a farmer, grandfather of Samuel Paine, Jr., of Randolph, Vermont. 7th, Stephen, born 1699; 8th, Daniel, born 1702, married Leah Smith, lived in Woodstock, Connecticut, died in 1795. Ebenezer, born in Woodstock, Connecticut, ninth child of Samuel (but his first child by his second wife, Mrs. Abigail Frizzell), born 1711, married Mary Grosevenor, died 1789. Rebecca, 2nd child by 2nd wife, born 1713, married Deliverance Cleveland, 1744, died in 1784. The sixth child of Stephen Paine, Jr., and Anna Chickering Paine, born 1664, married Jacob Pepper, 1685. Seventh, Sarah, born 1666, married Daniel Aldes, 1688, died 1711. Eighth, Nathaniel, born 1667, married Dorothy Claflin, 1794, lived in Rehoboth and had six children. Ninth, Benjamin, youngest child of Stephen, Jr., and Anna Chickering Paine, born 1674-5, died at Bristol, Rhode Island, 1698.

SECOND GENERATION.

Nathaniel, youngest son of Stephen Paine, Sen., born in England, and lived in Rehoboth, Massachusetts. He bought some land of Indians in 1653, which became part of town of Swanzy. He was a merchant, and a prominent business man. Was one of committee appointed to negotiate with King Philip, and to look after horses stolen by the Indians. He gave 100 Pounds towards the expenses of the Indian war, the largest sum given by any citizen of Rehoboth. The latter part of his life he lived in Boston, where he died in 1678. He left a wife, Elizabeth, a son, Nathaniel. Nathaniel Paine, 2nd, born 1661, died 1723-4, who married Elizabeth Rainsford, by whom he had eleven children, viz: Elizabeth, Mary, Hannah, Nathaniel, the progenitor of the Worcester Paines, Edward Jonathan, Alathea, Sarah, Stephen, Debora, and Sarah. Nathaniel Paine, 2nd, married Elizabeth Rainsford and they lived in Bristol, Massachusetts, now in Rhode Island. Their son, Stephen, 9th child, lived in Bristol, and had children, graduated at Harvard College in 1721, (born 1701) was judge and representative to the legislature

Nathaniel, 3rd, the 4th child of Nathaniel, 2nd, born March 9, 1688 (died 1730) lived in Bristol, representative to legislature. His son, Timothy, 7th and youngest child, married Sarah Chandler, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and they lived in Worcester. The Chandler family were loyal to the crown in Revolutionary times. Timothy Paine was also a notorious tory. After the Revolution he was a candidate for congress but his record being against him he was defeated.

He died July 17, 1793, and was buried in the old burial ground on Mechanic St., in Worcester.

On Aug. 22, 1774, Mr. Timothy Paine, of Worcester, was visited by nearly 3000 people, who compelled him to resign his office under the crown.

Before the Revolution, being a real estate owner in Worcester, he started a house which was finished after the war. This house, one of the most ancient now in the city of Worcester, was for many years occupied by Dr. William Paine, son of Timothy, then by Fred W. Paine, and at present by the widow of Fred W., 1878. This place was known as the Oaks, and for many years its large and beautiful garden and grove of trees opposite side of road, had more than a local reputation, and was visited by many. Timothy Paine lived on the great road to Boston now known as Lincoln St., just north of tavern known as Hancock Arms.

WHY MADAM PAINE DRANK TO THE DEVIL AND TURNED THE LAUGH ON JOHN ADAMS.

Timothy Paine's wife, a daughter of the Hon. John Chandler of Worcester, was a zealous Royalist and wit. The following is told of a party given by Judge Paine to the court and bar of the county. Among the guests was John Adams, afterward President of the United States. When Judge Paine gave the usual toast, to the king, some of the Whigs present wished to refuse to drink it, but Mr. Adams persuaded them, saying, "We shall have a chance to return the compliment."

When he was asked to propose a toast he gave "the devil"; and when Judge Paine was about to reprove, his wife said: "Oh, my dear, as the gentlemen have been so polite as to drink to our king, let us by no means refuse to drink to theirs."

ANCESTORS OF CHARLES DANA.

SETH PAINE (before mentioned as the son of the first Samuel Paine and the grandson of Stephen Paine, 2nd), the father of Elijah Paine of Williamstown, Vermont, was also father of Seth Paine, 2nd, of Pomfret, Connecticut; and Seth, 2nd, was the great-grandfather of Charles A. Dana, the veteran newspaper editor who died in 1897. His paper, the *New York Sun*, has this to say about Charles A. Dana:

CHARLES A. DANA, the veteran editor, died at his home at Glen Cove yesterday. He had been ill for months and hope of recovery had been practically abandoned some weeks ago. For several days his condition had been critical and the members of his family had been near him. Mr. Dana was conscious until a moment before his death. His son, Paul, his daughters, Mrs. J. W. Brannan, and Mrs. William Underhill, and Mrs. W. H. Draper, and his granddaughter, Miss Ruth Underhill, with Dr. Draper and Dr. Brannan, were present and heard his farewell.

The stirring life of Charles Anderson Dana began in the village of Hinsdale, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, on Aug. 8, 1819. On his father's side he was descended from Richard Dana, who came from England in 1640. His grandfather, Anderson Dana, was killed in the Wyoming Massacre of July 3rd, 1778. His mother was Ann Denison, a granddaughter of Seth Paine, a member of the Connecticut state convention that ratified the federal constitution in 1788.

When he was 12 years old he went to Buffalo and worked in the dry goods store of White and Dana for six years, when his thirst for knowledge led him with the advice and assistance of his uncle for whom he worked to go to Harvard where he entered without conditions. At the end of his 2nd year, however, he was forced to leave on account of failing eyesight, he having to work and study hard and support himself by teaching. This was the means of sending him to Brook farm and helped greatly in shaping his subsequent career. It was in 1842 when he first took part in that illustrious failure. In company with George Ripley, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, George William Curtis, William Henry Channing and others of lesser note he planted cabbage and discussed philosophy. "A great deal of

romance has been talked and written about Brook farm," he said in a recent speech. "This organization was conceived in transcendentalism, and designed to carry on social life in accordance with democratic and Christian ideas. There had been all the time a notable agitation respecting the unsanitary habits of college students". They should get more fresh air and earn their living by the sweat of their brows. So in order to reform society and regulate the world these friends of ours determined to pursue agriculture in connection with ideal brain work. So at Brook farm there were hoeing and haying in the daytime and high debate in the evenings. On leaving Brook farm Mr. Dana traveled in Europe a while and then joined Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune, but when the Civil War broke out there was a clash between the editor and the managing editor, and Mr. Dana resigned. During the war he made himself useful as assistant secretary of war, and as a reporter in the field to the President and Sec. Stanton. After the war Mr. Dana returned to journalism, eventually becoming chief shareholder and editor-in-chief of the New York Sun.

MORE ABOUT NOAH PAINE, GRANDFATHER OF SAMUEL PAINE, JR., AND THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF NOAH.

Noah, sixth child of Samuel and Anne (Peck) Paine, great-grandson of the emigrant Stephen Paine, Sen., and grandfather of Samuel Paine, Jr., of Randolph, Vermont, was born May 28, 1796, at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, and baptized April 25, 1797, married Jan. 13, 1732, to Mahitable Storrs, who was born March 30, 1709, the daughter of Thomas Storrs, who outlived her husband. Thomas Storrs was probably the grandfather of Capt. Aaron Storrs, one of the first settlers of Randolph, Vermont. Noah had received by deed of gift from his father, May 21, 1720, 200 acres of land in Pomfret, Connecticut, probably the same his father bought there in 1695, "My tract of land in Pomfret at a place called the Plain, with the appurtenances", saving the reserve therein made, which was confirmed by his father's will, and was recorded as his full portion of his father's estate. He died Apr. 2nd, 1753, in his 57th year in Pomfret, Connecticut, and his estate was divided to his widow and his seven children. Sam-

uel Demming, John Grosvenor, and Seth Paine dividers. Children of Noah and Mahitable Storrs Paine were as follows: Thomas, born October 9, 1732; married Anne Williams, Nov. 13, 1775. Mahitable, born Feb. 17, 1734; Zeruiah, born May 17, 1737; Lucy, born Dec. 6, 1739; Noah, born Apr. 1, 1742; Samuel, born May 11, 1744; married Lucy Hall, Sept. 6, 1773. Mary, born Jan. 12, 1746-7. All living in 1757. Stephen, the 7th child of Samuel and Anne Peck Paine, was born June 21, 1699. It is stipulated in the will of his father, "that my son Daniel shall have and enjoy my house and homestead in Woodstock, Connecticut, with the land on the eastside of the way, under the conditions and reservations hereafter made."

Daniel, 8th child of Samuel and Anne Peck Paine, born February 22, 1702, married Leah Smith of Barrington. Daniel was an extensive farmer and land surveyor. One of the leading men of Woodstock, Conn. On February 6, 1731, he and his wife were received into full communion with the Congregational church.

For more than 85 years he lived in the mansion house which his father purchased of John Lyon, with open hospitality to all. There he died, June 22, 1795, aged 94 years. He had eight children, among whom was Leah, who married Isaac Fellows spoken of in the history of Capt. Samuel Paine. On Dec. 28, 1728, an agreement was made between Daniel and his brothers, Samuel, Noah, and Stephen, and other brothers and sisters and their husbands, in which they deeded to Daniel certain of their shares in their father's estate, in consideration that Daniel should have full care and charge and expense of their father during the rest of his life.

In signing this instrument, Samuel wrote the final e to their name, Paine, but Noah and Stephen wrote without the final e, simply Pain. This and similar signs show that the name has been variously spelled and changed from time to time in the same family.

It seems their father failed completely and lost his mind several years before his death and had to be confined.

Rebecca, the first child of Samuel (son of Stephen Paine, 2nd) by his second wife, Abigail Frizzell Paine, born in Woodstock, 1710, was 2nd wife of Deliverance Cleveland and lived in Canterbury, Connecticut. Ebenezer, the 2nd child of 2nd wife and his last

child, born 1711, married Mary Grosvenor, granddaughter of John Grosvenor of Roxbury. Settled in West Woodstock. Six children, viz: Mary, Ebenezer, Jr., Leicester, Asa, Stephen, and Hannah. He died in 1758, May 23. Tombstones in West Woodstock in good state of preservation.

In 1914 I visited with Dr. W. L. Paine the cemetery on Woodstock Hill, Conn., and saw there the grave of Samuel, son of Stephen Paine 2nd. He was my great-grandfather's grandfather. *Ed.*

EBENEZER'S DESCENDANTS AND A MODERN VISIT TO WOODSTOCK, CONNECTICUT.

This Ebenezer Paine has descendants living in Woodstock and vicinity at the present time. Dr. W. L. Paine and the writer, in September, 1914, took a day's trip to Woodstock, Connecticut, from Southbridge, Massachusetts, a city of 11,000 people then, and now the home of George A. Paine, a distant relative, who took us to Woodstock, Connecticut, adjoining Southbridge on the south, behind a span of horses, furnished and driven by himself. He has charge of a portion of a cotton factory at Southbridge. He is a descendant of Ebenezer Paine, about the same age as Dr. Paine, of similar family experience, both living with their second wives, and were probably about 4th cousins. They visited Albert Paine of Woodstock, a man of 70 years, a bright old farmer, who had represented his town in the legislature, and his son, Irving, a bachelor of 30 years, who lived with his father and dealt in cattle, showing some of his nice Herefords. Also visited the farm which was the home of Samuel Paine, the father of Noah, when he first moved from Rehoboth, Massachusetts, to Woodstock, and was probably the first Paine to live in that part of the country. The farm has passed out of possession of the Paine family, is on a good main road, about 2 miles from Woodstock Center, and three or four from Putnam, a flourishing village on the railroad. Is fine level or rolling land well drained, that looked naturally productive, tho in rather poor condition. Should think that part of country a good place to live, with good schools, and roads, and other conveniences, good New England people, and a shorter winter than Vermont.

ANOTHER EBENEZER: GRANDSON OF SETH, 1ST, AND ANCESTOR
OF CHARLES A. DANA, EDITOR OF NEW YORK SUN.

EBENEZER PAINE (gen. vi) the son of Seth (brother of Judge Elijah Paine) and Mabel Tyler Paine, was born Apr. 23, 1758, in Pomfret, Conn. He was grandson of Seth and Mary Morris Paine, great-grandson of Samuel and Anne Peck Paine, and nephew of Judge Elijah Paine. This Ebenezer Paine about 1778 while under 21 years of age, moved to North Carolina and located at Edenton, where he engaged in ship building.

He was also in early life commander of his own vessels, and made several voyages to Europe. He married Sarah De Croc, of Perquimans County, North Carolina, by whom he had eight children. He finally settled down to farming, but also continued his shipyard, which was afterwards kept up by his son, Robert Treat Paine, 2nd.

Ebenezer died Aug. 17, 1826, at Troy, N. Y., while on a visit to relatives.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE, 2nd, son of Ebenezer, was born in North Carolina in 1812, graduated from Washington College (now Trinity), Hartford, Connecticut, in 1832.

In 1833, he studied law in Edenton, and commenced practicing in 1834, in which year he married Penelope, daughter of Thomas Benbury of Chowan County, North Carolina, by whom he had children. He was elected to the general assembly in 1838 to 1848. In 1847 he was appointed by the governor of North Carolina Colonel of the North Carolina regiment of volunteers for the war with Mexico, and reached the seat of war the 22nd of March following. Col. Paine served on Gen. Taylor's staff in Mexico. No battle was fought after the arrival of the regiment in Mexico, and returning home after the close of the war, he was discharged from service with the regiment at Smithville, North Carolina, August, 1848. He was appointed by Gen. Taylor in April, 1849, and served two years on the board of commission of claims against Mexico. The incidents of his service as an officer in the Mexican War, as reported by his superior officers particularly by Gen. Wood, under whose immediate command he was in Mexico, show that he was an officer of superior ability. In 1855, while

residing at Edenton, he was elected a member of the 34th Congress from North Carolina.

The foregoing is probably enough of the early history of the Paine family, and space can now be taken for the autobiography of Samuel Paine, Jr., which includes the history of the early days of his father, Capt. Samuel Paine, who may be called a connecting link between the old days and the more recent times within the memory of some now living. Those wishing to know more of the different branches of the family bearing the name of Paine, Payne or Payn can consult more extensive genealogical records. Samuel Paine, Jr., came to the southeast part of Randolph, Vermont, on the second branch of White River, about six miles from the mouth of the branch at Royalton, late in 1802 and bought a farm of 300 acres of Samuel Benedict at what is now South Randolph. Mr. Benedict was a French Canadian and moved back to Canada, but some of his descendants are now living in Bethel. The farm included the branch meadow lands and ran back onto the hills on both sides of the river. Emigration to the "new state" (admitted into the union in 1791), was rapid from both Massachusetts and Connecticut and many of the name of Paine, from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and many of the near relations of Capt. Paine emigrated from Eastern Connecticut to Windsor and Orange Counties in Vermont. Capt. Paine's children all moved to Randolph, Vermont, and Brookfield, though born in New Hampshire. His oldest brother, Thomas, moved first to New Hampshire and in his old age to Brookfield, Vermont, where many of his children were already established; Noah, John, Mrs. Allen, and perhaps others. The children of Capt. Paine's brother, Noah, also are said to have emigrated to Brookfield, Vermont. So that of the seven children of Noah Paine of Pomfret, Connecticut, three sons lived in Vermont. There were other Paines besides the descendants of Stephen who moved to Vermont. The Hon. Elisha Paine or Payne of the Eastham, Massachusetts, branch lived in or near Lebanon, New Hampshire. When independent, Vermont claimed towns along the river in western New Hampshire. The Hon. Elisha was Lieut-Gov. of Vermont one term and lived part of the time in Montpelier. His descendants lived afterwards in Addison County, Vermont, and Horace Paine Riford of South Randolph, Vermont, was born a

Paine but was adopted by Stephen Riford living near West Randolph, and was one of that family of Paines. H. P. Riford bought the Ranny Greene farm and lived there many years and sold out to his son, Earl, about 1905.

DR. LEMUEL COVELL PAINE of Albion, New York, born Dec., 9, 1787, at Shaftsbury, Vermont, was a direct descendant of Thomas Paine, founder of the Eastham branch.

Some descendants of the Ipswich branch of the Paine family settled in Vershire, Vermont, about the first of 19th century and in Leicester, Pittsfield, Brandon, and vicinity. Many of the Ipswich branch went to Maine and one or more to Westmoreland and Keene, N. H.

MORE ABOUT JUDGE TIMOTHY PAINE OF WORCESTER, MASS.

It will be remembered that he was visited by 3000 people who demanded his resignation as one of the Mandamus Councilors, which demand he complied with. A more particular account found elsewhere continues: Tradition declares that in the excitement attendant upon the scene, Mr. Paine's wig was either knocked, or fell off. Be that as it may—from that day he abjured wigs, as much as he had done whigs. He never wore one again. The now dishonored wig in question, he gave to one of his Negro slaves, named "Worcester."

In the earlier days of the revolution, some American soldiers quartered at his house, repaid his, perhaps too evidently unwilling hospitality and signified the intensity of their very unequivocal feelings towards him, by cutting the throat of his full length portrait. He was a member of the General Court for some years and a stout government man, in the controversies of that body which preceded the revolution. In 1762 a remonstrance offered by the house of representatives to the Royal Governor, against a tax imposed without its consent, contained the following passage: "For it would be of little consequence to the people, whether they were subject to George or Louis, the King of Great Britain, or the French King, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if both could levy taxes without parliament". When these words were first read in the house, Timothy Paine, Esq., a member from Worcester, in his zeal for Royalty, tho a very worthy, and very ami-

able man, shouted, "Treason! Treason!" The House, however, was not intimidated, but voted the remonstrance, with all the treason contained in it, by a large majority, and it was presented to the Governor.

The Governor was so displeased with this disroyal message, that he sent it back, with a letter to the speaker, praying it might not be entered on the records of the house. Upon reading this letter, the same person who had before cried out "Treason! Treason!" when the offensive words were read, now cried out, "Rase them! Rase them!" They were accordingly expunged. Solid talents, practical sense, candor, sincerity, affability, and mildness, were the characteristics of his life, which closed July 17, 1793, at the age of 63 years. (Lincoln's History of Worcester.)

IN VERMONT—THE SHIFTING SCENE.

So far in this history the Paineites told about have lived in Massachusetts or Connecticut but the scene changes: Instead of in Massachusetts and Connecticut with comparatively level land and shorter winters, many of the family, of the 4th and 5th generation, perhaps one-half the descendants of Samuel of the 3rd generation are tilling the soil and doing the business of the hilly country and rugged climate of eastern Vermont in Orange and Windsor Counties. Means of travel were not rapid, and cousins and second cousins soon lost sight of and forgot each other, as they emigrated to towns not near together. There are not probably as many of the Paine family and connections now living in Vermont as fifty years ago. We belong to a race of people who are spreading out over the face of the earth. Descendants of Samuel Paine, Jr., of Randolph, Vermont, can now be found, not only in Vermont, but in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Georgia, Wyoming and California.

PREFACE TO SAMUEL PAINE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Among the most interesting studies and instructive as well, is that of history. Many practical lessons may be gleaned from the experience of nations and individuals, and the study is pleasant, satisfies natural curiosity, and is a good exercise for the mind. Family history, when it is that of one's own family, or of some noted public character, has a fascination peculiarly its own for most readers. Certainly we all have some pride in a good family genealogy.

There are many, however, who take but little interest in their lineage, being occupied in the struggle of life, or having few facts at hand. The Paines of the present generation are of the class who take a great interest in their ancestral tree, and are able to produce a record that few families can equal in extent and completeness. We claim nothing above the common in the record of the life history of the different members of our family, but a noble respectability, and an honorable industry, seems to characterize all of whom we have any knowledge. The one in whom I take a greater interest than in most of my ancestors, is Capt. Samuel Paine, born in 1744, one hundred and two years before I was born, my great-grandfather, the first pioneer of the family to move from Connecticut to New Hampshire and Vermont. The history of his life, given here by his son, my grandfather, as it was written in 1860, at grandfather's dictation by uncles Charles and Frank, is very interesting to me.

Great-grandfather Paine seems to have been an intelligent, enterprising man, always industrious, but rather unfortunate after his army life, and in consequence of it. He gave his time and fortune to his country, and was ever after a comparatively poor man, and died as he had lived, "an honest man". The Paines of the present day may be less ambitious and more literary in consequence of the Hall and Chase blood. Great-grandfather Gen. Jonathan Chase must have been a very capable man. His health failed early.

Gen. Chase died in the year 1800, aged about 68.

The Chases seem to be quite a level-headed race; some of them quite distinguished and vigorous and strong personalities. others more slow and without ambition, but all of high intellect. The Paines of my great-grandfather's days were active, rather quick tempered, sanguine temperament, light complexioned, sandy, auburn or flaxy hair.—A. P. P—.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL PAINE, JR.,—1860.
RANDOLPH, VERMONT.

My grandfather, Noah Paine, was the 5th son of Samuel Paine of Pomfret, Connecticut, born in 1704 and died in 1753. He was a farmer. My father was the youngest of three sons and was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, in 1744 and was nine years old when his father died.

He lived in Pomfret with his mother till he was fifteen or sixteen years old, when he was put out to learn the blacksmith's trade in Pomfret. In 1761, when he was seventeen years old he enlisted in the Continental army in the French war, and went to old Ticonderoga, and stayed there and at Crown Point nearly a year. Was a very active, sprightly boy, and fine looking. While detached at Crown Point, he happened into a baker's shop, when the baker took a fancy to him and engaged him in his business through the summer baking for the army.

In the latter part of autumn he went back to Connecticut, having been discharged. A man who was a favorite in the family went with him in the army, a Captain who was afterwards killed in the Revolution. When at the bakery Indians frequently came around, and at one time he threw a biscuit to a squaw, and she remembered it, and afterwards brought him an apple, taking it from her bosom and handing it to him. They went afoot going and returning, crossing through Castleton and Rutland over the mountains to Charlestown, New Hampshire, called No. 4. There they were dismissed. He went from there with a comrade and rode 20 miles in a cart, through Montague and Sunderland, Massachusetts. He went back to the blacksmith trade for about six months and finished learning it. His uncle, Seth Paine, was his guardian, the father of Judge Elijah Paine afterwards of Williams-

town, Vermont. He then went to live with Mr. Fellows of Woodstock, Connecticut, and remained with him three years and learned the surveyor's art, and practiced the same. Mr. Fellows married a Paine for his second wife, a cousin of father's. Had no children by this wife but had three by his first. Mr. Fellows had a large farm and father had the charge for three years. Mr. Fellows owned two slaves, mother and son, for six or eight years, and he used to pull the little boy's hair, so his mother shaved the boy's head to prevent it. Mr. Fellows was interested in wild land in Cardigan, now Orange, New Hampshire, east of Hanover, Dorchester, and Lyme. My father went to Cardigan to do some surveying and after he got through Mr. Fellows told him to take a certain direction by compass, northwest, which would lead him to Lyme through the wilderness, two chainmen being with him. They found the land very mountainous and swampy, and the chainmen got bewildered, and thought they were going in the wrong direction, had to camp out and got short of provisions. Next morning started on towards Lyme, and having gone about 10 miles, they heard a cow bellow, which rejoiced them and they soon came to a log house where they got refreshments, and then proceeded on to the eastern bank of the Connecticut in Lyme near where the bridge now crosses the river into Thetford, Vermont. Here they called for refreshments but the people asked them to guess what they had to eat, having no meat or other provisions, but were boiling herbs, expecting provision from No. 4, which soon after came up. Mr. Fellows got father to make him a plan of Lyme. Having spent some weeks in that vicinity he returned to Connecticut. He was afterwards employed to survey land near Old Ticonderoga by Capt. Phillips, who was afterwards a general under Burgoyne, a grand man, said by Jefferson to be the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth. After surveying he went to Philips room to receive pay. Chainmen took liberty to sit down in room and Philips said: "What, sit down in my room you darned scoundrels you," and asked my father if he sat down, and father said "No, I knew better". The chainmen were very angry. Philips said, "Come enlist in my service, Mr. Paine, you would make a d'md good Sargent". Father said "Much obliged, but I have other business to do." On his return had to cross the lake in a canoe, he undertook to take a family across, but a hard wind

came up, and they had to land and camp, and a dog ate their provisions. Next morning they went up the lake and asked an old Dutch woman, who said, "By —— we have no provisions to give away, are most out"; but finally gave some to a little child.

When about 21 years old father went into Vermont and took up a lot of land, and surveyed it in Cavendish, and he and his brother, Noah, worked there most of the summer. It was almost a wilderness, but few settlements at that time about 1665. He then started for home and got as far as Keene, New Hampshire, and went into a store to write a letter. The store keeper, Mr. Richardson, noticed he wrote very handsomely, and good writers being very scarce thought he ought to be in a store. Mr. Richardson hired him to clerk and father stayed with him a year; was very active as clerk and soon became accustomed to the business. He then went home with a brother of Mr. Richardson to Leominster Massachusetts, and hired out four years, Mr. Richardson being a wholesale merchant. In about a year after he left Leominster, he went into trade at Lebanon, New Hampshire, near the mouth of White River. About a year afterwards he went to the Falls in Lebanon continuing in trade. While first going to Lebanon, he stopped in Cornish, New Hampshire, at the house of Col. Jonathan Chase who was a merchant. He stayed there a month and assisted Col. Chase in his store, and became acquainted with his future wife, Lucy Hall, my mother, who was a sister of Col. Chase's wife and daughter of Rev. David Hall of Sutton, Massachusetts. Her mother was Elizabeth Prescott, daughter of Jonathan Prescott of Concord, Massachusetts. They were married in 1773—Sept. 6, while still in Lebanon.

LIFE OF SAMUEL PAINE, SEN., AFTER MARRIAGE.

After his marriage father built a nice two story house and store, and owned a handsome farm besides,—he continued in trade till the war broke out in 1776, when he was appointed captain of a militia company in New Hampshire. He marched with his Company to Ticonderoga at the time when Burgoyne first threatened to attack that part of the country, but the season being late, Burgoyne went back to Canada, and father and his Company went home. In fore part of 1777 he enlisted a company and went to

Esopus, now Kingston, New York, and Pres. Wheelock of Dartmouth College was appointed Col. but did not go there. Father remained there about six months and then returned home, the New England troops being all withdrawn. He then went as captain in Col. Jonathan Chase's regiment, and went to keep back Burgoyne and was present at his surrender at Stillwater in October, '77. In the spring of 1777, father carried my mother and sister, Lucy, down to Old Sutton, Massachusetts, to grandfather Hall's and returned back to Lebanon, sold his farm and store, and enlisted a company of men as above stated, having a commission under the state of New York. They arrived at Saratoga just after the last great battle; were within hearing of the guns and arrived just after the Americans had gained the victory. The British attempted to retreat up the river, and Col. Chase's regiment did active service in keeping them back. They captured some of the British stores and got a good supply of rum, which was a great treat to the men.

CAPT. PAINE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

In four days after father's arrival the British surrendered. He was present and saw them lay down their arms on the great meadow. Col. Chase did not know Gen. Gates and wished my father to go with him and introduce him.

They found him walking out with his aide with his soiled night-gown and night-cap on. Father said, pointing to him, "There is Gen. Gates". Col. Chase would not believe it was Gates, and said, "Don't try to impose upon me". "'Tis Gates, I will swear it is", said my father. Col. Chase now went and introduced himself and asked for a discharge from service.

Gates replied, "I refer you to Gen. Warner". After getting discharged they went home by way of Castleton and Cavendish, being three days march to Cornish, New Hampshire. Here the regiment was discharged and each man went to his home.

While at Saratoga father met many old friends from other parts of the country who had come, like himself, to help fight the British. Among them was March Chase, Col. Chase's brother, of Sutton, Massachusetts.

COL. CHASE'S REGIMENT AT SARATOGA.

The following extract from the record of the Col. Chase regiment at Saratoga, is taken from the records of the New Hampshire revolutionary soldiers as found in the Boston public library, and the same may also be found in the New Hampshire state library at Concord.

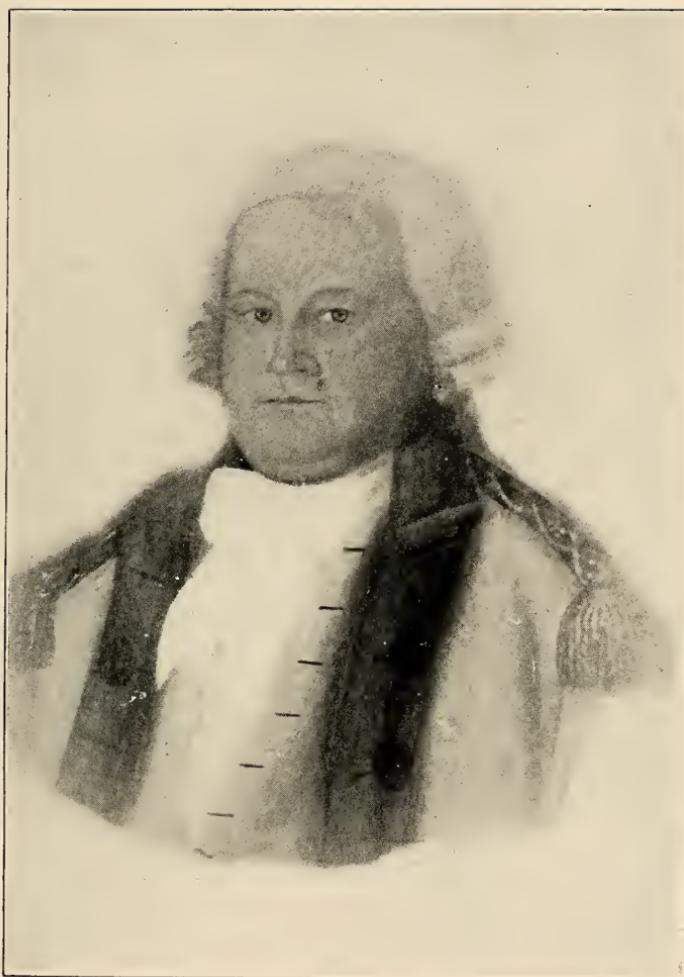
<i>Names</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Enlisted</i>	<i>Discharged</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Rate</i>	<i>Wages</i>	<i>Residence</i>
Jonathan Chase	Colonel	Sept. 21	Oct. 23	1 m-3 d	L22-10s	L24-15s	Cornish
Samuel Paine	Capt.	Sept. 22	Oct. 23	1 M-2d	L12- 0s	L12-16s	Lebanon
Edmond Freeman	Capt.						Hanover
Moses Whipple	Capt.						Croydon
Abel Stevens	Capt.						Grantham
Joshua Wells	Capt.						Canaan
John Lazell	Capt.						Enfield
John Wheelock	Lieut. and 6 other Lieut's						Hanover
Nathaniel Hall	Lieut.	Sept. 23	Oct. 23	1 m-2 d	L 8- 2s	L 8-18s	
Samuel Chase	Sargent	Sept. 23	Oct. 19			L 4-18s	
Seth Chase						L 4-10s	L 4-16s
Huckins Storrs	Private						
Thomas Chase	Private				110 miles travl to Saratoga		
					3d per mile, out and back	125 miles	

Some 250 men in the regiment, or 30 or 40 to each company. Col. Chase was acting Brigadier General then or later. The men and officers were not all the same in Col. Chase's different calls to help in the war at Ticonderoga, Saratoga, &c.

(This extract inserted by the Editor of these papers.)

Late in the fall of 1777, father went down to Sutton, Massachusetts, where he left my mother. On the following February 21st I was born. They used to tell me I was born in the best room where the great looking glass was. My father rewarded my grandfather very liberally for the trouble his family had been to him.

Sometime in the spring he returned to Lebanon, taking myself and mother and leaving Lucy behind. He moved into the old tavern called the Turner house about one hundred rods below the Lyman's bridge. In 1778 he went with a scouting party to the north part of Vermont and to Burlington, to see into the movements of the enemy. When he was returning home he met Col. Chamberlain, who directed him on his course, told him where he camped the night before, and that he would find some rum, which father did find and then went on. In fore part of 1778 he went out with a scouting party, with a dispatch from Gen. Bailey, going to Burlington through the wilderness. Was ferried over to Old Ticonder-



COL. JONATHAN CHASE

oga and meeting Gen. Gates out walking with his aide. He presented the letter from Gen. Bailey, but Gates, being in a bad temper from liquor, threw the letter on the ground, saying, "Who the devil is Gen. Bailey?" But his aide told him he ought to notice the letter, and the General said "Call at my quarters and I will wait on you". Gen. Gates the next morning was very gentlemanly, and familiar, gave him a letter to Gen. Bailey and told him to return by Hazen's marked road, which he did and delivered the letter to Gen. Bailey at Newbury. From that time till 1780 he was busy settling up his affairs. I know but little of his movements. In 1780, February 21, my brother Prescott was born. The same year father enlisted a Company and went to Stratford, N. H., and garrisoned a fort. He was so great a favorite that many would not enlist unless he commanded them. He was there about eight or nine months.

In his absence Royalton was burned, which caused a great alarm in Lebanon, which I have a perfect recollection of. Alarm guns were fired three times, when my mother and the children and the neighbors hid themselves in an old pasture, but there was no occasion for alarm as it proved.

Ebenezer Brewer came and told them there was no danger. Mr. Brewer had a store of goods, the remainder of my father's old stock in trade. He afterwards married Polly Chase, daughter of Col. Chase and my wife's sister. Father returned about the last of the year to Lebanon, where he lived till 1782 when he removed to Lyme, New Hampshire, near what is called the upper ferry. My mother rode horseback forward of my father. Very few rode in carriages in those days. Lucy was still at Sutton with Grandfather Hall.

Father now went to keeping tavern and had a great deal of company of the revolutionary soldiers. I well remember hearing them singing the old war songs. Among the officers who used to meet to pass away the time and take a drink of punch were Col. Greene, Col. House, and Col. Gilbert. House was the man who took command of a company that went in pursuit of the Indians, after the burning of Royalton. I also remember seeing many Indians who came down the river in their bark canoes. I first went to the school which was kept in a shop adjoining our store. In 1784 father and mother went to Sutton and left me with my



MRS. SARAH (HALL) CHASE
Wife of Col. Chase

uncle Thomas who lived near us. He was the ancestor of most of the Brookfield, Vermont, Paines. I used often to go out to see if they were not coming and one day I saw a sleigh coming, and recognized my mother's red cloak, and was glad enough to see them for they had been gone six weeks. They brought sister Lucy with them. Father now went to farming and tending the ferry at the same time and had a great deal of other business to settle up. Lucy and I went to school in the summer of 1784 about three miles from home, at Mr. Nelson's (60 years after I passed by the house in company with my youngest boy, Frank, and the house was still standing, as it was 60 years before).

July 1, brother Joseph was born. Col. Greene was our nearest neighbor with a large family of children. Oldest daughter married about that time. Next was Sally who afterwards married my cousin, Storrs Paine. Next was Sybil. In the winter following we went to school to Mr. Dickerson who was a candidate for the ministry and used to catechise us and tell us frightful stories. Col. Gilbert was a neighbor living one-half mile off and his wife was a great story-teller and used to relate the Arabian N'ghts. In those days when I was six years old, Lucy, Prescott, Susan Green and I used to play together, making houses and playing "come and see". We used to imitate the old folks making excuses.

About that time my father owned a slave, a Negro boy about 14 years old. I used to like to go into the field where he was at work. Father kept him a few months and sold him to a speculator who boated up and down the river, named Robert Wire, and called Bob Wire. Nathaniel Green, well known all about, used frequently to call on us. He was a simple kind of man, underwitted. He would ride a pole and call it a horse and hitch it under the shed. One day he went into our barn and got some chips and called them notes and began to preach, when his uncle came and took him away. He used to roam over the country and call upon the great men, lawyers and ministers, pretending to be a lawyer, and they used to fix him up with clothes of a minister. He attended all the courts and acted as though he was one of the lawyers and he would pretend to marry folks. Among his friends was Major Ford of Braintree, Vermont. Nathaniel was once seen in Braintree, and he attempted to cross the mountain into Kingston, now Granville, but he got lost in the woods. Major

Ford dreamed that Nathaniel was lost and rallied all of Braintree and found him most starved, not having eaten anything for some time. I once asked him what he did while in the woods and he said he prayed that Major Ford would come. There was a pond near our house which was said to have no bottom. I used to trouble myself about it, and thought it must have a bottom. I was very thoughtful for a boy of my age. I used to ride horse back behind my father to meeting three miles distant to the east part of the town, and three miles from the river. The minister's name was Conant, an orthodox. On communion, when the wine and bread was passed around I wondered why it was not passed to me for I was hungry. I will now speak of my mother, a very interesting woman, much esteemed, very good looking, when young, and a beautiful singer. She was 32 years old when Joseph was born. She was one of the kindest of mothers and best of wives, was sensitive and excitable, but sensible and lady-like in all her movements. She could and did associate with the best of company. I remember having a visit from Col. Chase and family, also from Daniel Grosvenor, a minister of high standing. He married my mother's youngest sister and had a family of numerous children. President Wheelock, an acquaintance of ours, was a very parsimonious man, interested in land in Landoff, Bath and other places.

He employed my father to survey for him. At one time, Pres. Wheelock after an absence of about two weeks in Bath started to return home about the middle of the afternoon, intending to put up at some house but kept on through Haverhill and Piermont, where he stopped to rest but did not bait his horse, and then rode on to Lyme to my father's. My father used to survey a good deal in New Hampshire, also in Bethel and Randolph, Vermont, where he owned land.

He once owned the Pember place in Randolph, which he sold cheap to Samuel Pember. He sold his wild land too low, did not wait for it to rise. He owned a ferry over the Connecticut River to Thetford. I have a vivid recollection of those times but the things on my mind are too numerous to mention.

My father left that part of Lyme in the fall of 1784 moving down the river about two miles where he had some land. He built a two story house and continued there a little over a year.

Uncle Tom Paine lived about one half mile from us. His family consisted of Noah, John, Storrs and Ezra, and four or five girls. One of the girls was married to Mr. Allen who afterwards kept tavern in Brookfield, Vermont. Mrs. John Gifford of East Randolph, Vermont, (1860) is their granddaughter. One was afterwards Mrs. Hamilton of Lebanon, New Hampshire. Another was Mrs. Durkee and one lived in Thetford afterwards, husband's name not known. The sons afterwards settled in Brookfield, Vermont, and were enterprising men. Noah died a good many years ago, and John about twenty years ago (from 1860).

Martin Paine now living in Brookfield is John's son. Uncle Tom died in Brookfield, aged about 60. He was a stout, resolute man, could put a barrel of cider over a cart wheel. Noah and John lived with father a good deal when we lived in the first place mentioned in Lyme. John was afterwards very religious. He lived near the camp ground in Brookfield. Storrs, the third son, also lived in Brookfield and had a large family. One of Noah's sons lived in Fairlee, has been colonel in regiment and is a smart man. Ezra Paine lived in Barre, Vermont, was a hard working man, had a large family of children and died about two years ago in 1858.

(*Note by the Editor.*—The Editor has seen and knows very little about the Paines of Brookfield. Has seen Martin, son of John and grandson of Thomas. A daughter of Martin married Prof. E. A. Edson, one time Principal of Randolph Normal School and afterwards superintendent of schools in Worcester, Massachusetts, and in New York City. (1885 to 1920).

Elijah Paine of Zenia, Illinois, called on us once here at South Randolph. A light complexioned, auburn haired, thin-faced old man of 65 or 70 years, about 1900. Said he was the father of Albert Bigelow Paine, the well known author, and son of Elijah and nephew of Martin, Ezra, and Noah, that his father was son of John and grandson of Thomas.)

A neighbor by the name of Preston lived about one-half mile back from us. South of us a mile lived old Col. Cleveland; one time he was driving cattle and they behaved badly and he swore roundly at them and a woman heard him and admonished him and asked him his name. He said he was Priest Burton, a minister of Norwich. He said he was terribly provoked. Priest Burton heard of it and called on Cleveland and said, "You have changed

your name, have you?" "Change, change, do I owe you any change? Here it is then," and that was all Mr. Burton could get out of him. Walter Fairfield, wife and two children lived in the same house with us the first winter. Grandfather Hall made us a visit in January, 1785, in his old age, 74. In the spring at sugar time Mr. Preston invited me to go out to his sugar place and eat sugar. While there father came and asked if I had eaten much sugar and I said I had not eaten hardly any, so they gave me some more. I answered just as I felt, as children will. In the spring Mr. Fellows and family moved into our house. Mr. Fairfield leaving. They owned land about there and in Lebanon and were heirs to a good deal of landed property. They were the family that my father lived with in Woodstock, Connecticut, Mrs. Fellows being a cousin of father's. In the spring of '85 there was a great flood in the Connecticut, the water rising higher than it was ever known to before, and came near driving a family from their house on an island. Mr. Fairfield got offended at father and would not let him get water from his well. My mother wrote him an apt letter about his refusing a cup of water, and later his conscience smote him. When he saw my father carrying water up the hill from the brook, he went to mother and said they could have anything they wanted. While we lived there father had many settlements as an officer, with men who had served under him, and those things embarrassed him financially. He still owned some lots of land in Randolph, Vermont, that he afterwards sold to Israel Kibbee, and also in Strafford.

We left Lyme the next winter. Father had taken up some land in Landoff east of Bath. He had been up there clearing land, etc. Was not ready to move there and went to Piermont and stayed a year, living in a log house. Was not wealthy, had met with many losses in the depreciation of continental currency, and lost some hundred pounds. I went to school there in winter and spring.

The district school was taught by Fly Pingrey, a very good school, and Lucy, Prescott, and myself attended. I was eight years old, Lucy ten, and Prescott six. Piermont is a very good place and we had a very pleasant summer. We had visits from some of our friends from down below, among them Daniel Grosvenor who married my mother's sister. Betsy was born the 6th

of June making five children of us. Sometime that fall there was an earthquake, which was the worst one I ever knew. Our folks were very much frightened but no harm was done by the earthquake.

Father, some time in the year went up to Landoff, cleared off some land and sowed some wheat. Father had some corn cribbed up in Mr. Root's barn which disappeared all of a sudden and we supposed it was stolen and carried away, but we afterwards found it in another part of the barn where the thief had hid it waiting for a better chance to carry it away. Father before moving to Landoff exchanged his farm for one more cleared up which was situated on high ground where we had a fair view of some of the peaks of the Green Mountains, and of the White Mountains. Landoff was about 15 miles from Piermont. We moved sometime in January, 1787 and I drove cattle up. We did not have a large stock. We found our house to be a comfortable log one, and the barn was also of logs. We stopped the first night with neighbor Bailey, a great stout man, well looking, and about 40 years of age.

LIFE IN LANDOFF

Mr. Bailey had a family of 16 children and they were a very ragged set; and yet the father was rich. We went into our house in the course of the day and felt pretty well about it, and some of Bailey's children came over to see us. One of them was almost naked, so much so that Prescott asked him if his belly wasn't cold. We had some very good neighbors; a Mr. Bacon, a very parsimonious man with two or three children, Mr. Cleveland with a number of sons, and Capt. Titus, who had a number of boys who were very stout. Mrs. Cleveland was a very friendly woman who often visited mother. It was about two miles from the village of Bath, where we got our milling done. There were also some mills north of us called Cary's mills. We raised some good crops this year so we had enough for family use, but in 1788 there was almost a famine. In 1788 there was a general failure of crops and many families had to live on berries and milk and nuts, etc. But we did not suffer for want of bread. Father had to go to Newbury and other towns for grain. A great deal of rain fell in the summer of 1788 and the grass was very good.

Blueberries were very plentiful on Bald Hill which was near our place, and we often went there to pick and enjoyed it very much.

BEARS ON BALD HILL

The neighbors used to turn out in large numbers and make a great noise to keep away the bears from the blueberries. On one occasion a bear was seen but he scampered away. A person could pick a pailful in half-a-day. Bears were as thick as squirrels and used to kill calves and sheep. One of our near neighbors used often to catch them in large traps and distribute the meat among the neighbors, but our family did not like it very much to eat. The year 1789 was also a poor year for crops. In the course of the summer I went with my father, horse back, to Cornish after some flour, each of us had a horse.

TO CORNISH FOR FLOUR

We were two days on the way, put up at a private house in Orford, and all the night long I heard the whip-poor-wills singing on the house-tops. Next day stopped at Lyme, at our old home and then went on to Hanover where we saw David Chase, son of Col. Chase of Cornish. It was dark when we got to our journey's end at Col. Chase's in Cornish. Father went round to where old Bet Carter slept and rapped, and she called out, "Who the Devil's there"? But she got up and got us some supper. She was very kind and said to me, "Poor boy, ain't you tired"? The next morning I got up very late and came down among the folks, and they began to ask me questions, asked me if I had enough to eat up there in the country. I did not like it very well, but soon my cousin Libeous came in and we went off to play. When the time came for us to go home they all wanted me to stay, but I was homesick. I could not think of it. Gen. Chase said, "Stop along with Lib. and ride a horse to plow, when one gets tired the other can ride, and when both get tired both can ride". We arrived safe home in due time. The scarcity of grain was so great that as soon as rye or wheat could possibly be cut it was cut and threshed and kiln dried and ground. Father sent me to mill with the first bushel of rye, and started me before daylight. I got to the mill before the miller was up and waited some time.

At last he came out and said, "Why the Devil didn't you call me up"? But I was too bashful to do so. When I got home we had a cake in the oven pretty soon. Peas were a great article of food the first of the summer. We used to have a great many visitors and mother made a great many slapjacks, thinking to make the flour hold out longer.

Our neighbors were generally excellent people and the three years I spent there were the happiest of my life. My brother Buckley was born in 1788. In 1790 Father had an offer from Gen. Chase to let us live on some land of his in Hartland including Hart Island. So he sold his farm in Landoff for about 100 pounds for his betterments, paid all his debts, as he never failed of doing, for he was an honest man respected by all.

FROM LANDOFF BACK TO LEBANON.

In January, 1791, we moved back to Lebanon and into the same house we formerly lived in. In the course of the year, August, I believe, my youngest brother, Thomas Storrs, was born. We found most of our old neighbors living, some of the name of Storrs, cousins of my father, as his mother was a Storrs. There was Aaron Hutchinson, lawyer and farmer, proud as Lucifer. Father went down to Old Sutton, Massachusetts, my mother's father, Rev. David Hall, being dead, to get some money that was due him from the estate. Grandfather's son turned him out a fine horse and paid him some money.

CAPT. PAINE VISITS HIS PLACE OF BIRTH.

He went from Old Sutton, Massachusetts, to Pomfret, Connecticut, where he was born. He had a brother, Noah, there, wealthy and respected. He also went to Woodstock where his grandfather, Samuel, lived and died. The house he lived in is occupied by a descendant to this day.

In the course of his travels he met Priest Hutchinson, who told him to tell Aaron that he was going to preach in Grafton a while.

We now prepared to move to Hartland, Vermont, opposite Hart Island. We planted some crops there in the spring and built a small house into which we moved the latter part of the year of 1791.

A SAW MILL AT HART ISLAND.

In the spring of 1792, Gen. Chase came up with a lot of hands and built a saw mill and went to sawing. I assisted and soon became quite a hand at it. I was very stout for one of my age. We used to work on Hart Island and Gen. Chase went back and forth to and from Cornish in a canoe. I enjoyed myself very much in Hartland. I had a gun and used to shoot partridges in great numbers in the spring. We should have done very well in Hartland if Gen. Chase had done as he agreed. But he began to break down, and about this time Mr. Brewer returned from Cape Briton. He married a daughter of Gen. Chase, was a smart man and had been in high office in Cape Briton, but lost credit by fighting a duel. His wife was now dead but he had three small children. Gen. Chase gave him the place where we now lived, so we had to go elsewhere to live. I was very much attached to Hart Island and left it with great regret. There were many pleasant scenes there, pleasant to see the river break up in the spring, and logs and lumber go floating down. And then we could take a boat or canoe and cross the river, or sail down the river to Cornish to see the friends. I used to catch squirrels and muskrats, and enjoyed it hugely. We also liked the school there and the boys with whom I mated.

LEAVING HARTLAND.

In 1794 father hired a farm three miles back from the river, in Vermont in the neighborhood of the Gallops, paid \$40 per year. A good sugar place on it and 12 tons of hay. Cabot furnished a good set of blacksmith tools and father worked considerably at the trade, doing Cabot's blacksmithing for the use of the tools. We burned a number of coalpits, burning our own coal, and I worked some at blacksmithing, making knife blades, chain links, etc. In sugaring we used basswood troughs, burnt black on inside to prevent leaking.

Prescott and I worked at it together, and we were a couple of stout boys. I lived with Mr. Cabot a part of the time, about half a mile from our house.

He was a very rich man and owned a number of farms. They had a little girl of one and one-half years whom I used to tend some. Mrs. Cabot always wanted me to tend her washing day

and said I might have her for a little wife. I went in the fall to carry the chain when Cabot surveyed the town of Springfield. Went all over the town resurveying the town in the employ of Gen. Morris and was gone a week. Mr. Abel Stone lived near by, a very good man, and was the father of Uriel Stone, then a boy of four years, who afterwards married my sister, Betsy, and lived in Randolph. We lived there three years and prospered very well, having for neighbors Elisha Belknap, Mr. Weed and others. In 1796 I went down to the river and tended ferry at Cornish at time the first bridge was built. I could handle the boat as well as any one and Mr. Nathaniel Hall, my employer, was well pleased with me. I enjoyed the summer very much, and was liked well by all as ferry man. Was once carrying a man across the river and he was standing up. I told him to sit down or he would fall into the river, but he kept standing and the canoe rocked a little and in he went. I instantly paddled the canoe back without turning around, and caught him by the hair or cue just as he was sinking the second time. He tried to get in but I told him if he tried to do so he would upset the canoe and if he did not desist I should let him lose, so he promised and I drew him ashore, he holding on to the boat. So I saved his life by my presence of mind and was much praised by the people who saw me. Mr. Hall was very angry at me for using the canoe, (it being one that had floated down the river) and told me to let the damned thing go; so I set it adrift again. Our large boat was large enough to carry a six horse team or stage across. I tended ferry there till the bridge was finished, and then returned home having spent a very pleasant summer. I kept the books for Mr. Hall and improved some in writing. After returning home from tending the ferry I was quite homesick for a while. The previous winter, when 18 years old, I attended a select school taught by a Mr. Samuel Hedge, a capable man but too fond of drink, a good deal of wine being drank, also cider and brandy. I lived at Mr. Hedge's and did chores for my board. There were a number of boarders, among them Mrs. Fitch and Mr. Hedges' two sisters, married that winter. One of them, Flora, married Mr. Chipman, afterwards a noted judge, and Suky married Mr. Dunham. Among the pupils was Isreal Curtis, son of Gen. Curtis. I used to do all his sums in arithmetic.

SAMUEL, JR., DOES ALL OF ISREAL'S SUMS.

The sums all being set by the master, and I would do them on his slate, and he would carry them to the master who would say, "right". He rewarded me well for it, bringing me half a pound of raisins every day. He was afterwards a rather wild young man and went with his uncle, Marmaduke Wait, to China, with a cargo of ginseng. Ten years later he called into John Chase's store, where I was, and told about a scrape he had the night before, and when we happened to be left in the room together he said to me, "I have seen you before." I told him I was the one who did his sums. Then said he, "Oh, yes, you are the one who did my sums at Mr. Hedge's school, damned little good they did me".

ALL GO BACK TO CORNISH.

In the spring of 1797 father moved to Cornish, three miles east of the river, on a farm owned by Gen. Chase, a farm that had not been occupied for some years, and the house was old and poor; but we lived in it till father built a new and comfortable house the same year. Father lived there 20 years and the farm afterwards in 1817 came into my hands. I was then 19, Prescott 17, Joseph 13, Betsy 11, and Buckley 9. In the summer I worked for Gen. Chase, father having my wages, and the other boys staying at home and working on the farm. About that time sister Lucy went to Old Sutton, Massachusetts, and taught school there two years, our grandfather Hall being dead but aunt Putnam and uncle Hall living there. Lucy was a good teacher and a good scholar.

SAMUEL, JR., STARTS IN LIFE FOR HIMSELF.

About the first of December, 1797, when most 20 years old, father gave me my time. I then engaged to work for Gen. Chase for \$120 per year, having whole control of the farm, and I carried it on to good advantage, and gave good satisfaction. The money I got for tending ferry at extra times, (Sundays and after nine at night) I used to buy two cows, that I put on father's farm, he to double them in four years. After my time was out at Gen

Chase's I kept on till the first of May, then took a note for the whole amount. Had not spent any of my money, and afterwards when the estate of Gen. Chase was settled, after his death in 1800, I received my pay upon it.

In the spring of 1799, I left Gen. Chase's employ and commenced work for his son, Jonathan Chase, who was married and had one child whose name was Mary. His wife was an excellent lady and they kept tavern. I began to work in March. He had a large sugar place which I took at the halves. I had 250 pine sap troughs which were cut out with an axe. Sap buckets were not very common in those days. I made some 500 pounds, and we had a good deal of company from the river, the sugar place being about three miles back from the river. Among the company were Gracia and Pamela Chase and Rosy Hall. On one occasion they brought out a bottle of rum, which in these days would not look very well. I boarded at my father's which was not more than half a mile distant, closed off about the first of May and engaged work as before mentioned, at Jonathan Chase's for six months at ten dollars a month. Wages were not so high then as now. I was a great mower, so much so that Jonathan Chase said he was sorry for he would never be satisfied with the work he afterwards got, because his help never did anything like it. I took a note on interest when my time was out. I did not spend any of my money, a suit of clothes would last me a good while. In muster time I shouldered my musket and marched out on foot and did my duty. I did not wish to pay two or three dollars for a horse to ride out. I was not fond of spending my money as some do and wanted every day to count. I always counselled young men to save their first wages, for I always noticed that if a young man spent his first earnings he seldom became wealthy.

WINTER OF 1799-1800.

On the approach of winter I concluded to go home and go to school, but I found that I could not feel at home. I was uneasy and wanted to be in some business, so I went down to the river and went into Ithamer Chase's store.

He said to me, "Well friend, what are you doing nowadays?" I told him I had concluded to go to school this winter and not

work. Said he, "You won't feel half as well next spring as you will to work this winter; you will get learning enough without going to school any more. Work for me".

He was going to the general assembly and wanted some one at home he could trust. I accordingly went there Thanksgiving night. Mrs. Chase was a haughty, scornful sort of woman, and never liked the hired men and of course the hired men never liked her. I, however, soon got to like her very well, when I got acquainted, and never would ask to be better treated by another. Mr. Chase returned home the latter part of December and was very much pleased with my work. I had cut up a great pile of wood and he wanted to know where I got it. I lived very happily there.

SAMUEL, JR., THINKS HE WILL SPEND A LITTLE MONEY.

I had now got \$300 out to interest and thought I could afford to spend a little money, and so I went to the dancing school. I did not know how to dance any more than a yoked hog, but I soon became quite a beau among the ladies, and a good dancer. I used to wait on Sally and Rachel Chase, the Morse girls and others too numerous to mention. During this winter (1800) Gen. Chase died. He had been sick a long time, and during the last two years had had to have a man to wait on him all the time. He had lost all his natural senses and was reduced from 300 pounds weight to about 50 pounds.

THE BURIAL OF GEN. CHASE.

He was buried in great military pomp, and in the Masonic order, and they played the dead march to the grave.

An Episcopal minister preached the funeral sermon.

I continued with Ithamer Chase a year and a half and left him in March, 1801. Mr Chase was very friendly all the time I lived there. My brother Prescott worked for aunt Chase, widow of Gen. Chase. The next year he worked a part of the time for Jonathan Chase, and the third year he worked for Nathaniel Hall; was very prudent and saving of his money, having accumulated \$300.

WORKING THE GEN. CHASE FARM.

In the spring of 1801 I took aunt Chase's farm, having a lease of it for one year. Jonathan Chase had carried it on the previous year. Not having any stock of cattle, I did not have any hay or pasture, paying for my board in hay.

I had a good span of horses and a yoke of oxen to work on the farm furnished me. The spring was very early and I commenced plowing in March. My brother Buckley, a sprightly boy of 13 worked with me. I was obligated to clear the orchard, trimming the trees and clearing up the rubbish. We broke up a few acres and drew out a large quantity of manure. Planted ten acres of corn, two of rye, and two of peas, three-fourths acre of flax, and one acre of wheat in a piece newly cut and cleared. Being a very early spring I finished all the sowing the first day of April. I had never sowed any before, and when I began found I was sowing too thick and was most discouraged, but a man who was working near by told me how and I went at it again and had good luck, sowed the ground over twice and the flax three times, and it came up very even and the thick part was the best. There ought to be two bushels of rye sowed to the acre.

I prepared the land for corn very nicely, plowed the old land over twice and some of it three times, and plowed under manure. Began hoeing the last of May.

DEATH OF BUCKLEY PINE.

June first was election day, and I went off and left Buckley to do chores, but never saw him alive again. The poor boy was drowned in sailing on a raft on the Connecticut. Just how the accident happened we never knew. I will pass over the sad event with but few words, and say but little of the sorrow and grief we all felt at the sad calamity. The funeral was attended by a large sympathetic congregation.

We made a good deal of cider from apples that fall, having a large crop; had women and children to pick up. One afternoon we picked up 11 cart loads and drew to the mill. The last cheese I made froze, and I gave it to my father. It afterwards thawed out and he made four barrels of cider which he was much pleased with. In the course of the fall I harvested 400 bushels of corn.

I used to husk in the evenings and have husking parties, and a good deal of my corn was husked that way. I did not furnish liquor and most of my huskers were women and children. They took most of their pay in apples and corn and we got through in November and divided my corn. Winter now coming on I dismissed my boys. I went to work now getting out my flax. Father broke it and I spindled it. We had 400 weight and I had half, and had my pay for half the work. Aunt Chase had a number of hogs to fat, and I took care of them. My past year's work proved very profitable and it was also the same to my aunt. The next year Jonathan carried on the farm, and it did not amount to much, for he had too many irons in the fire to do much at farming. I availed myself of the fall feed and the pumpkins, and took some oxen to keep, for which I received \$15. Jonathan was quite angry about it, for he thought it did not belong to me, and he wanted to turn in droves of cattle and did on one occasion without leave or license. I had some little trouble with him afterwards, which I will not mention as we were a little fast some times and it may as well be passed over.

Jonathan was apt to be unreasonable. I gained a good deal of credit for my superior management of the farm.

MAKING SUGAR AGAIN AND ENTERTAINING GIRLS.

In the spring of the next year, 1802, I made sugar where I made it a few years before, but this year I let father have it all on condition that he would let me have all I wanted to eat whenever I wanted it. I often had company. On one occasion I had 12 girls come horse back, all dressed in white. I had them all to wait on and to hitch their horses.

My father was there, and was much pleased to see them come. They were very lively and had a nice time, and they made hills of sugar and carried a lot of it home in that shape. Here are the names of the 12: Roxy and Olive Hall, Prudy and Abbie Morse, Polly and Sally (Doctor) Chase, Sally and Hannah Pool, Gracia and Hannah Cady, and two of Sam Chase's daughters.

Afterwards I had other company, Mrs. Jonathan Chase, and Gracia and Pamela. That closed my year. In April I went up to Dalton, on the river 20 miles north of Landoff, to look at some

land owned by a Mr. Harlow, grandfather of the Harlow living here in Randolph at this time (1860). I went up there on a pretty little gray horse that rode like a cradle. It took three days, travel each way, my horse became lame and I swapped him off for another that proved bad, and I did not like the land, so I had bad luck all round. But I turned the old horse out to grass in father's pasture where he got fat and sold for \$70 in the fall.

During the summer I worked at different places. Worked for March Chase and beat him mowing, but he hated to give it up, also worked for Mr. Poole and my father some.

THEY VISIT IN OLD SUTTON IN THE OLD, OLD WAY

About the first of September I concluded to go avisiting down to Old Sutton. My mother, Aunt Chase, and Pamelia and Gracia Chase went with me. We hired a coach and had a good span of horses, and I bore one half the expense.

The first day we stopped at Unity and baited our horses, and then went on to Lemonster. We arrived in the evening at Hillsboro and put up for the night. Next morning we went on to Mount Vernon and Amherst, where we stopped awhile. We started on and soon met two gentlemen whom we recognized. One was Dr. Hale, a nephew of my mother's, her sister's son, who lived in Hollis. He was glad to see us, and told us to go on to his house and he would soon be there. In Hollis we had lots of relation. We stopped at William Hale's about sundown and found the old folks all gone, but they soon came back and got us a good supper. William Hale was also a nephew of my mother, his mother being still living and a very good looking woman of about 60 years.

My mother used to live there a good deal when young. We stayed at Hollis three days; visited Mrs. Poole, mother's niece, who had a daughter who was a beautiful singer. We started the fourth morning and went on to Paxton, Massachusetts, over a cross road difficult to find. It was 40 miles from Hollis. We stopped on the way to see Moody Chase, uncle to Gen. Chase, where Aunt Chase was well acquainted. The girls and Mr. Chase soon came in from picking hops. Hops were then profitable to raise. We arrived in Paxton in the evening, and on the way saw

some good ripe pears of which by leave, we had some. We stopped in Paxton at the home of Daniel Grosvenor, who married my mother's youngest sister. After we had stayed at their house two days, we went on to Sutton, 15 miles, and my Aunt, Mrs. Grosvenor, went with us. Arriving there in the afternoon, mother pointed out the familiar places, scenes of her childhood, as we approached the place. We stopped at the house of uncle Joseph Hall, who lived in the house where I was born, and where my grandfather, Rev. David Hall, lived so many years. He preached in Sutton about 60 years. His widow, my grandmother, Elizabeth Prescott Hall, was still living, aged 87 or 88, and was reading without spectacles. They were all glad to see us, and we had a good visit there. Went the next day to March Chase's, brother of Gen. Chase, a rich widower without children. Stayed there one night. Next day went to see Mr. Rossens, who married Gen. Chase's sister. He had a large family. We went from there to Grafton, a town adjoining and visited Mr. Rossens' daughters, and returned next day to Mr. Rossens' and to Uncle Joseph Hall's. Next morning started for Pomfret, Connecticut, and arrived there that day, going to home of Capt. Asa Grosvenor, who married mother's oldest sister.

In Sutton we also visited Mr. Putnam who married one of mother's sisters.

After leaving Capt. Grosvenor's we called at the home of Jonathan Hall, a brother of mother, who had a number of children, and he was the ancestor of the Halls who now live in New York City and of Mrs. Ward there. We also visited Priest Putnam, who married mother's sister. Uncle Putnam had lost his speech but his mind was as strong as ever. Next day we started for home.

On the way to Paxton we stopped at a relative's, (name forgotten). Next day arrived again at Paxton. Aunt Chase wanted to go back by way of Hollis but I objected on account of the toll gates, so we went by way of Winchenden, where we stopped over night, and the next day went over a very bad road to Fitzwilliam, and went on through Keene to Bellows Falls, where we expected to stay over night, but the house being shut up we went on about two miles further to Mrs. Bellows, Gen. Chase's sister. The night was very dark and mother was afraid we should tip over

and said, "Do be careful", but I told her not to be afraid and not to speak about it. Aunt Chase was more courageous. We stayed at Mr. Bellow's over night and came home the next day, having been gone three weeks. I paid one half the expenses, all my mother's and for one half the coach, which was a handsome coach hired in Cornish.

SAMUEL, JR., AND HIS COUSIN, PAMELA CHASE, GET MARRIED

November the 12th, 1802, I was married to Pamela Chase. About this time father and Prescott went up to Brookfield to look at a farm; they bought it, paying \$800 for it. Prescott turned in a horse saddle and bridle for \$100, and was to pay \$200 more the first of January. Prescott stayed there and worked for cousin Noah Paine. He was unable to make the first payment and I paid it and took some notes for security. He let out his farm for three years for \$50 per year, and worked during that time for me and I met his payments on his farm with his wages, which were \$100 per year. My father on his way home from Brookfield, November 1802, after Prescott had bought his farm, called at Mr. Benedict's, (at what is now the corner house at South Randolph and the oldest in town) and learned that he wanted to sell his farm. I went up the first of December to look at it.

SAMUEL, JR., BUYS A FARM.

When I went into the house Mrs. Benedict wanted to know how far I was going. I told her I was only going to Brookfield. "What! to look up a farm?", said she. I told her that was part of my business. Says she, "I wonder if you are the young man an old man spoke of as wanting to buy a farm".

I told her my father did call there a short time before and learned the farm was for sale, and mentioned it to me. I went away soon and told her I would call the next day on my return from Brookfield. I accordingly called the next day and found Mr. Benedict quite busy, and seemed quite indifferent about selling, though his wife was very officious. He finally said I might have the farm for \$3000 and pay \$1000 down the first of February. I did not like the looks of the farm very well; the fences were down

and the house was very dirty. I, however, told him if I could raise the money I would trade with him. I did not look the farm over very much but relied on the recommendations of neighbors. I returned home and after doing some necessary business my wife and I went up in a cutter to see how things looked. I felt better about it, and stayed at Benedict's over night; went up to Judge Chase's at the Center and stayed over night, and went home the next day. There was very little snow that winter, not enough to go up again with a sleigh. My father was very anxious I should buy the place, so I looked around to see what I could do towards raising the money. My wife had five bridge shares which sold for \$500 in specie. Benedict sometime in January came down to see me. I told him I could raise only \$800, so he agreed to give me the refusal for one week. I was vaccinated a short time before and had a very bad arm. The day before the time was out father came to see me and said I should lose the place if I did not start immediately, and offered to go for me; but I was afraid he would lose the money, so I determined to go myself, and the next morning I started off on horseback.

I had 40 weight of specie which was something of a burden, considering my lame arm, and I could only ride at a walk, but I went on and arrived at Williams' and put up for the night. I was seven miles from Benedict's. While I was having my arm dressed I fainted away, which caused considerable excitement. I soon retired for the night and slept well and started off early next morning. When I came in sight of the Benedict place the children saw me and ran into the house saying, "He's coming, he's coming. Mr. Paine is coming."

Mr. Benedict took my saddle bags and locked them up in an old chest and we went up to the Center to get the papers made out. Judge Chase did the business. I stayed all night with him; my arm broke that night. Mrs. Chase took care of me and I thought she was a heavenly good woman. In the morning I went back and paid Benedict and gave him notes for the \$2200 balance, \$400 payable in July, \$400 in January, and the rest in yearly payments to run about three years. I now returned home, but before I went I bought about four tons of hay of Benedict. The rest of his hay I bought of him the next summer, about 12 tons for \$12, which proved worth to me a hundred. About the last of Febru-

ary he moved off leaving the house empty in the care of old Mr. Grimes.

About the first of April Prescott and I came up and drove up six cows and two horses. We were two days on the way. We went up and stayed with Jake Crofford. (On the Harry Green place).

I went home by way of Strafford stopping there one night with Mr. Blake, who married Sally Hall, with whom I had some business and reached home the day after. I bought a yoke of oxen and hired Carlos Burbank to drive them to Randolph, paying \$50 for them. I followed soon and found Prescott and Crofford had each split out a thousand rails.

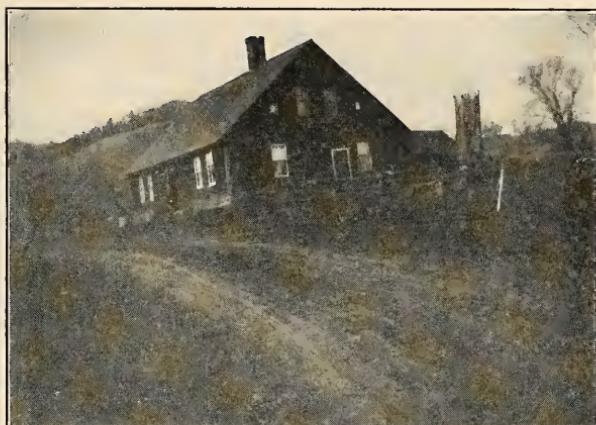
We went to work, hired Mrs. Crofford to cook for us, put up new fences and mended old, took down the old chimney and put in a new one. About that time father brought up sister Lucy who lived with me that summer and kept school. Pamela came up in June and our goods were moved up about the same time, and I soon put up a sign, S. Paine, 1803, and began to keep tavern, and had a good deal of company and everybody liked.

Pamela was rather homesick for awhile, but we had some friends come to see us, and she soon felt more at home. We had a fine, fruitful summer and filled the barn full. Mr. Benedict came about the first of July for his money. I had \$200 due me in Strafford from Mr. Blake, which I went after and found him gone. I resolved to go in pursuit, and overtook him in Cornish, and after some threats to sue him, I got the money. I also got \$200 in Hanover. I now felt rich and went home and paid Benedict his money and he went away much pleased. I raised that year good crops, kept droves of cattle and took in a good deal of money. Next winter (1803-4) the stage put up with me and stayed three years. This was the main route through from Burlington to Boston, and we had a good deal of company, 30 or 40 a night sometimes.

COMPANY FROM CORNISH.

Some time in the fore part of February, 1804, father, mother, aunt Chase, and Gracia Chase started from Cornish early in the morning to visit us at Randolph. They stopped at a good many places on the way to cousin, so it was rather late when they arrived.

When about two miles from our place they inquired how far it was to a tavern, and were told there was a tavern about a mile further on, but if they wanted to go to a good tavern they had better go to Paine's a mile or two further, which answer pleased them all very much, especially Aunt Chase, who laughed and shook her sides when she told of it. They arrived between seven and eight in the evening and we were all very glad to see them. The next morning father looked in the money drawer to see how much money was being taken in at the tavern, and counted 250 dollars all in silver, which pleased him very much. They were



THE BENEDICT HOUSE
Tavern Stand of Sam'l Paine, Jr. Erected 1792.
Now Oldest House in Randolph, Vt.

much pleased with the situation and the scenery when they looked around in the morning. When they came that night we soon got them a sumptuous supper, and had a happy time at the table, had a bottle of flip and made ourselves merry. Mr. Benedict came next day and I paid him what I had except four and sixpence, which left me feeling pretty poor. There was \$200 more due him before he went back to Canada. Our visitors stayed about a week and father also visited at Brookfield.

I had money due me from Jonathan Chase and Dr. Smith, and went down to Cornish to get it to pay to Benedict, but could

not get a cent and I returned home feeling poor, but on the way met Capt. Edson of Brookfield, who said, "I stayed at your house last night, and your brother says he has taken \$40 since you left". This encouraged me and I went on feeling better. I got home about six o'clock, saw no sleighs in sight and said, "We shall have no company tonight," but soon they began to come on and we had 40 or 50 lodgers that night and 70 horses at the barn, and every part of the house and barn and shed was filled with men and horses, and the women had to get meals for 40 different people. But we had women help enough, for besides my wife there was Roxy Hale and Esther Pember. They paid me a round bill the next morning and I soon had enough to pay Mr. Benedict without collecting any that was due me, but I sold a yoke of oxen for \$70 to help out. In consequence of the hay bought of Mr. Benedict I had an abundance and had many more teamsters on that account, hay being rather scarce about us.

We prospered well in the tavern and on the farm; my brother Prescott worked for me, and Newton and David Green a part of the time, and I had some help by the day. Wages were about 4-6 per day in haying, and about \$10 per month for six months for good hands. I cut a large quantity of hay and kept a good many droves of cattle in the fall, which brought in a good deal of money. On the 9th of October snow fell two feet deep, which stayed on only a few days. I had that year two acres of good winter wheat on land cleared the year before, where the old orchard now stands. Raised 300 bushels of oats, had a fine yield of over 100 bushels per acre on land where Frank's house now stands.

THE FIRST BABY.

In the winter following, 1805, had a good deal of company but not as much as the year before, there being another tavern at East Bethel, kept by Mr. Goodrich, near where the Baptist church now stands, but we had all the company I wanted. About the 20th of February we had another visit from father, mother, aunt Chase and Mrs. Smith. Two days later, on February 22, our daughter Emily was born. Benedict came down again and by help of tavern money and what Dr. Smith paid me, I paid him \$200. Father and mother and Mrs. Smith stayed four or five

days and then went home. Aunt Chase stayed two weeks longer and then went home on the stage. We still prospered and our baby was a fine, healthy child. I built a large horse barn in 1805, which is now Mr. Harlow's barn (1860). In the winter of 1806 business was good which enabled me to make Mr. Benedict another payment of \$400 or \$500. This year I met with some drawbacks. The heirs of Gen. Chase had a heavy lawsuit about some land in Croydon, in which they were beaten, and it cost me \$250, and took considerable of my tavern profits. There was a total eclipse of the sun this year which made it quite dark and stars were seen. This was the 16th of June. It was quite cold and hens went to roost.

CORN 100 BUSHELS PER ACRE ON SOUTH MEADOW

We plowed up six acres that year in the south meadow and planted it to corn, and raised nearly 100 bushels of corn to the acre; the land was very rich. I hired a man to pick the ears and put it into piles, for it was very dry, not having rained any in September or October. We had several huskings of boys and girls, and at the first one about 40 were present and husked 150 bushels. The corn was nearly all husked in this way, the neighbors being free to come, and I treated them well with cherry rum, pies, cakes, etc., which satisfied them well.

There were many passengers called upon me from old England. The stage brought us lodgers often, it passing once a week each way between Burlington and Windsor.

SAMUEL, JR., THINKS HE AND WIFE MADE A BAD MOVE IN 1807.

This winter I let out the tavern and farm to Mr. Randall for two years at \$300 per year. We moved to Cornish in January and stayed there two years. Moving to Cornish was a foolish move and a damage to me. We moved in with Libias Chase and worked for him some. This was embargo times and I could pay but \$200 to Mr. Benedict in 1807. In the winter of 1808 I paid him \$600.

I came up from Cornish to my farm and met Mr. Benedict and his son and two daughters and made the payment, took up

the mortgage, and gave him a new note for the balance. I came up with one horse, mother with me and left her at Brookfield, and went to Woodstock to get some specie money. Started for there in the morning, came back and hired a horse at Winslow's, and came up and settled with Mr. Benedict, then went back to Winslow's and got my own horse and kept on to Cornish, which I reached at about daylight, having traveled about 80 miles in 24 hours.

TO SALEM, MASS., FROM CORNISH, N. H., WITH PORK.

In the course of a few days I started with Jonathan Chase, each of us with a load of pork, bound for Salem. Put up at Lemo-
mster the first night, and next night at Mt. Vernon. There was no snow when we put up there but a foot fell in the night which made good sleighing. Next day we went within six miles of Salem. We fell in company with a man by the name of Chase, a cousin of Gen. Chase, of about 50 years of age, and we all put up together. We reached Salem at ten o'clock and were disappointed in not seeing the broad ocean. We sold the pork very well the same day and started for home, and reached home after being gone five and one half days, having made a very quick journey. A heavy snow fell the night we got home, and the next morning snow was two feet deep.

While we were at Cornish, our son, Albert Bulkley, was born September 18th, 1807.

In November, 1808, I came up to Randolph and made preparations for building a house; dug the cellar to the house where Charles now lives (1860) where the two story addition was afterwards put up about 1819-20, and came the next spring, 1809, and put up the frame, and finished the house, the back part of the present house, and moved into it about the first of June with my wife and two children from Cornish. Mr. Randall carried on a part of the farm, gave me \$100 for use of the tavern and a few acres of land, and I carried on the rest of the farm myself.

I omitted to state that my Aunt Chase, (Sarah Hall), my mother's sister, daughter of Rev. David Hall, of Sutton, Massachusetts, widow of Gen. Jonathan Chase of Cornish, New Hampshire, died in September, 1806, the fall after her second visit to

Randolph. She died very suddenly and we were notified and attended the funeral at Cornish. The funeral was largely attended, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Barbour. She was about 64 years of age. I carried on the farm in 1809 and employed Mr. Randall's boy, and Mr. Randall worked some for me in haying, and David and Willard Greene (whose father lived where Albert now lives), helped me by the day.

I finished paying up Mr. Benedict this year, a \$100 payment. In 1810 I hired considerable help by the month and day, and we brought water to the house in pump logs, connecting with the logs that carried water to the tavern from the same spring that now furnishes water to Frank and Mr. Harlow (1860), and to Geo. Strickland and the Smith place (1922). I began to have apples this year from the trees set out in 1804, some of the trees bearing three or four bushels, 150 trees in all. There were a few trees near the house that bore apples that afterwards winter killed, the last of them the door yard sweet apple, and three or four others, the last killed in 1835. David Green cleared some land for me this year, where now is Albert's great pasture, and the next year, 1810, we raised some excellent corn on it.

On the 14th of June, 1810, Horace Hall, our 3rd child was born, and was a very promising boy but very noisy and fretful.

Austin Belknap, a boy of 13, son of Porter Belknap, worked for me in 1811, as he had in 1810. Mr. Randall still kept the tavern, and I sold him a good deal of hay and grain and it was a good market for me.

Porter Belknap lived at Mr. Randall's and they planted 12 acres of corn, which with the 15 acres of mine on the hill before mentioned, made 27 acres on the farm. Tavern business was good that year. Messrs. Randall and Belknap left in the fall, and went to town of Holland, where they had some land, and I went into the tavern with my family and in the course of the winter took in some \$400, was just out of debt and doing well in the world financially. We did not harvest the corn till November when we drew the ears down in carts and filled every barn and shed we could find. Mr. Jim Pressy, who moved into our other house, and his wife and girl and Bill Evans, husked it all. I husked none myself for it took all my time to take care of it. Afterwards Aaron Pressy came to live with his brother and helped

and we took in a good deal of company, and furnished a good deal of grain to whomever wanted it. Sister Lucy lived with me then. An old teamster used to put up with me, got a few dollars in debt, and then went to Goodrich's; but one day I hailed him and asked him why he did not call, and invited him in to get some liquor. So he came in, and was so much pleased with my liberality that he always stopped with me after that, and got every one else that he could to stop, too. We continued to keep tavern till June, 1812, when I took down my sign, it not being convenient to entertain travelers with a family of children, and besides, I had too much farming to do to attend to it. I bought the place that year known as the Pope farm; bought 40 acres of it at auction, and the rest of Ruel Hanks, and paid \$240 for the whole and sold it next year to Mr. Z. Pope for \$410.

I was then being quite a money lender and had considerable money at interest.

Aaron Pressy carried on the tillage land.

PREScott PAINE DIES MARCH 27, 1813
BORN FEBRUARY 21, 1780.

That year, 1813, my brother, Prescott, died at Cabot, where he had lived two years, having sold his Brookfield farm. I was up there several times while he was sick, which was of a number of weeks' duration. My father and Joseph, Betsy, and Lucy, also went to see him.

He died much lamented, was a good citizen and neighbor and beloved by all who knew him.

Aaron Pressy carried on the tillage land that year again. The war with Great Britain raged that year, money was plenty, and cattle were high. I had about 100 head of sheep, and 50 head of cattle, cows, oxen, and young cattle. About this time I bought the Charles Ramsey farm, where Stephen T. Hanks now lives, expecting brother Joseph would have it, but he afterwards concluded to take the Cabot farm. Mr. Randall still lived there three years, and paid as rent the interest on the cost.

In 1814, there was nothing in particular happened except that our daughter, Laura P. Paine, was born July 28th, and the year before little Samuel Chase was born and died.

In 1815, Mr. Pressy left the farm, and Charles Ramsey carried on a part of the place. David Green died about this time, and I bought the farm for his son, Willard, but he failed to pay for it, so I took it onto my hands. This Green farm is the place that Albert now owns, with some more added to it. Mrs. Green died in 1824 or '25 and I had the whole farm. I gave a part of the farm to Willard to use for a few years. The farm came into my hands rather low, about \$700, and I could afford to make some presents, gave Polly \$25.

In 1816, Joe Bacon and Charles Ramsey carried on the farm.

They planted 12 acres of corn, but did not have a sound ear owing to the many frosts in the summer. I had built a house in the orchard in 1806, which was occupied six years by Asaph, and five years by Mr. Crofford. The war closed in 1815 in the winter, which caused general rejoicing. The farm in Cabot was in my care till Joseph went there to occupy it.

I was fortunate and prosperous, carried on a part of the farm myself and hired a good many hands to help me at different times. I lent a great deal of money at one time and another, and took a good many mortgages which were all finally paid up.

MY MOTHER DIED IN CORNISH IN 1817—IN DECEMBER.

The same winter, in 1818, father made a visit to his native place in Pomfret, Connecticut, and also visited at Sutton, Massachusetts, and many other places. While at Mr. Hall's in Pomfret he had the misfortune to break his leg by slipping down on the ice. I saw him while confined there, and left him quite comfortable. In 1818, I commenced building the two story addition to the house where Charles now lives. I employed Wm. Ramsey, Samuel Dyer, and others, got out underpinning stones, and got Tom Clark to fix them.

Elisha Babcock, Joseph Balm, and Ichabod Collins also worked that summer. I moved out of the tavern house into the other one in the spring, 1818, and John (or Jack) Weston moved into the tavern house, and his son John also worked for me that year. I bought one-half of a distillery that year, raised 600 bushels of potatoes, and made whiskey. We did off some of the rooms in the new house that year and finished it the next year, 1819.

SAMUEL, JR., GOES TO CONNECTICUT FOR HIS FATHER.

I went after father when he got well enough to travel in June, 1818, was gone two weeks, and found him at his brother Noah's in Ashford. Had a good visit, went to uncle Hall's, to Woodstock to see Amos Paine, a second cousin, and while coming on we stopped in Sutton, at uncle Joseph Hall's and at uncle Grosvenor's in Petersham. Uncle Grosvenor greeted my father very kindly, saying: "My friend and brother, Capt. Paine, how do you do?" We also visited at Paxton, at Prescott Grosvenor's. At Keene, New Hampshire, father called on Capt. Richardson, for whom he tended store 49 years before. We came home next day, father having been gone seven months. Joseph and Lucy were living there then, on the Cornish farm and Betsy was married while he was gone, to Uriel Stone.

CAPT. PAINE MOVES FROM CORNISH, N. H., TO RANDOLPH.

In the winter of 1818-19 father and Lucy moved into a house on the Ramsey, or Stephen Hanks' place, and lived there seven years. Joseph was with them one year, and then married Betsy Weston and bought the farm in Cabot and moved up there. The house that father lived in was built by Martin Smith and I repaired it at \$100 expense.

Ramsey moved to the orchard house, and Mr. Weston began keeping tavern in the tavern house in 1819, having lived there the year previous. He carried on most of the tillage land, and did very well for himself and me; had some good boys to help him. Willard Green carried on the land where his father formerly lived till 1826, when I built the present brick house there, and he left and father and Lucy moved in. It is the same house that Albert now lives in. I commenced to build the house in May and finished it in June, 1826.

My children not mentioned are: Chase, born March 1st, 1817; Charles, born November 30, 1819; George, born February 15, 1822; and Frank, born July 17, 1824.

THE CHASE FAMILY

Mrs. Pamela Chase Paine was of very honorable lineage and her mother, Sarah Hall, and the mother of her husband, Samuel Paine, Jr., were sisters, daughters of Rev. David and Mrs. Elizabeth Prescott Hall of Sutton, Massachusetts. Her more immediate ancestors were the families of Chase, Dudley, Hall, and Prescott, though the Peter Bulkeley family might be added as a fifth, Rebecca, daughter of Hon. Peter Bulkeley of Concord, Massachusetts, having married Dr. Jonathan Prescott, and their daughter having married Rev. David Hall of Sutton, Massachusetts, for 60 years pastor of the church there. But the Peter Bulkeley ancestry will be shown later on, going back two or three centuries.

The following shows her family record of the Chase family: Thomas Chase, who lived sometime in 1400; generations following: 2, John Chase, and wife Elizabeth; 3, Mathew Chase, married Miss Bould; 4, Thomas Chase, 1504–1586, and wife Elizabeth 1569; 5, Richard Chase, 1542–1610, married, 1564, to Joan Bishop, 1597; 6, Aquilla Chase, 1st, 1580, and wife, Martha Jelliman; 7, Aquilla Chase, 2nd, emigrant, 1608–1670, married, 1644, to Ann Wheeler, 1618–1687. He came to America in 1640, born in Cornish, England, settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, afterwards Newbury, Mass; they had 11 children; 8, Moses Chase, 1663–1749, married, 1684, to Ann Follansbee, 1668–1708; 9, Daniel Chase, born September 20, 1685, married Sarah March, January 2, 1707, and had many children, 1st was Samuel. Daniel Chase and perhaps Moses lived and died in Sutton, Massachusetts. Samuel Chase (son of Daniel), 1707–1800, married, 1728, to Mary Dudley, 1716–1789; she was daughter of Hon. Judge Dudley who emigrated from England about 1622(?), who was a relative of Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray who was beheaded by Queen Mary. Samuel and wife moved to Cornish, New Hampshire, about 1759, with brothers, Moses, Moody, and Caleb and that town for a good many years was about half Chase.

CHILDREN OF SAMUEL CHASE AND MARY DUDLEY CHASE.

Deacon Dudley Chase, of whom more will be given; Samuel; Marsh, who died in Sutton, Massachusetts, childless, his property was divided among his brothers' children, and Pamela Chase Paine had \$300; Jonathan, a Colonel and General of militia in his manhood, of whom more will be said.

Solomon (last named of children of Samuel and Mary Dudley Chase) married Miss March. Their children were: Solomon 2nd, of Lunenburg, father of Mrs. Columbia Cleveland; Marsh, who died in Langdon, New Hampshire; Pierce; John; Bela; Sally; and Polly, a nun in Canada.

CHILDREN OF DEACON DUDLEY CHASE.

Deacon Dudley Chase married Alice Corbett and had eight sons and six daughters, viz: Simeon, of Bethel, Vermont, no record of children; Salmon, no record; Ithamer, a store keeper of Cornish, and father of Gov. Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, United States Senator, Secretary of Treasury under President Lincoln, and also appointed by President Lincoln as Chief Justice of the United States, in which office he died; Baruck, no record; Corbett, no record; Heber, no record; Dudley, lived in Randolph, Vermont, married Olivia Brewer, no children, but brought up and educated several, Melzer Woodbury was one of them. Dudley Chase was a prominent man in the state and was United States Senator in Congress, 1813 to 1817, and from 1825 to 1831, lived where Judge Tarbox, and Judge Parish afterwards lived, and probably Judge Chase built the house. Philander, well known as Episcopal bishop of Illinois; Mrs. Marcy Childs, late of Bethel, Vermont; Lois (Mrs. Smith, late of Bethel); Abigail, (Mrs. Morse, late of Bethel); Alice, (Mrs. Cotton, late of Bethel); Sally, (Mrs. Durkee); and last, Rachel, (Mrs. Denison, wife of Dr. Denison of Royalton and mother of Hon. Dudley C. Denison, of Royalton, Vermont, member of Congress, 1875-79.) Joseph Denison, a lawyer of Randolph, is a son of Dudley. Dudley died about 1900, and his son, Joseph, about 1915-18.

FAMILY OF GEN. JONATHAN CHASE OF CORNISH, N. H.

The first wife was Thankful Sherman, and they had three children, viz:—Prudence, who married Nathaniel Hall; Betsy, first

wife of Dr. Nathan Smith of Hanover; Polly, married Ebenezer Brewer, and one of their daughters married Dr. John S. Smith of Randolph.

The second wife of Gen. Chase was Sarah Hall, daughter of Rev. David Hall of Sutton, Massachusetts. Their children were:

1, Jonathan, died in 1843; 2, David, died, 1794; 3, Sally, was second wife of Dr. Nathan Smith, she died in 1848; 4, Libbeous, married Nancy Chase, daughter of Simeon Chase of Bethel, Vermont. He died in 1865, lived in Cornish; 5 Pamela, born November 15, 1780, died June 14, 1855, married Samuel Paine, Jr., November 12, 1802. Names of children given elsewhere; 6, Gratia, married Dr. Torry of Windsor, Vermont. Her daughter, Gratia Ann, was second wife of A. J. Morey of Strafford.

CHILDREN OF DR. NATHAN SMITH.

Children of Dr. Nathan Smith and wife, Sally Chase, daughter of General Chase.

1, Nathan Rhino, late a doctor in Baltimore, Maryland; 2, Solon, was a doctor in Springfield, Massachusetts; 3, Malvina, died in 1813; 4, Eliza Ann, married Rev. Sumner Lincoln, abolitionist, etc., who lived near Nashua, New Hampshire; 5, Mary Amanda, was Mrs. Steel, died in 1843; 6, Catherine; 7, Marven; 8, Laura; 9, John Derby, a minister; 10, Sarah, married Mr. Osgood.

FAMILY OF JONATHAN CHASE, 2ND.

Family of Jonathan Chase, 2nd, (son of General Chase) of Cornish, N. H., who married Hannah Ralston, of Keene, New Hampshire, whose mother came from Scotland:

Children were: Mary, who as Widow Leonard, lived with her father at Cornish many years and died about 1869; Eliza, born 1799, died young; Jonathan and Ralston, born 1801 and 1803, doctors at Lockport, New York; David, born 1805, unmarried, lived on old place in Cornish; James, born 1807, a teacher in New York state; George, 1809; Samuel, of Lockport, New York, born 1811; Nathan, born 1813, lived in Lockport, New York; William, born 1815, lived in Northfield, Vermont, and died 1856; Mrs. Leonard, above mentioned, lived with and kept house for her brother, David.

FAMILY OF LIBBEUS CHASE.

Family of Libbeus Chase, (son of General Chase) born 1778, died about 1872, lived in Cornish on his father's old place, married Nancy Chase, daughter of Simeon Chase of Bethel, Vermont.

Their children were: Roscoe, who lived in Cornish, an old bachelor; Simeon, no record; Solon, lived in Bethel,, Vermont, owned farm near old church on branch road, and was quite a prominent man, selectman, etc., married a Miss Putnam, and had two girls who both died when young ladies, soon after their father's death 1900 to 1910. Have found date which says Solon died in 1883. 2nd wife of Libbeus was Nancy March, and by this wife he had seven children, viz: Nancy; Brewer; Hannah; Barrick; Dudley; Sullivan; and Henry. The 5th, Dudley T. Chase, became a lawyer but gave it up and was a gentleman farmer in Claremont, New Hampshire, was master of New Hampshire state grange for^a a while, went to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to settle estate of his brother, Henry, who was in the oil business and got into trouble with the Standard Oil Co. Dudley saved some of his property from the ruin. Find no further record of Libbeous' children. This probably ends the Chase family records.

Rev. Peter Bulkeley, with a long line of ancestors, given elsewhere, emigrated from England and settled in Concord, Massachusetts, date not known here. Born 1583, died 1659. His son, Rev. Edward Bulkeley of same town, was born 1614, died 1695. Edward's son, Hon. Peter Bulkeley, born 1640, died 1688,also lived in Concord, and had a daughter, Rebecca, born 1681, who married Dr. Jonathan Prescott of Concord.

THE PRESCOTT FAMILY OF CONCORD, MASS.

Sir James Prescott, 1564, wife, Miss Standish. Roger Prescott, 1568, wife, Ellen Shaw. Ralph Prescott, 1534, wife, Ellen. John Prescott, 1603–1683, married 1629 to Mary Platts, 1607, emigrated from Lincolnshire, England, about 1640. Their son, Capt. Jonathan Prescott, 1643–1721, married in 1675 to Elizabeth Hoar, 1687. Dr. Jonathan Prescott (son of Capt. Jonathan), 1677–1729, married Rebecca Bulkeley.

Further particulars of the Bulkeley family, from account of F. B. Paine, taken from history of Concord, Massachusetts, Concord public library:—

Motto of the Bulkeley family—taken from coat of arms—“Nec temere nec temide”. “Neither rashly nor timidly”.

Genealogy of the Bulkeley family starts with Robert Bulkeley, or as Mrs. Laura Morey Johns has it, “Robertus, Lord Buckley”, baron of the time of King John, died 1216; 2, William; 3, Robert; 4, Peter, 1362, married Nicola Byrdd; 5, John, died 1450; 6, Hugh, married Helen Wilbraham; 7, Humphrey, married Gussell Moulton; 8, William, married Beatrice Hill; 9, Thomas, married Elizabeth Grosvenor; 10, Edward, D. D., of Woodhull or Odell, Bedfordshire, married Olive Irby, of Lincolnshire, died 1620. Rev. Peter Bulkeley of Odell, England, born 1583, sold his estate and came to America in 1634, died March 9, 1659, was the first minister settled in Concord, Massachusetts, was educated in Cambridge, England. Edward, (son of Rev. Peter B.) followed in the ministry at Concord, born 1614, died 1695, also came from England, married in 1635–40 to Lucy Anna. Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Peter B., above, married Rev. Joseph Emerson, ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Hon. Peter Bulkeley, (Jr.) youngest son of Rev. Peter Bulkeley, above, born August 12, 1643, was Major, Colonel, Judge, and statesman, died May 24, 1688. His wife was Rebecca Wheeler, and at his death in 1688, his widow married Capt. Jonathan Prescott, and his daughter, Rebecca, married Dr. Jonathan Prescott, (son of Capt. P.) as above stated. Elizabeth Prescott, daughter of Dr. Jonathan and Rebecca B. Prescott, married Rev. David Hall, of Sutton, Massachusetts, pastor of church there for about 60 years (Charles S. Paine had his half century sermon).

GENEALOGY OF THE HALL FAMILY.

First recorded member of the Hall family in Mrs. Laura Morey Johns' chart is John Hall, 1609–1696, emigrant and settled in Yarmouth, Massachusetts. His wife was Bertha Farmer. John, 2nd gen., 1637–1710, wife Priscilla Bearse, married 1660. She was born 1643, died 1712. 3rd gen., Gen. Joseph Prescott, 1663–1737, in 1690 married Hannah Miller, 1666–1710.

CHILDREN OF JOSEPH AND HANNAH PRESCOTT.

Hannah, born 1691; Priscilla, 1693; Joseph, 1697; Daniel, 1699; Josiah, 1701; David, 1704; and by second wife, Maria; Peter; John; and Beersheba. David, the 6th child of Joseph and Hannah M. Hall, married Elizabeth Prescott. Record says that her father, Dr. Prescott of Concord, was a doctor of renown and his grave-stone, or monument, may be seen in cemetery in Village of Concord, a large horizontal block of marble with a long inscription. Rev. David Hall preached in Sutton 59 years.

Below is record of family of Rev. David Hall of Sutton, Massachusetts, 1704–1789. His wife, Elizabeth Prescott Hall, born 1713, died 1803, m. June 24, 1731.

1, Elizabeth, married Dr. Hale of Hollis, New Hampshire, who lived 101 years; 2, Polly, married Rev. Mr. Putnam of Pomfret, Connecticut, and she died from being thrown from a chaise, aged 23; 3, Hannah, married Capt. Asa Grosvenor, a farmer in Pomfret, Connecticut, lived to be 97; 4, Sally, or more properly, Sarah, married Gen. Jonathan Chase of Cornish, New Hampshire. She died at age 64 in September, 1806; according to another record there was another girl between Polly and Hannah named Rebecca, who married Col. Putnam of Sutton, reached the age of 93. After Sarah, next was Lucy, who married Samuel Paine, Captain in the Revolution, lived in New Hampshire and Vermont; 7, Deborah, married Rev. Daniel Grosvenor, settled in Grafton, Massachusetts, died at over 90 years; 8, David, married Olive Smart, a doctor, lived to be 63; 9, Joseph, married Clara Grosvenor, lived in Sutton in the home place; 10, Benjamin, married Betsy Muxley, lived to be 90, a farmer; 11, Jonathan, married Bersabee Mofford, lived in Pomfret, Connecticut.

The following letter will explain itself, written by Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor, grandson of Hannah Hall Grosvenor (daughter of Rev. David Hall), from Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts, April 6, 1914, to Miss Torry of Washington, D. C. (In part.)

"My son, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, though a worthy fellow otherwise, is not strong in genealogy, which gives me the pleasure of replying to your letter myself. Rev. David Hall, born Aug. 5,

1704 (A. B. Harvard 1724—D. D. Dartmouth 1777) died May 8, 1789; Pastor of the Sutton church from 1729 to 1789, and Elizabeth Prescott, whom he married June 24, 1731, were your and my great grandparents, so our cousins may well be numerous. David Hall was one of 11 children. As to Dr. Hall's part in the Revolution, it is a tradition that he 'preached and prayed with vigor' in behalf of the continental army. I think the cousin of whom you speak, could, on that ground, add the name of Dr. Hall to her D. A. R. records.

I think that course has been followed in similar cases. Dr. Hall was 72 years old when Independence was declared. He was son of Joseph Hall, who was grandson of John Hall. John Hall came from England in 1630, lived in Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Married Bertha Larnsed (Mrs. Laura M. Johns records this name Bertha, or Bethra, Farmer) and had 12 sons. The mother of Dr. Hall was daughter of Rev. John Miller, first minister of Yarmouth, called then most learned of his clerical contemporaries. There is no finer lineage than that through the Halls. Very sincerely yours, Edwin A. Grosvenor."

(Gilbert H. Grosvenor, son of Edwin A. G., was, and I suppose now is, editor and publisher of National Geographic Magazine, of Washington, D. C.)

It is unfortunate that history does not give more information of the habits, customs, population, etc., in old times. Still there are some writers who give vivid descriptions. One difference between the ways of our ancestors of 100 or 200 or more years ago, is the greater simplicity of present days. One might think that the ladies' hoop skirts and other popular fashions within the memory of middle aged men, shows no simplicity, but on the other hand the short skirts and warm convenient cloaks, show a tendency to more sensible methods, and only the remarkably high heeled shoes show the old time tendency to absurd extremes. The old time bonnets and methods of dressing the hair would not be tolerated by the practical ladies of the 20th century. Even bald headed men of the present day could not be induced to wear a wig, as was the custom in the early days of this country among the stylish people, or to use such remarkably ruffled shirt bosoms.

The lady, Bird, does not spell her name now as the Bird of a few hundred years ago. One of the most peculiar and fanciful

names in our family chart is that of Miss Nicola Byrrd, and Joanna Hincksman is another, and Isabel Lucia. About 1450 A. D. Symond Fiske married Susanna Smythe. In 1594 James Gawkroger married Jewel Fairbank and in year 1425, John Titley married Miss Audrey de Audrey. Are the names of Gawkroger and Lautersee still in use? So too, such long and peculiar boys' names as Jonathan and Ebenezer are avoided.

In the days of Gen. Chase, wine and high living shortened the lives of many among the wealthy; but in these modern days the simple life is really getting to be popular. Nothing shows remote family connections as well as a genealogical tree of descendants, or a family chart of one's ancestors, going as far back as memory or family tradition or records will permit, and doubling with each generation. Such a chart as that furnished the writer, of his ancestry, by his cousin, Mrs. Laura Mory Johns, of Sedalia, Missouri, would be difficult to reproduce and put into a type written task like this, or in a printed volume, but records can be made to substitute as best can.

The two following letters may be of interest as illustrating methods and ways of Revolutionary times. The letter from select men would seem to indicate that Gen. Chase, although a useful and popular man, might be a little arbitrary at times.

The following copy of a letter from Col. Morey to Gen. Chase is taken from the Chase papers, page 16, New Hampshire Historical Society:

“Cornish, Oct. 1, 1777.

Col. Chase—Sir: This is to inform you that I have collected what men I could out of my regiment in so short a time. I marched them as far as this place, hoping to find you at home, but as you have gone forward, and I have rec'd new orders from the court of this state, through the hands of Brig. Gen. Whipple, to exert myself to the utmost, and send all the militia that can possibly turn out, I concluded to turn back and raise another company, and send forward as soon as possible. Capt. Chandler commands the men which I have sent forward. I have directed him to put himself under your command. My adjutant is gone forward, Simeon Goodwin, and will serve if needed, and he is a man that may be

relied on for his fidelity and punctuality. Gen. Bailey will show you what further I have wrote respecting the men, and so forth. I send my son, Isreal, with the men—he is to wait on Capt. Hayward when he comes. To Col. Jon. Chase.

Isreal Morey”

Below is copy of letter from selectmen of Lebanon, N. H., to Col. Chase:

“Lebanon, N. H. July 7, 1780—Sir—As this town has been repeatedly called together on acct. of orders received from you for men for scouting and other purposes, etc., we having collected the select men of the town with regard to raising men to stand—that they acknowledge subordination to you as a Col. of their own choice, and ever will obey you as such, but at the same time think—To obey you as having authoritative power from the state of N. H. is derogative to the birthright of Englishmen, with being a tax laid on us for men without being represented, etc. Sir, we wish for the future you will be pleased to send as a request to us, we shall own the power we committed to you, we mean not to set up an altar in defiance to the public cause, and be pleased sir to excuse our simplicity, and accept this with our sincere obedience, from your Humble servants. Simon Peck, Th. Huntington, Nath'l Stoors.
Selectmen.

To Col. Jonathan Chase.”

It may be well to insert this account of the family of Prudence Chase, oldest daughter of Gen. Chase by his first wife. Prudence married Nathaniel Hall of another Hall family, and their children were:

1, Prudence, who married Isreal Chase; 2, Sally, married Mr. Blake, whom grandfather tells about in his autobiography. He went to see Mr. Blake who then lived in Strafford, to collect some money due him, but Mr. Blake had gone to Windsor, so grandfather pursued him to that place and got his money. If this Blake is of the same family as the Blakes who have lived at East Bethel and vicinity, they are pretty good folks; 3, John, no further notes; 4, Chase, married a daughter of Seth Paine, of Tunbridge.

We have also at hand information of the family of Moses Chase, uncle of Gen. Chase. The descendants of the Cornish Chases are scattered all over the country, and it is not uncommon to hear some stranger say, "My mother (or grandmother) was a Chase"; or, "I, too, have Chase blood in my veins."

In place of the family chart or tree of ancestry, which we may attempt later, in part, we will make a record of all the families in the ancestry of Samuel Paine, Jr., and his wife, Pamela Chase Paine, showing their connection in the lineage. In this record the letter b. stands for born, letter d. stands for died, m. for married, e. for emigrant and c. for Colonial war service.

THE PAINE FAMILY.

1, Stephen, e., died 1679; 2, Stephen, Jr., e., b. 1629, d. 1678, m. Anna Chickering; 3, Samuel, b. 1662, d. 1735, m. Anne Peck; 4, Noah, b. 1696, d. 1753, m. Mahitable Storrs, 1732; 5, Samuel, b. 1744, d. 1834, m. Lucy Hall, 1773; 6, Samuel, Jr., b. 1778, d. 1861, m. 1802 to Pamela Chase, b. 1780, d. 1856.

THE CHASE FAMILY.

1, Thomas, living in 1400; 2, John; 3, Mathew, married Elizabeth Bould, whose father was Richard Bould; 4, Thomas, b. 1504, d. 1586, married Elizabeth d. 1569; 5, Richard, b. 1542, d. 1610, m. 1564, Joan Bishop, d. 1597; 6, Aquilla, b. 1580, m. Martha Jelliman; 7, Aquilla, e. b. 1618, d. 1670, m. Anna Wheeler, e. b. 1618, d. 1687, whose father was John Wheeler, e. 1598–1670, and m. Anne, e., 1663; 8, Moses Chase, b. 1663, d. 1749, m. 1684, Ann Follansbee, b. 1668, d. 1749, whose father was Thomas Follansbee, e., 1598–1670, m. Mary, e.; 9, Daniel, b. 1685, d. 1769, m. 1706, Sarah March, b. 1685, d. 1770, daughter of George March, 1646–1699, and Mary Folsom, 1657; Hugh March 1629–1699 and Judith 1675; 10, Samuel, b. 1707, d. 1800, m. 1728, Mary Dudley, d. 1789; Jonathan, b. 1737, d. 1800, m. about 1770, Sarah Hall, b. 1742, d. 1806; Pamela, b. 1781, d. 1855, m. 1802, Samuel Paine, Jr., b. 1780, d. 1861.

THE GILMAN FAMILY.

Edward Gilman, d. 1573, m. 1550, Rose Rysse, d. 1613; 2, Robert Gilman, b. 1554, d. 1631, m. Mary; 3, Robert, b. 1658, m. Rose Hawes; 4, Edward, b. 1587, d. 1681, m. Mary Clark, b. 1614; Mary, e., b. 1636, m. John Folsom, e., b. 1615, d. 1681; John Folsom's daughter, Mary Folsom, b. 1651, m. 1672, Geo. March whose father, Hugh March, b. 1620, d. 1693, m. Judith 1675, and whose daughter, Sarah March, b. 1685, d. 1770, m. 1706, Daniel Chase, 9th gen.

THE SQUIRE FAMILY.

Thomas Richard, b. 1528; John, b. 1551; Alice Squire, m. William Sayre; Alice Sayre m. John Wheeler, b. 1540, d. 1567; John Wheeler, 2nd, b. 1563, d. 1642, whose daughter Katherine, e., b. 1609, d. 1687, m. George Wheeler, e., who was the son of another John Wheeler, and the father of Sarah Wheeler, b. 1640, d. 1713, who married 1665, Francis Dudley, e. 1640, 1st gen. of Dudley; 2nd gen. of Dudley family, Samuel, b. 1683, d. 1725, m. 1704, Abigail Rogers, b. 1681, d. 1720; 3rd, Mary, d. 1780, m. 1728, Samuel Chase, b. 1707, d. 1800.

THE ROGERS FAMILY.

1, John Rogers; 2, John Rogers, Jr., b. 1475, m. Agnes, widow Carter; 3rd, John Rogers, b. 1548, d. 1601, m. Mary, b. 1579; 4, Rev. John Rogers, b. 1598, d. 1655, m. 1626, Bridgett Ray; Nathaniel Rogers, e., minister, m. Margaret Crane, e., b. 1617, d. 1656, her father, Robert, d. 1665; Samuel Rogers, b. 1634, d. 1683, m. Mary Wade.

THE RAY FAMILY.

1, Robert Ray, b. 1420, d. 1480, m. Margaret ——, d. 1485; 2, John, b. 1450, d. 1503, m. Elizabeth ——, d. 1521; 3, John, Jr., b. 1480, d. 1539, m. Agnes ——, d. 1540; 4, Robert, b. 1505, d. 1560, m. Joane ——; 5, Richard, b. 1535, d. 1609, m. Mary ——; 6, Bridgett, b. 1575, m. 1595, John Rogers, b. 1572, d. 1636, (See record of Rogers' family.)

THE WADE FAMILY.

Jonathan Wade, e. 1683, m. Susanna, e. 1678; Sarah Wade, e., m. Samuel Rogers, 1634–1683.

THE CHICKERING FAMILY.

1, Thomas Chickering, b. 1538, m. Clare Browne; Stephen, b. 1576, m. Anna Day; 3, Henry, b. 1627, m. Mary ——; 4, Francis, c., e., d. 1658, m. Anna Fiske, e. d. 1649; 5, Ann Chickering, e. 1634, m. 1652, Stephen Paine, b. 1629, d. 1678.

THE FISKE FAMILY.

1, Symond Fiske, b. 1463, m. Susanna Smithe; William, b. 1504, m. Jean Lynne; 3, Simeon; 4, Robert, b. 1525, d. 1600, m. Sybil Gould; 5, William, m. Anna Austin; 6, John, b. 1639, m. Anne Lautersee, b. 1637, daughter of Robert L.; 7, Anne Fiske, b. 1649, m. Francis Chickering, c., e., b. 1658.

THE HUNT FAMILY.

1, Enoch Hunt, e., m. Dorothie, e.; 2, Peter, e., e., m. 1645, Elizabeth Smith, e., daughter of Henry Smith, c., e., m. 1645, Judith Stanton, e., 1653; 3, Sarah Hunt, b. 1646, m. 1666, Samuel Peck. 21st gen. of that family.

THE PECK FAMILY.

The record of this family, as well as of many other families in these papers, is almost wholly on the authority of Mrs. Laura Morey Johns, daughter of Arthur Paine Morey, who has been very thorough and untiring in her researches.

1, Robert Peck, m. Miss Melgrave; 2, Thomas, m. Miss Middleton; 3, Robert, m. Miss Tunstall; 4, Robert, m. Miss Watford; 5, John, m. Miss Musgrave; 6, Thomas, m. Miss Blaxton; 7, Thomas, Jr., m. Miss Littleton; 8, John, m. Miss Carre; 9, John, Jr., m. Miss Flemming; 10, John, 3rd, m. Miss Wembowrne; 11, Richard, m. Miss Bruning; 12, Richard, Jr., m. Miss Savill; 13, Thomas, m. Miss Bradley; 14, Richard, m. Miss Hasselden; 15, John, m. Isabel Lucie, daughter of John Lucie; 16, Richard, m. Alice.

daughter of Sir Peter Middleton; 17, John, m. Joan, daughter of John Anne; 18, Robert, m. Miss Norton; 19, Robert, Jr., m. Helen Bobbs, daughter of Nicholas Bobbs; 20, Joseph, c., e., b. 1587, d. 1663, m. 1638, 2nd wife, e.; 21, Samuel, b. 1639, d. 1708, m. 1666, Sarah Hunt, daughter of Peter Hunt and E. Smith; Anne Peck, b. 1667, d. 1703, m. 1685, Samuel Paine, b. 1662, d. 1735.

THE STORRS FAMILY.

1, William Storrs, b. 1557; 2, Robert, b. 1588; 3, Cordial, b. 1616; 4, Thomas, m. Mary; 5, Samuel, e., b. 1640, d. 1719, m. 1685, Ester Agard, a widow, b. 1641, d. 1730; 6, Thomas, b. 1686, d. 1755, m. 1708, Mahitable ——, 1776; 7, Mahitable Storrs, b. 1709 m. 1732, Noah Paine, b. 1696, d. 1753.

THE HALL FAMILY.

1, John Hall, c., e., b. 1609, d. 1696, m. Bethea Farmer, e., whose parents were John Farmer, b. 1669, and Isabel (Barbage) Farmer, e., 1686; 2, John Hall, Jr., b. 1637, d. 1710, m. 1660, Priscilla Bearse, b. 1643, d. 1712, whose father was Austin Bearse, c., e., m. Mary ——, e.; 3, Joseph, b. 1663, d. 1737, m. 1690, Hannah Miller, b. 1666, d. 1710; 4, David Hall, b. 1704, d. 1790, m. 1731, Elizabeth Prescott, b. 1713, d. 1803; 5, Sarah Hall, b. 1742, d. 1806, m. Gen. Jonathan Chase, b. 1837, d. 1800; 6, Lucy Hall, (sister of Sarah Hall) b. 1752, d. 1817, m. 1773, Capt. Samuel Paine, b. 1744, d. 1834.

THE MILLER FAMILY.

1, Rev. John Miller, e. 1663, m. Lydia, e. 1658; 2, John Miller, c., e., b. 1632, d. 1711, m. 1659, Margaret Winslow, b. 1640, d. 1711; 3, Hannah Miller, b. 1666, d. 1710, m. 1690, Joseph Hall, b. 1663, b. 1737.

THE WINSLOW FAMILY.

1, Kenelin Winslow, d. 1607, m. Catherine ——; 2, Ed ward, b. 1560, d. 1630, m. 1594, Magdalen Ollyver; 3, Josiah, c., e., b. 1605, d. 1711, m. 1636, Margaret Bourne, e. 1683, daughter of Thomas Bourne, b. 1581, d. 1664, and Elizabeth, b. 1590, d. 1660; Margaret Winslow, b. 1640, d. 1711, m. 1659, John Miller.

THE PLATTS FAMILY.

1, John Platts, m. Katherine; 2, Richard Platts, 3, Richard, b. 1570, m. Isabela, b. 1560; 4, James, b. before 1540, m. 1571, Janet Fairbank; 5, James Gawkroger, b. 1578, d. 1628, m. 1601, Martha Ainsworth; 6, Mary Platts, e., m. 1629, John Prescott, b. 1604, d. 1683.

THE HOAR FAMILY.

1, Charles Hoar, 1636; 2, Charles Hoar, Jr., b. 1638, m. Joanna Hincksman, e. 1661; 3, John Hoar, b. 1794, c., e., m. Alice, e. 1697; Elizabeth Hoar, b. 1687, m. Capt. Jonathan Prescott, b. 1643, d. 1721.

THE BULKELEY FAMILY.

1, Robertus, Lord Buclough of the 13th century; 2, William Bulkeley; 3, Robert, m. Miss Butler; 4, Peter, m. Nicola Byrdd; 5, John, 1450, m. Audrey Titley, daughter of John Titley and Audrey de Audley; 6, Hugh, m. Helen Wilbraham, daughter of Thomas Wilbraham; 7, Humphrey, m. Gusset Moulton, daughter of John Moulton; 8, William, m. Beatrice Hill, daughter of Wm. Hill; 9, Thomas, m. Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of Randall Grosvenor; 10, Rev. Edward, m. Olive Irby, daughter of John Irby; 11, Rev. Peter, e., c., b. 1583, d. 1659, m. Jane Allen, daughter of Thomas Allen and wife, Mary, widow Haseldine; 12, Rev. Edward, e., b. 1635, d. 1695, m. 1635, Lucy Anna, c.; 13, Hon. Peter Bulkeley, b. 1640, d. 1688, c., m. 1667, Rebecca Wheeler, 1718, daughter of Joseph Wheeler, e., c., b. 1610, d. 1678, and Sarah Goldstone, e. 1671, (widow Mariam). Sarah was daughter of John Goldstone and Frances Jefferies, daughter of John and Jane Jefferies, 1671; 14, Rebecca Bulkeley, b. 1681, m. Dr. Jonathan Prescott, b. 1677, d. 1724.

THE BOURTAIN, IRBY, AND OVERTON FAMILIES.

John Bourtain; Alice Bourtain, m. Anthony Irby; John Irby, b. 1553, son of Anthony, m. Rose Overton, b. 1574, daughter of Cutler Overton, b. 1543, and Olive, b. 1546.

THE CRANE FAMILY.

Samuel Crane, b. 1609; Robert Crane, b. 1659, m. Mary Sparhawk, daughter of Sam'l Sparhawk; Margaret Crane, b. 1610, d. 1656, m. 1626, Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, b. 1598, d. 1655.

THE ROGERS FAMILY.

1, John Rogers; 2, John Rogers 2nd, b. 1575, m. Agnes (widow Carter); 3, John Rogers 3rd, b. 1548, d. 1601, m. Mary, b. 1579; 4, Rev. John Rogers, b. 1572, d. 1636; 5, Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, b. 1598, d. 1655, m. 1626, Margaret Crane, d. 1656; 6, Samuel Rogers, e., b. 1634, d. 1693, m. 1661, Sarah Wade; 7, Abigail Rogers, or widow King, m. 1704, Samuel Dudley, b. 1683, d. 1775.

THE PRESCOTT FAMILY

1st, Gen. Sir James Prescott, m. Miss Standish, daughter of Roger Standish. This Roger Standish m. 1568, Ellen Shaw; 2nd, Ralph Prescott, b. 1571, m. Ellen ——; 3rd, John Prescott, c., e., b. 1604, d. 1683, m. 1629, Mary Platts, b. 1607, e.; 4th, Capt. Jonathan Prescott, b. 1643, d. 1721, m. 1675, Elizabeth Hoar of Concord, Massachusetts, d. 1697; 5th, Dr. Jonathan Prescott, b. 1677, d. 1729, m. Rebecca Bulkeley, b. 1681; 6th, Elizabeth Prescott, b. 1713, d. 1803, m. 1731, David Hall, D. D., who preached in Sutton, Massachusetts, 59 years, b. 1704, d. 1790.

In the preceding records the letter b. stands for born, d. for died, m. for married, e. for emigrant, denoting the person who emigrated from the old country to the new, and c. stands for Colonial, serving in the Colonial service and eligible to record.

THE HOUR GLASS.

This finishes the records as far as we have them, and they seem to make a long drawn out lineage, all descending in our family to Samuel Paine, Jr., and his wife, Pamela Chase Paine, and with the descendants of this pair, increasing and spreading as time goes on, makes a genealogical time glass, like an hour glass, the sands of past people of the family, running through to make the swarm that follows.

REMARKS DESCRIPTIVE OF SAMUEL PINE, JR.

By the Editor.

People called him Uncle Sam, after he got to have a family, and no man in town was better known. Grandfather was of medium height, light complexion, regular features, pleasant expression, though rather nervous and easily excited, of strong build without being heavy. He was of good form and graceful in his manners, easy of speech and an interesting talker. Throughout the early part of his life he was very lucky and successful, prudence, industry, foresight, and a quickness to take advantage of a good chance, being his characteristics. He was very fond of his family, it is said, and if anything, too indulgent. He was also rather hasty of speech, rather easily excited, a Paine trait. Grandmother was more calm and deliberate, very solicitous for the welfare of her family, and untiring in their service. Grandfather's hasty temper and speech kept his boys rather at a distance, but grandmother was quite the opposite. The Chase blood is rather slow to move—the members of the Chase family frequently coming to the maturity of their mental powers comparatively late in life—but there are many deep thinkers among them, and Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, who was a son of a cousin of grandmother, was among the great men of his time. Father used to say that he, father, was more Chase than Paine, meaning in character. As the mothers of both grandfather and grandmother were Hall girls, daughters of the clergyman, David Hall, of Sutton, Massachusetts, it is quite likely that they had some family traits in common that were passed on in double fold to their children.

It was said of grandmother, that although she had to have considerable help in the house at one time and another, she had rather, if possible, do the work herself; and by her superior management and planning to save steps, she was capable of accomplishing a great deal of work.

On account of his hasty, nervous manner of speaking, grandfather kept his boys rather stirred up. He was strong and active, could shoulder a two bushel basket full of ears of green corn. In 1855 he helped Uncle Charles dig potatoes, and was such a capable

hand that he kept Uncle Charles and Geo. Robinson picking up most of the time. In going by our field he stopped to show me how to do it, and after throwing out a few hills, said "There, that's the way to dig potatoes".

He furnished much employment to people in his neighborhood, bringing a good deal of money into the place. Wells Green, the carpenter, used to say that he was \$500 better off for living in the neighborhood of the Paines. Mr. Green was in our house when news was received of the death of grandfather. "I wish", said Mr. Green, "that old man could live his life over again". And my step mother said, "You think he has done considerable good in the world, don't you"? "Yes, I do", said Mr. Green emphatically.

Grandfather and Solomon Burnham were once teaming some produce to the Boston market together, when, somewhere on the road something broke, and Burnham wanted to do one thing and Paine wanted to do another. Said Burnham, "They say it's only a mile to the next village." "It's a d'md lie", said Uncle Sam, "if the minister of this parish should say it was only a mile I shouldn't believe him".

The first I remember of grandfather, he came to our house to get my sister Emily to go to Cornish with him to see the Chase relatives.

"Now Albert", said he to father, "you had better get her a silk dress to wear". And he probably drove our white mare that was such a favorite in the neighborhood.

My grandfather's family consisted of two girls and six boys that grew to manhood and womanhood—were all great readers and well informed, fond of poetry and liked to write it, musically inclined, which talent was cultivated in Laura and Frank, and some in Horace and George. The four youngest boys, born from 1817 to 1824, so near an age and living at home so long together, associated together in play, work, school, and all, it is no wonder are fond of referring to those days, or that Uncle Frank writes so feelingly of those times. Uncle Frank describes the two story house built by grandfather in 1818-19, the house (in connection with the old house to which it was added) in which the family lived from the time it was built until the family broke up about 1850, and was always occupied by one of the boys afterwards.

until it was sold by Frank Paine with his farm in 1865 to J. H. Nott. Thereafter, only two of the family remained in Randolph, Albert and Charles, who died on their farms there in 1885 and 1895 respectively. Of the house Uncle Frank says: "Seen from the west side was the large two story front, painted white and quite imposing for those times. In said front were four square rooms, two below and two above, known as north room and south room and north chamber and south chamber. Between the two lower rooms was a room known as the dark bedroom. A front entry led to either room below, or by stairs to the rooms above. All of these rooms have their sacred memories. The south room was our sitting room whenever we had friends or relatives for company."

DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY AND HOME OF MR. AND MRS.
SAMUEL PAINE, JR.

By Frank, the Youngest Son of the Family.

The south front room is to me the most sacred room of the house. I recall the merry scenes with brothers, sisters, cousins, and school-teachers. It might well be called the music room, so often in old times did its walls resound to instrumental and vocal music. The north room was our parlor only used when we had an extra number of friends to spend an evening, or for visits of several days, or for parties. A fire then kindled in the fireplace would give a cheerful aspect to the, at other times, rather deserted room. The south chamber was the favorite sleeping room for sister Laura, and afterwards for all of us boys. The dark room was usually occupied by us boys in winter, and many gay times we had there in bed talking and telling stories. The small room was our equally happy summer sleeping room for several seasons.

The north chamber was the spare room with bed for company. Stepping down from the south front room below, or from the dark bed room, we entered the familiar dining, and living room and winter kitchen, all in one.

This was the room of the house; here was the scene of our boyish sports; here all were accustomed to gather upon an evening in winter, (as well as in all seasons but summer) and all enjoying themselves in their several ways, or collectedly in some general pastime. A broad fireplace with its cheerful blaze,

charmed the inmates, who would seat themselves in a half circle, and there, talking, reading, knitting, sewing, smoking, eating apples, and drinking cider, the older ones would gather, while the children would frequently engage in some boyish sport in the rear. Blindfold, and jumping over broom-sticks were favorite pastimes. Charles was the most successful jumper. We would often be reinforced by neighboring children. On the left of the big fireplace was the "lobby" with its woodbox well filled with dry wood, not forgetting the capacious back-log and forestick for the daily consumption. In 1838 the big chimney was taken down, the fireplace destroyed, a new small chimney built, and our new stove with its elevated oven, gave a cheerful warmth, with much less fuel than the fireplace required. On some accounts the change was a source of sadness to us boys, for the capacious brick oven and ashhole were in the southeast corner no longer, but instead were a cupboard and closet. The sacred old fireplace with andirons and blazing logs were gone.

Passing out we go straight through the spaceway. On the right was the door leading to the kitchen chamber, and straight on we entered the back kitchen, the room of all work: Washing on Monday, making, or dipping candles, trying out lard and tallow, baking on a large scale, and the exclusive kitchen for summer use. Here was the running water from a distant spring. On one side was the old cheese closet, filled with cheeses and other goodies. Passing from this room on the left we enter a long buttery filled with all manner of good things.

Here were barrels of flour, meal, maple sugar, and on the shelves, pies, cakes, and doughnuts, all so delicious, made by our mother's (to us) magic hand. To the right of this, leading out of doors, was the woodshed, always filled each spring with a year's supply of wood. Southerly from this kitchen we pass on the left to what was always called the brandy room, because for a short time, the brandy was stored that my father distilled, but used from my first remembrance, as a bed room, in which I have often slept with one of my brothers, usually Charles. South from this room was the bed room of our parents with its fireplace, so often lighted on special occasions as the children's nursery, etc. In the kitchen chamber, before mentioned, for years stood our moth-

er's loom and many utensils for spinning, warping, quilting, reeling, etc.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

Of our family circle from 1824 to 1831, I will first write of our parents. They were both ever indulgent, kind, and loving to their children. Our father, hasty and passionate at times, was very affectionate, and had ways of pleasing children seldom surpassed. His fund of interesting stories seemed to us inexhaustible, and he had very good command of language. His way of telling the stories of "Little Red Riding Hood", "The Bear Stories", "Jack and the Bean Stalk", and hundreds of others, were highly entertaining and will never be forgotten, and his song: "Where is your father love"? was equally pleasing. He was an honest and true man, industrious, ambitious, and successful, until later in East Bethel factory times, of which more will be said hereafter.

Our mother—God bless her memory and her unvariable love and kindness to her children. No mother was ever more fond of children than she. The memories of those days can never fade from our hearts. Her loving talks and stories, her quiet ways, with no angry nor passionate word ever uttered to any of us. Her loving care was ever enduring and increasing. Seated by the fireplace with her little children by her side, or in her lap listening to her kind words and pretty stories, how happily the hours flew by. Of our sister Emily (the oldest) I have no personal recollection, as I was but a little over two years old at the time of her death, (October 5, 1826). I just remember one incident at the time of her sickness. I was going with sister Laura and cousin Maria for some herbs to use about the poor sick sister.

Mrs. S. Hanks says that she remembers Emily well; she went to school with her and liked her very much. She was quick and apt in doing all manner of fancy things, like painting and drawing; was a good scholar, was quiet, conscientious, and lovable. She became religious, and often went to religious meetings at the neighbors. She was tall and slender; her health was good till the last years of her life when she took cold from exposure which brought on consumption and early death. We had several water color paintings by her hand for many years in our parlor, one of

which I now have "The Dying Saint". I have an old journal written by her, some of which I will copy:

JOURNAL OF EMILY P. PAINE
1805-1826.

Randolph, Vt., Mar. 18, 1821.

This day I begin my journal, being in my 17th year. Sixteen years of my life have passed away and left little of consequence behind them. The past cannot be recalled; it is therefore for me to improve the present. That I may the better remember how I pass my time I have resolved to each evening write the occurrences of the day.

Though today is the Sabbath I have not been to meeting, but have spent the day reading, writing, etc. The day has been cold and unpleasant and I have scarcely been out all day. March 19. Up at 7, and spent the principal part of the day in making me a band box. It is very cold for March. My sister Laura wants I should print a hymn in her book, but I think I shall wait till tomorrow. 20th, up at quarter of seven, and spent the day spinning, knitting, etc. This afternoon I saw a little snow bird hopping around on the snow; I wonder how he can stand it this cold stormy night. 21st. Cloudy and rainy all the morning, but cleared off before noon. Washing in A. M. This P. M. company, Mrs. Allyn and Mrs. Weston have been here on a visit. 22nd. Colder. 23rd. Two below zero. Towards night a blind peddler called with some flower seeds. 25th. Saturday night. Mr. Hamilton came here this P. M. and is here tonight on a visit. It has been very pleasant today, and excellent sap weather. Another week has passed and gone, and never will return, and as eternity rolls on, how much we ought to learn. 26th. Stormy. I have read some history, and have just been reading in the new testament with Laura.

29. Cousin Maria has been here today, and I expect to go and visit her tomorrow. My father and brothers have been sugaring today and brought home some excellent syrup.

30th. Spent the day at my grandfather's, where I spun 10 knots and diverted myself otherwise. Laura and Horace went up there with me. Returned this morning, and found rather bad

walking. April 1st. Sunday. I believe there is preaching at East Bethel. It is bad going either for a cutter or chaise. I have been reading the Bible and Mavors history, which is very interesting. April 2. Been helping mother and taking care of Charles. This evening have been writing verses. 3rd. A visitor—old Mr. Shaw—a fortune teller, (who is under the care of my father) being one of the town's poor. Cold. 5th. Trimming Laura's bonnet and spinning. Mr. Burnham has been here all the evening conversing with father on public business. 6th. Churning, spinning, and pounding salt. Horace has found today, in the bottom of a spring, intermingled with sand and gravel, what he chooses to call gold, to which it bears a strong resemblance, and Horace seems to think his fortune is made. 11th. Fast day is now over; we have reason to doubt if it has been spent in sincere fasting and prayer, if we may judge others by ourselves. The male part of the family have spent it principally at work in the sugar-place. My mother and myself have been reading. I have read about 70 pages in the Jewish history. April 12th. Up a little before six. Spent most of the day in spinning. Went over to the sugar place in the afternoon with Dolly Weston, but as it snowed fast we had an unpleasant time, however, we had as much sugar as we wanted. Little Charles is sick this evening. 13. Sewing on Laura's gown. Dr. Smith and lady visit here, and he carried home some of the gold, as we call it, promising to find out what it is. (I well know the gold spring. It is but shining mica, I suppose. F. B. Paine). Monday, April 12. I took a walk with my little brother and sister towards night; we walked over a small knoll, so called, crossed a small brook and the road, and returned home through the meadows. 18th. Cousin Maria called on an errand and promised to come again and go over to the sugar place with me.

20th. Went over to the sugar place with a prospect of a good time with cousin Maria and Chase and Laura, but the sugar boiled over and made a good deal of confusion and about spoiled our afternoon. Sunday 22nd. Read eight chapters in the Bible. Aunt Lucy came, and with Laura and Horace, had a pleasant walk through the fields and over the branch. 27th. Walked over to the boiling place where Albert was boiling sap; visited the gold spring; plucked a few April flowers. 29th. Aunt Lucy and Maria and Laura and myself started to walk to meeting, walked

a mile and found there was none and returned home. Maria stayed and read with me. May 4th. Laura went up to grandpa's to see a sick girl who lives there. 9. Taking care of Charles, helping make harnesses for weaving. 12. Sewing seeds in the garden. (Last of the journal. And I will copy here some verses Emily composed for Chase about these years, I suppose. Written from memory by brother Albert a few years ago and given me by Chase. F. B. P.)

VERSES FOR CHASE BY HIS SISTER EMILY

Little Chase ran a race,
Up into the sugar place
 To make some sugar there;
And so around the woods he went,
(To gather sap was his intent)
 When lo—he saw a bear.
Oh—naughty bear, little Chase said,
If I'd my gun I'd shoot you dead.
 So “Horace, bring my gun here”.
Then Horace said, “what do you want?
If you've found foxes come, I can't.”
 Said Chase, “Oh—no, a bear.”
Says Chase, “I'm driven to the wall;
Old bear, either you or I must fall.
 “I'll see what I can do.”
So Chase picked up a hemlock knot,
And killed him dead upon the spot.
 So he the wild bear slew.
Soon Horace came with loaded gun,
And said, “Why Chase, what have you done?
 Why, you have killed the bear.”
“Old Putnam was not half so brave,
When he the wolf drew from the cave,
 “Or for him laid a snare.”

Of my oldest brother Albert, he being 17 years my senior, and leaving home for a home of his own when I was only seven years old, I remember but little in those days. I remember his many little acts of kindness, giving us goodies, telling stories, etc., alway pleasant and genial. He was industrious and faithful on the farm, helping father in all things needful, having main charge of many chores, etc. He was a great reader, a good scholar,

excelling especially in arithmetic and algebra. He was also serious minded, being constant in his attendance at church, and was afterwards an active and zealous member of the Methodist church.

Brother Horace was of quite a different character in some respects. He did not like farming, and always preferred some mechanical or artistic work, being very ingenious, and handy at every thing.

Horace liked to read as well as Albert, but preferred history, poetry and novels, rather than religious works, and cared very little for churches. He was very musical, and a skilful player on the violin, and his playing had great attraction for me. In September, 1828, he accompanied father and mother on a trip to New York City, of which journey he wrote a very graphic account, which I had for years. They took the stage before daylight at our door, and rode to Burlington, reaching there before night, and staying till morning with some relatives by the name of Hall. Thence, the next day, up the beautiful Lake Champlain to Whitehall, N. Y. It was Horace's first sight of a steamboat, and the study of steam power and the steamboat became his delight. They were to have taken a canal boat at Whitehall for Troy, but, owing to rains and floods, they had to take the stage. Horace tells how at one time on this part of their journey the horses got frightened and began to kick and get out of control of the driver, and mother instead of being frightened, merely said, "They kick well". She was not of a nervous nature, always being calm and heroic. They went by steamer down the glorious Hudson to New York City, and made visits among the Hall relatives. Thence, to New Haven, Connecticut, to visit Dr. Nathan Smith, whose wife was mother's sister.

They came home via. Cornish, New Hampshire, mother's native town, where she still had two brothers living, Uncles Libbeus and Jonathan. On their return Horace went to experimenting in steam using the tea-kettle for a boiler, and attaching some hose and machinery, he succeeded somewhat in developing the power of steam; but unluckily he severely scalded his face, which cooled his ardor temporarily. He afterwards perfected his engine so as to do his churning, etc., eight or ten years later. In 1829 Horace made a trunk for himself, covered it with leather fastened on with brass headed nails, with his name in nails on one end,

and father fitted him out to go to New York City. But his trunk was stolen while at the landing in Burlington, and after a vain attempt to find it, he went by boat to Whitehall, New York, and thence home with a Randolph man who was hauling flour over the mountains. Not discouraged, he got ready again, and father carried him over to Whitehall, from whence he arrived in safety in New York. He found employment in a store at 394 Grand St., with Odell & Co., and boarded with Asa Davis, uncle of my wife.

JOURNAL OF HORACE H. PAINE, WHILE IN NEW YORK CITY

AT 19, CLERKING IN A DRY GOODS STORE.

Dec. 3, 1829. I have been in the city about three weeks and have not written as yet any journal, but today I commence. In the morning I lay in my little bunk thinking of my affairs. "I have been here", thought I, "almost four weeks, and have not yet heard from home. What can be the matter?" I finally made the fire, swept out the store, washed and prepared for breakfast.

Nothing very remarkable happened today, trade was very dull. In the afternoon went down to Greenwich Street to pay some money for Mr. Odell. Tonight while I was writing this, I heard the cry of fire, and the bells from every steeple sent forth their voices. The fire was some way up Grand Street, and I, not having seen a fire since I had been here, went down to see it, but it was no great of a fire and was soon extinguished. Saturday, Dec. 5. Was awakened this morning by the cry of fire, and soon the bells began to ring, then the rattling of fire engines, that rumbled by the door made a confusing noise that is unknown in the country. I had some thought of getting up, but old Somnos conquered and I went to sleep again and slept till daylight. Trade has been very dull this rainy day, and to eat and drink has been my chief employment. Have not heard from home yet, and have been very homesick today and want to see all the folks. Don't know when I shall go home. This morning I got up and dressed and went to breakfast, after which, with Mr. Davis I went to St. John's church. This church stands near North River. It is a very large building, and handsomely finished in the Gothic style. It has an excellent organ and good music. In the afternoon and

evening I went to the Universalist church, so the day has passed on very pleasantly. The day has been fair and beautiful for the most part.

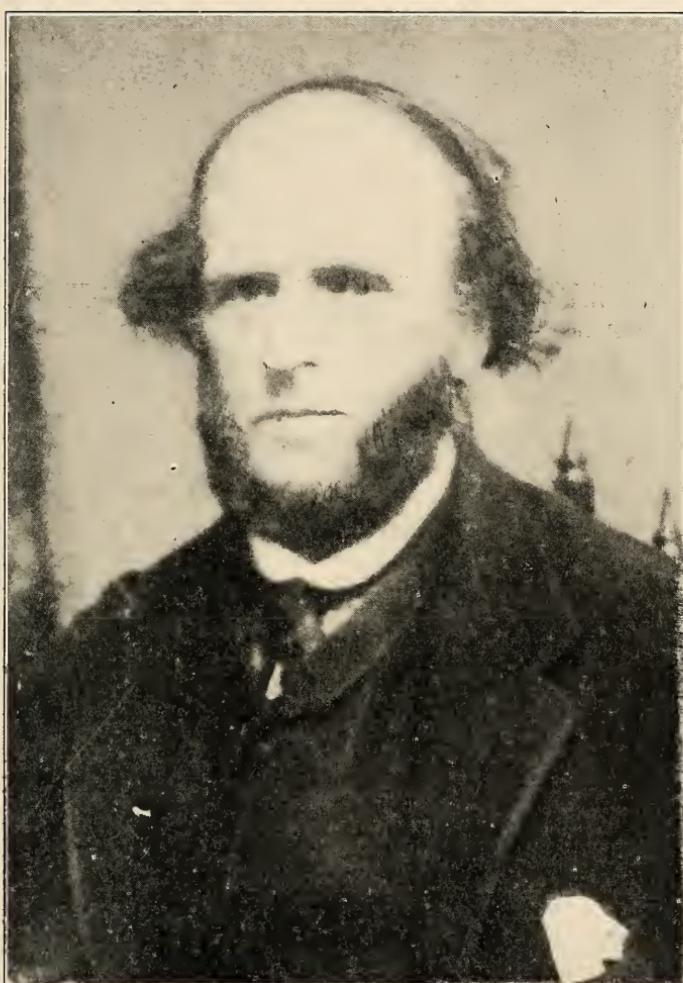
Dec. 10. Pleasant day. After breakfast I went over to Henry and Lombardy Streets to collect some money; got two dollars and fifty cents. After dinner I went to carry some goods home for a lady in a street near Chatham Square. When I got home I had to go over to Greenwich Street on business.

Friday, Dec. 11. This morning I was rather lazy. I dreamp't most all night of home, and so of course I lay in the morning rather stupid and homesick, but at length I got up, swept out the store, and went to breakfast, after which I took a letter, which I had written home, and took it to the post-office. Then I inquired for a letter and to my unspeakable delight found one. I can't tell with what heartfelt joy I took the long wished for letter, put it in my hat and started for Grand Street. I was not long in walking the different streets and reaching home, where the two letters were perused from stem to stearn. It has been very pleasant today.

Dec. 14. Raw and cold. It has been a good day for ladies' shopping. This morning I was sitting alone by the fire, when a man came in and said "Mr. Horace Paine, does he live here?" I told him he did, and went to receive the letter he had for me and I paid him 21 cents. The letter was from my sister, short and sweet. I hope the next will be sweet and long too.

Monday, Dec. 21. Sunday last was a very pleasant day. After breakfast I took the letter I wrote the night before, to the post-office, and then went down to the foot of Maiden Lane. There lay the mighty ships; there the splashing of oars and the rattling of tackle continually resounding; there the high masts of the steamboat's smoky steeple, towered above the waters. At a distance on the water could be seen the majestic ships, and the steamboats plowing the tranquil waves, and the screaming sea gulls, fluttering through the air. After I had viewed this sometime I went to Pearl Street house and, for the first time introduced myself to Mr. Hall (Philander). I stayed there about an hour, and then went back to my boarding house.

Dec. 23, 1829. Sitting here by the fire my thoughts naturally revert to Randolph, and the friends who live there. I



HORACE HALL PAINE. 1810-1864

can't forget the place of my birth, infancy, and childhood and of my riper years which cannot so easily be forgotten. The cheerful fire blazes on the hearth and my friends sit around it. There sits Pa with his foot on the sheet iron, reading the paper, now and then making a remark about what he is reading. There is Ma with her knitting work sitting by the stand, knitting and reading at the same time, and the children here and there at play. Albert is reading some old paper and Laura is making toys for the children.

Jan. 25, 1829. Between two and three weeks have elapsed since last I wrote. I have carried on the same unceasing business in a dry goods store. I get up in the morning, take away my bed, dress and sweep out the store, and when the boss comes, go to breakfast. Between breakfast and dinner, which we have about half past one, we trade all we can, and in the afternoon the same; and just before dark we take in the goods and light up the lamps. After tea we sit and read. About nine or after we shut up the store, and then sometimes I play a game of chess with the clerk next door, or write a letter, or in this journal, and go to bed.

Sunday, Mar. 7. Two weeks have now elapsed since I honored this journal with the production of my thick skull. In the interim, what have I been doing? Let me think. Last Sunday I went to Mr. Hall's and to Mr. Ward's and was agreeably received, and entertained by them.

Last Monday was the first of March, and from then my wages began. Last Friday I went with Jerry Taylor and Theodore Chamberlin, to the Amphitheatre and circus at Chatham Garden. What they acted in the circus was about the same as I have seen acted before. But on the stage merit drew my attention; Blue Beard was acted to perfection.

SOME MORE ABOUT HORACE.

Horace remained in New York till summer, when he returned home and father established him in business at East Randolph with Calvin Blodgett, who kept the hotel there. He did most of the business at the store and boarded with Blodgett. He had clerks to help him at different times, among them being Wright Smith and brother Charles.

In the family, sister Laura (afterwards Mrs. Andrew Morey), was especially near and dear to us all. She was a very interesting and intelligent person, with many accomplishments, very amiable, and loved by all her acquaintances.

THE OLD TAVERN.

F. B. Paine continues account of family of his father, Samuel P., Jr.

In the meantime father had continued to let the tavern house. John Weston living there many years till about 1830. He was father of Aunt Betsy, wife of father's brother Joseph; was also father of Mrs. John Waldo, Jahial Weston, and John the 2nd, afterwards a dairyman near East Randolph. Joseph Comming moved in after Weston moved out in 1830, and kept tavern two years longer, when it was no longer used as a tavern.

My first experience at school was in the summer of 1828, Delia Allen, teacher, sister of Mrs. Aaron Storrs, and aunt of Aaron A. Storrs. Sister Laura and three brothers, Chase, Charles and George attended school at the same time. The teacher the previous winter was G. Rolfe, afterwards a Tunbridge lawyer. I remember he had some fracasses with the big boys, breaking rulers over their heads and bodies. Rulers were constantly used in punishing scholars, usually by feruling the hand pretty hard. Many an unruly boy would be badly mauled in those years.

Government in schools without continual corporal punishment was never once thought of, and never by friendly counsel and appeals to their better nature. The ways of government then would not be tolerated now. Sometimes a scholar would be made to stand on the floor, and required to hold something heavy in his hand at arms length, and if his arm became weary and partially dropped, the inhuman teacher would start it up again with his ponderous ruler. The school house was a cold one, and ill constructed and sometimes there would be more than 60 scholars in the small room. The winter of 1828-9 was taught by Mr. Howard Griswold, and I attended for the first time in winter, sitting upon the low seats that ran all around the four sides, except the space by the door. That was the only teacher that ever punished me at school, and that without good cause; but I forgave

him, for he was an honest man and thriving farmer in Randolph in after years, and one of the leading abolitionists at a time when the anti-slavery sentiment was not as popular as it afterwards became. The long, long row on the west side of the schoolhouse was occupied by the big boys such as Horace Paine, Avery Green, Lorenzo Belknap, William Ramsey, Daniel Beebe, Bathuel and Asa Keith, Henry Gould, etc. Some of them were quite ungovernable. The next row was occupied by smaller boys, such as George Green, Levi Wakefield, Wm. Stanley, Chase and Charles Paine, Daniel Belknap, Nathaniel and Adolphus Kelley, two Hanks boys from the Kibbe road, the Grant boys, Heman Morgan, R. and H. Collins, the Cleverly boys, Otho Ramsey, etc.

The big girls on the north side were: Lydia Belknap, Lydia Ainsworth, Susan and Sally Green, Susan Keith, Deborah and Emily Beebe, sister Laura and cousin Maria Paine, Anna and Sally Ramsey, Elizabeth, Martha, Sophia, Violetta Green and Agnes Stanley. The younger girls on the east side were: Lucy and Jane Green, Cynthia Burnham and Eliza Wakefield.

Of boys and girls about my age were: Samuel and Oscar Green, Ira Wakefield, Luman Green, Charles Ramsey, Frank Stanley and sisters. The Dyer girls, Jerusha Ellis, Susan Ramsey, Rebecca and Polly Wakefield, Lucina and Ruth Kibbee, the Beebe boys and Oren Hanks.

The big boys had great times playing goal, and other noisy and running games, and the elm trees by our yard were the goals, and many were the merry shouts and happy voices.

“Sturdy boys at play,
Were sporting just as they do now, with spirits just as gay.”

HOME LIFE.

I (Frank Paine, son of Samuel P., Jr.) was now five years of age. Being the youngest of the family, I was something of a pet. I was quite a happy boy, and remember many a play at home and at school. One very pleasant incident of the spring of 1829, was riding with my mother, on the back of the old gray horse, to the sugar place on the northwest hill, since owned by brother

Albert. I remember feeling afraid I should fall off, but mother told me to hold firmly to her.

She went up through Albert's grove by the lazy mill brook, and safely reached our journey's end in the distant woods, where we had a glorious time sugaring off. The precise spot of that day's good time has been kept in our knowledge by the large beech tree still standing, on which mother wrote the name "Charles P. 1829". I have often seen the tree and name since and hold them in deep veneration. I have kept my name carved upon it at a great many dates, the last one being in the summer of 1884. I imagined I could see the original words, Charles P. still in faint outline. The last time I read them my two nieces, Emily and Ellen (Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Rogers) were "recubens sub tegmine fagi", under the spreading branches of the venerable tree.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

There was much pleasure and happiness in our family intercourse, and our lives moved smoothly on for several years. We four brothers, Chase, Charles, George, and Frank, were quite a lively family of boys, and had many a merry time together. We would often sleep in the same room and spend many an hour telling stories to each other of imaginary and miraculous incidents, of which Frank was often the hero. Chase was the best story teller, and Charles also did well, and George and Frank were good listeners.

In 1830 cousin Sarah Stone came to live with us.

There had been some difficulty between uncle and aunt Stone and it resulted in the separation of the family for awhile, and Sarah came to live with us, and her mother, aunt Betsy, and cousin Orville, and aunt Lucy and grandpa, lived in the brick house where Albert and family later lived.

I was quite fond of cousin Sarah, and we had a good many plays together. She lived at our house for a good many years, and seemed like one of the family. The summer school of 1832 was taught by Hannah Converse, sister of Mrs. J. K. Parish, and afterwards the wife of Oliver Egerton. We used Webster's spelling book. I remember still the fables in the back part, such as: The Boy in the Tree Stealing Apples. The Two Men and the Beau,

etc. Each winter they had singing schools at East Bethel. Sister Laura attended, and would sing the songs at home, so I learned a good many of them. Aunt Betsy and Orville moved to our house in 1831 and lived there for a year, occupying the east room and brandy room.

Grandpa also was there a good deal about the same years. Aunt Lucy continued to live in the brick house for some years after brother Albert and cousin Maria were married and lived there and owned the farm.

Albert and Maria were married May 19, 1831.

The day and the occasion I remember very well. The ceremony was performed in our north room. It was the first marriage I had witnessed, and seemed very odd to me. I remember with pleasure the many acts of kindness of brother Albert and he then commenced a new life with our cousin Maria, with whom he ~~lived~~ lived in great happiness and contentment till 1853, 22½ years. Maria was a sweet singer, and I always enjoyed listening to her melodious but not strong voice.

AN OLD JOURNAL.

(As a supplement to this brief reference to my father and his family, I will copy, briefly, from an old journal of his, commenced when he was 18 years old.—*Editor.*)

First entry. Sept. 25, 1825. Albert Bulkeley Paine's Journal. I being now 18 years and 18 days old begin a journal. We have finished harvesting our corn, and have been busily employed for a few days in making cider. We have made about 50 barrels of it for ourselves and our neighbors, and yet have but just begun. (Writing here not very legible).

We own a share in a still. Mr. Harvey Tracy and Tucker have been erecting a still in the northeast corner of Bethel, or southeast corner of Randolph. But yesterday, when they were raising the building a board broke. Five men fell, and one, John Ames, fell, a victim to its fury, having attempted to escape over the sill, his head was caught between the sill and the beam; another was badly bruised, and others had hair breadth escapes. The weather in the fore part of the season was very warm; warmer weather had never been known in this place by the oldest inhabit-

ant. It has also been very dry the past summer, so that many pieces of corn and potatoes have been destroyed. We had a rain storm two or three days ago, and last night had our first frost. We have had 20 cows to milk this summer, and have therefore had butter and cheese in abundance. A Frenchman works for us, who came in June and is to stay a year. (This Frenchman was, no doubt, Old Saline, who lived at Capt. Burnham's so many years, who was in Napoleon's army when it crossed the Alps, and was taken prisoner by the British and brought to Canada.)

Sunday, Oct. 9. Getting in corn and digging potatoes. Potatoes are very poor, not over 100 bushels from an acre. Last Sunday I went to meeting. Elder Sawyer preached in the forenoon and Mr. Orrin Tracy in the afternoon. People are constantly flocking to our mill to make cider.

Sunday, Oct. 23, 1825. Last Monday we were busily employed in drawing apples from our orchard, which were scattered in about forty piles which made 16 cart loads, and together with what we had before made into cider, makes about 600 bushels. Tuesday we made a cheese of cider. People are continually making cider at our mill, of which we have every tenth barrel for the use of the mill. Sollen Roslinger, our Frenchman, has been mostly employed in chopping stove wood. Sollen generally does our churning, but last night we had a long job of it, which took us from seven to ten o'clock. Since I have been writing, Maria H. Paine, a cousin of mine, has come home. She has been out to work at tailoring with Miss Hall (or Hale) for about five or six weeks, and is going away again tonight.

Sunday, Oct. 30. Last Monday and Tuesday Mr. Burnham (father of Solomon and Capt. Ammi Burnham) made cider at our mill, and Tuesday Mr. Beebe made a cheese of cider with my help. Thursday and Friday Mr. Wakefield occupied the mill, and yesterday David Green made a small cheese. Monday and Tuesday I made a basket. Friday we dug down and found our lead aqueduct and soldered on a piece to bring water into our yard. In the afternoon we worked on the turnpike road, of which my father owns a quarter. Yesterday we drove off our fatted cattle to Royalton, where a merchant had bought them. Emily and Laura have been to the middle of the town to meeting today with

the Allen girls. Horace came home last night from the Center, where he is attending the academy, and will go back tonight.

Nov. 6. This week have been variously employed. Monday we made a cider cheese. Mr. Peak and Ranny Green occupied the mill the rest of the week. Monday some tailoresses came here, viz, Miss Hale and Maria, to work, and Wednesday I carried them up to Mr. George's in the east part of the town. Monday uncle Joseph Paine and his wife came down from Cabot, and have since, with grandfather, been down to Hartland to see his sister, Aunt Betsy Stone. Friday, with my parents, I went to the funeral of Edward Evens.

Sunday, Nov. 13. Last Monday Uncle Joseph bid adieu to his friends, and he and aunt returned home. We drew cider down to Tracy's still Wednesday. I have plowed two acres of old land this week. Yesterday pared apples for drying.

Sunday, Nov. 20. Last Monday and Tuesday I helped Mr. Allen make cider, and the rest of the week we made about 26 barrels for ourselves, and that finished making cider for this year, for the weather is very cold now.

Sunday, Nov. 27. Snowed four inches and good sleighing. Monday we killed three hogs and Wednesday father took them to Burlington with three more for Phineas Smith, and returned Saturday. Saturday night at a school meeting, it was voted not to send any children under seven years of age to winter school, the school being too large to be accommodated.

Thursday, Thanksgiving day.

Sunday, Dec. 4. Charles, Emily, and Laura have been to meeting. I have been reading a book called "The Burning of Royalton."

Sunday, Dec. 18. The past week my time has been spent in chopping and drawing wood, tending cattle, milking, reading and studying. Not much snow and ground frozen deep. Last Wednesday Miss Hale and cousin Maria came here to do some sewing and are here now. Last Monday our school began. Teacher's name is Moulton, from Corinth. I have not been yet but expect to next week.

JOURNAL OF ALBERT BULKELEY PAINE.

New Years Day, Sunday, 1826, Randolph, Vt.

Another year has passed which brings me to reflect upon my life the past year of 1825. How has it been spent? What good have I been doing? The past fortnight has been spent in reading, writing, and studying, and in doing chores, which are very numerous. Have not been to school yet and do not expect to go much if any this winter. Horace goes to the Center to the academy, and comes home most every Saturday night. Miss Hale and Maria have been here the last two weeks, but last night I took them up to Mr. Glidden's in the east village. Ma and Pa have been to meeting and have just returned.

Sunday, Jan. 15, 1826. Last Sunday I went to meeting to hear Elder Torry. My father is preparing to build a new house, has been drawing logs to mill and boards home. (The brick house where Albert lived his married life.)

Sunday, Jan. 29, 1826. A snow storm that came last Tuesday has made good sleighing, and people are continually flocking to Boston with loaded sleighs of pork. Last Wednesday father went with Mr. Allen and Mr. Turner to Weathersfield after three loads of lime for the brick house.

Friday Mr. R. Green returned from Hanover with some pine boards he went after. After father got back from Weathersfield, he started for Boston with a load of pork, butter, and other articles. Tuesday we killed our geese and ducks, which was a long and nasty job.

Sunday, Feb. 5. The past week much of my time has been taken up in tending to cattle, sheep, calves, etc. The calves we give oats, the sheep corn, a half bushel every day. We have 15 calves and about 110 sheep.

Yesterday Pa came home from Nashua village, where he sold his load and returned as the sleighing was not very good, and he had to take a wagon the latter part of the way. He brought back salt, a barrel of mackerel, rice, tea, etc. This week Mr. Ainsworth hired Mr. C. Kelsey to keep our school the rest of the season. (Probably the man we knew as Charles Kelsy, a peculiar man, but a good scholar and a great reader.—Ed.)

Sunday, Feb. 12, 1826. Last Monday Pa went to Windsor on a visit, and stayed there over night, and the next day to Cornish, and went the same day to Hartland to see Uncle Stone and family, and came home the next day, bringing new hats for Chase, Charles, George, and myself, and a paint box for Emily.

Monday, Feb. 27, 1826. I was taken sick a week ago yesterday, with a bad cold and sore throat, and vomited, and all the family have got colds to a greater or less extent, and Emily has had a cough all winter.

I am now some better. This disorder prevails all about in every town and state. There are but few who escape it.

Sunday, Mar. 5. My cold is much better, but many in the neighborhood are still sick with it. The teams that went to Boston, (and they went by here for a few days 50 or 60 a day) will find hard tugging coming home for the sleighing is most gone.

Pa has been drawing brick from Tunbridge for two or three days for the new house. Upon calculation I find there has fallen in all about three and one-half feet of snow this winter.

Monday, April 2. Have had heavy freshet, and the branch was two or three feet higher than it was ever known before.

Maria has come home to live now; she is through working abroad. Pa with a number of hands has been making bridges this week on the turnpike.

Sunday, May 7, 1826. Have been boiling sap and made some sour syrup. Father is having the old house taken down where he is going to put up the new brick house. Thursday I helped take down the frame, pile boards, draw nails, etc.

Sunday, May 21. I have worked some planting the garden. Last Monday our men came to work on the new brick house, laying the brick and Clark to draw stone. I have been tending masons, mixing mortar, planting corn, plowing, planting potatoes, etc.

Sunday, June 4. May 20 we washed our sheep, and May 30 sheared them, 109 in number. We have been mostly employed the last fortnight in tending masons, who have now got through for the present, and went home Friday with Pa, who went to Weathersfield after a load of lime, not having enough, and returned this morning. Ramsey, Dearing, Smith, and Collins, who work on the house, have got the roof on and shingled it. Last

Sunday it rained and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday it was very hot. Friday and Saturday, I hoed corn, planted potatoes. helped level around the new house, etc.

Sunday, June 11. Last Monday we weaned our calves. Tuesday, aunt Lucy came here to make cheese. I have been hoeing corn, working in the garden and on the road, making mortar, etc. Today Pa and I have been to meeting. Elder Stephens preached. Last Tuesday Horace and I went to train. (June training.)

Sunday, June 18. I have spent this week in hoeing corn, working on the road, making mortar, etc. They are laying floors in the new house. Yesterday went to a barn raising at Mr. Peak's. We have got corn leaves, that stretched up, measure four and one-half feet high. Tomorrow Horace is going to school to the academy at the Center, and boards at Capt. Egerton's.

Sunday, June 25, 7 o'clock. Mr. Ramsey, Dearing, and Collins, have finished the joiner work on the house. Mr. Dyer has been here painting sash, etc. I have been lathing, laying floors, etc. We had corn tostled out a week ago. Vines begin to spread. Wednesday it rained, and yesterday we had a refreshing shower. I must go after the cows.

Sunday, July 2. Hoeing corn and potatoes. Potatoes in blossom and corn silked, or beginning to.

Sunday, July 9, 1826. Last Sunday I went to meeting. Elder Sawyer and Elder Tracy preached. Last Monday Mr. Willard and an apprentice came here to work, and Thursday two others, to plaster the new house and have just gone back tonight. I have been tending the masons, penciling the house, lathing, etc. Last Tuesday, the 4th of July, the country celebrated in all directions, it being 50 years since our nation was born. There will be an abundance of butternuts, hazelnuts, beechnuts, blackberries, etc., and but few apples. The Lord's will be done.

Sunday, July 16. Last Monday I made a hog pasture fence out of the refuse boards, and Ramsey, Smith, and Collins finished the doors. Tuesday we cleaned out the house. We helped grandpa and aunt Lucy move, and they commenced milking the cows and making cheese up to the new house. Worked in the garden and Friday made barnyard fence. This past week Mr. Dyer has,

with some of Pa's help, been making stairs, and sink, setting glass, hanging doors, etc.

Sunday, July 23. Monday we began haying. Our help is Curtis Collins, works for 4 shillings and 6 pence (about 85 cents), Wakefield and Greer, whom we change works with. We have corn fit to roast, peas to eat, and potatoes as big as hen's eggs.

August 16. Finished haying last night.

August 28, 1828. Been tending cows to keep them in the pasture, yesterday worked up to the new house. Last Monday, Ramsey, Collins and Smith came to put up a woodshed adjoining the new house, and finished Friday. Emily, who has been unwell the summer past, we are in hopes is better.

September 10. This week past I have gathered about 10 bushels butternuts. Wednesday grandpa and Maria went up to Cabot and Peacham to see their relation there. Horace came home yesterday and is not going to school any more.

Wednesday, September 13. Pa, Horace, Chase, Charles, and George went down to Royalton to a Muster, and same day grandpa and Maria came home and her brother Samuel came with them on a visit.

Sunday, October 8, 1826. The past week mother's sister, Mrs. Torrey, died at Windsor. This week has been a very solemn and mournful one in our family. Monday Emily ate breakfast with us and walked out doors, but it was for the last time. That day she had distressed turns in her side, and from that time was confined to her room, though not to her bed till a day or so before she died, which was on Thursday evening between eight and nine o'clock. She appeared very much resigned, and gave up her soul to God without a groan. She conversed with the family before she died, and seemed sensible of her approaching end. And O—Lord, may we profit by what she said to us, her last dying words. She was buried yesterday. Mr. Eastman preached her funeral sermon, from John, "Jesus wept".

Sunday, December 31, 1826. School began the 11th of December, Mr. Ralph, teacher, who has been to school at the academy for a number of years. I have not yet been to school, but have been busy. People are every day starting for Boston with loaded sleighs of pork.

Sunday, January 14, 1827. Last Thursday father started for Boston with a load of pork. Friday I began to go to school. Am studying algebra, grammar, etc. Thursday, December 14, the Vermont Advocate was first printed, by Wyman D. Spooner at Royalton, which we take.

Sunday, January 21. Last Sunday night, Pa came home from Boston with a large load, principally salt, fish, molasses, and various other articles. Sold his pork for five and one-fourth cents a pound. He had good sleighing into Boston. I continue to go to school; we read in the newspapers part of the time.

February 5. Last Wednesday Pa started for Boston with a load of butter, beef, and rye.

February 18. Last Sunday I went to the meeting with teacher, who boards here. We have sold our pork to Mr. Cone for eight cents a pound. First of the week Mr. Coats and wife (Maria's mother) came here on a visit.

Sunday, February 25, 1827. Mr. Moulton has been here the week past making boots and shoes, and will finish soon. Last Thursday part of the inhabitants of this town, met to take into consideration the building of a state house at the center of this town at their own expense.

Ezra Paine (father's cousin) and Mr. Dergy, of Brookfield are here.

Monday, April 2, 1827. Remarkably clear. Sap ran well. 12 or 14 barrels of sap on hand, and Pa is boiling. He has hired Simeon Jones to work here seven months at 11 dollars per month.

April 8. Ground bare. Sheep shirk for themselves, and cattle are feeding in the meadow. Have had no snow for more than a month. We have lost 10 sheep this winter. Horace has come home today on a visit, from the East village, where he is tending store for Mr. Glidden. Cousin James Chase was here today. Wednesday, the 4th, was Fast day, appointed by the Governor as a day of humiliation and prayer. But we were obliged to work in the sugar place.

April 15. Have made 350 pounds of sugar this year. Friday, 13th, a very windy day. Southwest wind. The wind blew down much fence, many trees, and two barns in the neigh-

borhood. Saturday brought our tubs down from the sugar place. I have been mending wall and fence, last two days.

Simeon Jones has been making wall the past week up to Mr. Grant's.

Maria has been at work here the past week making clothes.

By addition, I find there has fallen about nine and one-half feet of snow this winter, and all but a foot and a half in January.

Sunday, April 29. Last Friday, Simeon (Jones) our hired man, hired W. Green to take his place, so he could go squirrel hunting in the two days' squirrel hunt of Friday and Saturday but Friday morning we heard the solemn tidings that his aunt, Mrs. Beebe, had died after a short illness. We went to her funeral yesterday afternoon.

The last of the Journal. Sunday, January 2, 1828.

Another year has passed which brings us to reflect again on our past lives and future prospects. Many important events have transpired the past year, and much more is to come. We hope and trust that Greece will soon lift up her head among the nations of the earth. Deaths occur frequently in the neighborhood, which warn us to be also ready. But whose turn it will be next is known only to Him who doeth all things for the best. Farewell departing year and welcome this.

CONTINUATION OF THE FAMILY HISTORY

By Francis B. Paine, Youngest Child of Samuel P., Jr.,

Born 1824, died 1895.

In the summer of 1831 Laura Comins taught our district school. Her father and family lived in the old tavern house and she and sister Laura were great friends. Father employed a good deal of help by the day and month, the monthly hands usually being hired for six months at about 10 dollars per month.

(This farm was situated in the valley of the second branch of White River. This branch rises in Williamstown, 15 miles or so south of Montpelier, and runs southerly, five miles, to Brookfield, through east part of Brookfield and East Brookfield village, to Randolph, through east part of Randolph and the villages of North Randolph and East Randolph, six miles to Bethel; North

Randolph being near the Brookfield line, East Randolph two miles south, and the farm of Samuel Paine, Jr., three and one-half miles south of the village of East Randolph. From this farm to the town line of Bethel the distance is about a mile or more. The branch goes through the northwest corner of Bethel and village of East Bethel a little over a mile, and in Royalton about four miles to the White River at North Royalton. At the farm of Samuel Paine, Jr., when three houses were later put up, making five houses besides the school house, the place was called Painesville, and about 1880 when a post office was started, and maintained for twenty years, it was called South Randolph.

The stream is called simply "the branch", or "second branch", or "middle branch", there being a similar branch on the east of the long range or mountain from Royalton to Williamstown, ("Tunbridge Mountain"), called Tunbridge branch; and another branch five miles west, called West branch. The Samuel Paine farm was situated on both sides of Middle Branch, and the branch meadows are very fertile, with soil of a deep vegetable loam.
Editor.)

CONTINUATION OF FRANK PAINE'S FAMILY HISTORY.

Father had a good many acres of corn and oats. Kept 200 or 300 sheep, and it was an all day's job to wash them, and two or three days' work to shear them, with as many men as could work on the barn floor. But the fleeces of the sheep were light in those days and only weighed three or four pounds each.

In those days nearly every one went to church. Father owned a pew in the East Bethel Baptist church, a front pew near the stove and almost under the high pulpit and gallery. My sister Laura and Laura Comins sang in the choir. Also Deacons Fisk and Blodgett, with their bass voices, and Goodrich Fisk just beginning, and his sister Lucy. The house was well filled every Sunday, much more so than at the present time, (1885).

A four horse stage passed up and down our valley between Montpelier and Royalton connecting with lines to Boston via Concord, New Hampshire, also via Woodstock, Windsor, and Claremont. There was also a stage running from East Bethel to Montpelier through Randolph Center, called the hill route, ours being the Gulf route. Goods for merchants and others were

brought from Boston, etc., by teams of four, six and eight horses, running all the time from Montpelier to Boston and a good many private teams as well.

Father, with a load of pork, poultry, cheese, and butter went to Boston every winter, driving two horses, and was gone nearly two weeks. His welcome "whoa", when he arrived at home, was a signal for general rejoicing. "How do you do, Pa? What presents have you brought us?" were our first questions. After getting settled for the night, we would eagerly listen to his stories of adventures. Sometimes he would tell of hard times among snow drifts, and sometimes he would encounter bare ground on nearing Boston. Once he had to buy a wagon to come home with. He would bring home goods for Horace's store.

Usually several of the neighbors would go in company, and help each other, put up together, and have sociable times evenings. He always spoke of the universal habit of using intoxicating liquors, especially in New Hampshire taverns, but seldom indulged much himself. He always tried to prevent intemperance, among those with whom he had an influence.

BIRTH OF EMILY PAMELIA PAINE

On the morning of October 10, 1832, we were awakened by brother Albert coming into the house very early, and calling for mother to accompany him home, which she did, and a few hours later we heard the welcome news that to brother and sister Albert and Maria was born a child, unto them a sweet daughter was given, and the name of Emily Paine was given to her. I soon went up to see her and afterwards went often, and soon became very fond of her, and she was long the pet of her uncles and aunts, and grandparents, as well as of her parents.

MARRIAGE OF HORACE HALL PAINE AND LAURA COMINS, 1833.

On the 17th of January, 1833, brother Horace was married to Laura Comins of West Bethel, the family living there at that time, and they moved into a house owned by Horace Wheeler of East Randolph, Horace still being in the store there. A Mr. Banister moved into the old tavern house, and grandpa and aunt

Lucy lived in the bar room there and tended the toll gate. It was no longer a tavern.

The previous year Uncle Stone lived there with his family, they having been reunited. Mr. Stone had sold his farm in Hartland and in the spring of 1833 bought the Ziba Pope place on the Kibbee road, and moved all his family there about one and one-half miles away.

MAKING POTASH.

This year the building so long used as a cider mill was turned into a building for making potash. They filled the upper room with ashes, brought water in new poplar pump logs from spring in the west pasture, and had some men to do the work. But he carried on the business only one year, concluding it didn't pay.

Horace sold his store in East Randolph in summer of 1833, and lived for a year or so in the house with his father, and his first child, Ellen, was born there, the 22nd of October. Father built a house for Horace at East Bethel the next year, getting the rough lumber from his own woods and in the fall of 1834 Horace moved into the new house and went into trade there in the village.

Charlotte Comins lived all that year, 1833, at our house with her sister, Horace's wife. She was about George's age and was very good company for us all.

Cousin Hannah Chase, daughter of Libbeus Chase of Cornish, New Hampshire, made us a visit in the fall of 1833. She was about Charlotte's age, and was very interesting and agreeable, and we enjoyed her visit very much. She was afterwards Mrs. Leonard, and after she became a widow, kept house for her brother.

At an exhibition at East Bethel in March, 1834, they gave the dramas, "Abalino, The Bravo of Venice", and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer". Among the actors were Horace and his wife and Capt. Burnham, and others.

DEATH OF CAPT. SAMUEL PAINE.

Grandpa Paine (Capt. Samuel P.) lived at uncle Stone's the last years of his life, and aunt Lucy lived in the front room, formerly the tavern bar room, at the old tavern house, the Banister family occupying the rest of the house. Grandpa was in comfort-

able health till the Fall of 1834, when he failed rapidly, and passed quietly away. Born May 11, 1744—Died December 7, 1834.

The funeral was on a very cold day, and those attending the funeral suffered very much. He was buried at East Bethel, and a suitable gravestone was erected. Rev. Mr. Eastman preached, and I remember some things he said: "How few there are who live on earth as long as this man, who has numbered 90 years. How few in this audience will live even to the age of 70, not one quarter".

UNCLE SAM BREAKS HIS LEG.

About 10 days after the funeral a sad accident happened to father. He started for Boston with a load of pork, and got as far as White River Village, in Hartford, when his sleigh overturned and he was thrown out, breaking his right leg, and seriously injuring his hip. He was taken to Udell's tavern, close by, by his companions on the journey, Solomon Burnham, Zabina Whitney, and others, and well taken care of. Mother went down the next day, and Laura soon after, and while they were gone, a week's time, Mrs. Betsy Green kept house for us.

Father was confined there six weeks, Laura staying with him most of the time. He was then brought home on a bed, and was a helpless cripple for a long time, and was always lame, one leg being shorter than the other. I must record an anecdote here. We boys wanted some fur caps, and father had promised one for each of us, and now we were fearful lest we should not get them. So I wrote to Laura, and she answered that she would see about it, that we had our caps, which we received in due time, much to our joy.

By spring father was able to go about on crutches, and in the summer could go about the hay field and spread hay with one crutch, and do some other work. As usual the haying season was a time of excitement and hurry; with father especially if there was threatening rain, then, oh then—I will let every one imagine the scene at such times.

Father, though a good and kind man in his family, was often hasty, passionate, and unreasonable in his family, but it would pass away when the occasion went as the sunshine follows the storm.

Luther Wheatly taught the winter school of 1834-5. The usual studies carried on, the principal one being arithmetic. There were no recitations in arithmetic in classes, and no blackboard, but the teacher would go from one pupil to another and say, "Have you any difficulty?" and the reply would usually be in the affirmative, and the teacher would stop to work out the example, and in this way we got through the book, and could say we had worked all the sums, but learning very little about the principles. This winter I (ten and one-half years) studied Emerson's third part written arithmetic, and got along very well, and then study became easy and pleasant to me.

I bought many of my school books with hogs' bristles, which all of us boys were in the habit of saving, properly arranging them, and drying and selling to a tin peddler, each of us 25 cents worth each year.

THE EAST BETHEL FACTORY.

An important event in 1835 was the commencement of the famous East Bethel factory: a deplorable affair as it afterwards proved. I saw the great frame go up that fall, a great crowd being present. Many were the men who assisted in the job, among others being father, Albert and Chase. Chase was very fearless in going up high, and almost standing in mid air, and father was much frightened about him but no accident happened.

ROUND THE HILL ROAD.

A crowd of us boys went for a bath up to the "Point" in the branch, and we saw where they were beginning to build the new road around the hill near the branch (to avoid the steep Bradford hill) which was completed that year.

Father took stock in the factory to the amount of \$1500, I think, and how many thousands he sank there in the years that followed, I know not, but the whole affair was a sad blunder. Almost every one put in one, two, or up to a dozen shares, most of which were a total loss. It was completed and in running order in the fall of 1837. Three agreeable events happened each year in June: Washing and shearing sheep, working on the road, and June training, the last being on the first Tuesday in June. Every able bodied man ,between 18 and 45, had to do military duty on

June Training day. It was made a general holiday for old and young. But June training was discontinued about 1845.

A new school house was built in 1835, the building committee being Samuel Paine, Perley Belknap, and Soloman Burnham. It was built of brick and stood till 1867.

A Lazy Mill was put up in 1829, and continued till about 1834, for sawing wood on the brook up towards Albert's. The dam was up the brook near Albert's grove. After a few years, father found it did not pay, and he gave the building to Albert, who made a cornhouse out of the materials. It was one of father's short lived enterprises.

About this time (1835) father and the rest of the owners, sold out the turnpike, (the main road from Royalton to Brookfield) to the towns. It probably was not paying very well. The stockholders usually met once a month to divide the money, and father had an extra share because he kept the toll gate.

Horace had been in company with Patten Davis at East Bethel but about 1835 or 36 bought out Davis and thereafter was the sole proprietor.

In the fall of 1835 I attended the Orange County Grammar School, and boarded at Dr. John Smith's, whose first wife was a niece of my mother. The doctor was then living with his second wife, who was a daughter of Rev. Sabine, Episcopal minister of Bethel. She was recently from England, and did not seem at all like an American. I continued to go to school at Orange County Grammar School, and once to Braintree high, or select, school, till I was a man grown, and became quite advanced in mathematics, Latin, etc.

Our new school house was first occupied as a school building the first Monday in December, 1835. Deacon Green made a speech to the pupils ,saying: "Scholars, you have got a pretty good school house, and you must be careful not to mar it". The injunction was not very well observed, judging by the carvings and knife-holes made each year more and more.

William Green has been living for a few years at Albert's. He was a nephew of Soloman and Ammi Burnham. I was quite intimate with him, but he did not like it because Albert was a Methodist. He left there about 1836.

CORNISH VISITORS.

In March, 1836, we had some very agreeable company from Cornish and Windsor, comprising Nathan and David Chase, and their sister, Mrs. Leonard, and Gracia Ann Torry, whom I had never seen before, all cousins of ours. Gracia Ann was about Laura's age, and excellent company. They were at our house and at East Bethel for several days, Horace and family being with them at our house a good deal. We built up a fire in the old fire place in the north room, and music, mirth, and laughter, singing, fiddling, card playing, writing crambo, telling stories, etc., filled up the time most agreeably. Horace and Nathan were both good violinists, and Nathan was a good singer. David could sing and make fun with his squeaky voice. Mrs. Leonard, Gracia Ann Torry, and the two Lauras were lively and happy, and we boys were interested lookers on. Mother was quiet as usual, doing the house work with patience and goodness, and father was in his element, for he was very fond of society, and a great talker and story teller. Our pet, Ellen, and her sweet sister Laura, helped to make us all happy, and the hours and the days too swiftly passed away, when the house resumed its usual quietness, and the north room was again deserted and cold, and again came on spring with its sugaring, etc.

About this time George went to work for Horace in his store. But it did not agree with his health, and he had to leave. Was there two years.

Horace had a good trade at his East Bethel store. He had to handle a good deal of farmers' produce, which sold much cheaper than now: Butter $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 15 cents, eggs 10 to 12, corn 50 cents per bushel, oats 30 cents, wool 35 cents sometimes, and sometimes up to 50 or 60 cents. Horace also sold intoxicating drinks, but would not sell to drunkards. I often stayed with George over night, during his two years' stop with Horace, sleeping on the bunk at the store among the goods.

Asa Davis (an uncle of my future wife) taught school in the winter of 1836-7. A pretty good teacher. He would throw his ruler at a troublesome pupil and tell the pupil to bring it to him. He had large classes in arithmetic and grammar, and spent a good deal of time with them. Occasionally we boys would have to stay

out of school to winnow up a great pile of oats father had some Irishmen thresh.

FAREWELL TO FIREPLACES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

This winter of 1836-7 father bought a stove with an elevated oven, which was a wonder to us, and a great event in our lives. No longer did we sit before the blazing fire place upon the winter evenings. A settle was placed before it, and the fire place walled up. We boys used to take turns in building fires in the stove, and how it would draw. We boys slept in the dark bedroom that winter, and used frequently to wake up early and go to telling stories. Chase was the best story teller, and would make tales most romantic and wonderful. We would often get up very early, and have quite a carouse in doors and out. It was on one such an occasion we saw the great shower of falling stars, that astronomers have so often written about. It almost frightened us. No such display has since been equal to it. The great comet the previous autumn was also a great wonder to us.

In 1836 I often went up to brother Albert's to help him in haying, as his boy, William G., had left him. I would rake after the cart till the load was about half on, and then he would say, "You may get on", which suited me better. Then I would load the hay, and ride to the barn on the load with "Miny" (Emily), about four years old, who was usually in the field with her father.

I then would mow away the hay, and when it was off the wagon, was always glad to hear him say, "You may come down". Then several more loads, and at the close an excellent supper by sister Maria, who always was an excellent cook, and I always liked to eat there. In the winter of 1836-7 Wales French went to live with brother Albert, and made his home there till 1844, and we became good friends, and were together a good deal.

That spring we had our first series of lyceums, as we called them, for debate, declamation, etc. They continued many years (about 30). Slavery was the great topic for discussion. Our debaters at first were A. Burnham, 2nd, Levi Wakefield, George L. Greene, the Paine boys, etc. But it was not until 1840 that the United Friends Literary Association was formed, or organized, which continued for 25 years.

The East Bethel factory was at last completed and they went to making satinet. The new bell gave its first peal, the 18th day of May, 1837. Father, being one of the heavy proprietors, I did not feel bashful about going to see the work. Father's wool was all taken there and worked up, so that source of money was stopped, he hoping for great profits in the future, which, alas, never came.

The great crash and failure of the original proprietors came in the spring of 1838, and great was the fall and great the excitement. Most of the money put therein was lost. Auction sales were held, a new company was formed, and work commenced again. Father enlisted again, put in new stock, was the agent for several years, and was at the factory a great share of the time. How he succeeded I cannot tell. He took a good deal of the cloth as his own, and sold it; he paid the bills, which came from Boston very often for dye stuffs, etc., and came out at last without losing all he had, and had a good property afterwards to divide among his children. Father talked about but little else for many years, and we could hear his voice every night at almost all hours, talking with mother about it. It was a great source of trouble to him.

Friction matches, I think, were first used in 1838, a great invention, which, although modest in its appearance, and in its work, should rank with the sewing and mowing machines, and the telegraph and telephone, in the revolution made by its use. Scratch, and the lamp is burning, the cigar is smoking, or the fire is blazing on the hearth. No more going to the neighbors for coals to start a fire for breakfast. The merchant will supply for a few cents, a hundred dormant torches, each locked up in a drop of brimstone.

The Blake family came to live at the tavern house this year, winter of 1838, a large family of boys and girls.

Aunt Lucy still lived in the same house; almost every one was fond of calling upon her and having a chat, as she was generally social and pleasant.

Spring of 1838 Chase and I did most of the sugaring, as Charles had been unable to do much for several months because of humors, etc., though getting better and able to work the following summer.

He was benefitted by using the water of Tunbridge springs, where he went nearly every day, and boarding there some.

I went to Cornish, New Hampshire, with father that spring and had a grand time. In the summer of 1838 or 39, we began to raise potatoes for the East Randolph starch factory. We sold them for 12 to 14 cents per bushel, and some years had 1000 bushels which we sold. This we did in the successive years of 1839-40-41-42-43. In 1844 the potato rot, an entirely new thing in potato raising, put an end to the business. The starch factory made busy times in the fall for several years, carting the potatoes three miles away, with our yoke of oxen and span of horses and such yields as we had then of the large duplexes, as we called them, I suppose we shall never see again.

MUSICAL INDULGENCES OF SAMUEL PAINÉ, JR.

1839. Family History Continued. By Uncle Frank (F. B. Paine).

Father got an accordian for Laura that year (1839) and she enjoyed playing upon it very much. One of her first pieces was the Ingle Side. He also got for me a flute, which was one of the joys of my life for many years. Laura and I played a good deal together in after years. The next year father got a large reed instrument, called a harp. He was very fond of music and liked to hear his children exercise their talent in that way.

A METHODIST REVIVAL, LONG, LONG AGO.

The winter of 1838-9 began a religious revival, commenced with a meeting at brother Albert's, when Don Crane preached and asked all to rise who wished to be prayed for, and a good many arose, myself among the number. From that time the excitement went on, with frequent meetings. Evenings we had good times, singing, talking, praying, etc. Levi Wakefield, Dimon Green, O. B. and L. A. Stone, Lucina Kibbee, Wales French, and others were very zealous. After the school closed the meetings continued, and finally on the 17th of April, 1839, there were a large number of us baptized by Rev. Mr. Wing, and a Methodist class was formed, with brother Albert as leader, and we met every week

for two years or more. I have since outgrown the creeds of those days.

HORACE GOES WEST.

In the autumn of 1839 Horace went to Chardon, Ohio, and went into company with his father-in-law, Comins, in a store. Father was against his going. After getting established there, he returned, and sold his East Bethel store to A. J. Morey of Strafford, who went in company with Mr. Case. But the family all met at Thanksgiving time with ranks still unbroken.

Our cousin, Gracia Ann Torry, made us a good long visit every fall, and we enjoyed her presence very much. She was very social and a good reader, and she read many books to us aloud, among them being, "The Children of the Abbey", "Thaddeus of Warsaw", "Louisa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor". She was very fond of our dog Trim, and of the geese, which she used to feed and call "my geese". But goodbye to the memory of those halcyon days.

When the pleasant and sociable Gracia Ann lived in Strafford, the wife of A. J. Morey, they had a dog, Carlo, and it was hard to tell whether she thought more of the dog, or the dog thought more of her; and Arthur was everywhere, with Carlo at his heels, farming, fishing, hunting woodchucks, and developing the soldier and the business man.

POWERFUL POLITICS, AND THE LOG CABIN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1840.

Horace Greeley's Paper.—The Whig Side.

The year 1840 was full of stirring events. No presidential election ever produced more excitement. No political party ever displayed more enthusiasm for its principles or its candidates, than did the Whig party of 1840.

Politics were at fever heat all summer and fall, and school boys joined in the shout for "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too". The following is a specimen of the songs current that year:

"What has caused this great commotion the country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on for Tippecanoe and Tyler Too.
Tippecanoe and Tyler too, and with him we'll beat little Van,
Van Van Van is a used up man, and with him we'll beat little Van.

Have you heard from old Vermont mont mont, all honest and true?
Fifteen thousand is the tune for Tippecanoe and Tyler Too,
And with him we'll beat any man man man of the Van Buren clan."

This was printed in the "Log Cabin", a paper published in New York City by Horace Greeley, which circulated everywhere. That was our first knowledge of Horace Greeley, and we took his paper, the "New Yorker", and the "New York Tribune", ever after even to this day.

On the fourth of July, father, Chase, Horace and wife, Gracia Ann Torry, David Goodale, and myself, and others, went to Windsor to a great Whig convention, where there was a grand and noisy time, 10,000 people being present. We stayed three nights at our uncles', Jonathan and Libbeus Chase. The house was chucked full of visitors. We had a good sing there Sunday eve. The next day all hands (except father and George who went home) took a trip to the top of Mt. Ascutney, and had a glorious time. Afterwards the Painesville boys had a training and marched to East Bethel, and had speeches, etc., in honor of Whig principles. And Gen. Harrison was elected, but notwithstanding their triumph, the joy of the Whig party was shortlived, for to quote from history, "just one month from his assumption of the reins of government, on the 4th of April, Gen. Harrison lay a pallid corpse in the presidential mansion. His toilsome journey from the west in midwinter, combined with an exchange of quietude for constant bustle, as well as the general excitement of the times, was too much for his failing constitution to endure. The President died after a brief illness, at the age of 69, and was the first who died in office".

That summer we became acquainted with A. J. Morey, in trade at East Bethel. He worked for us some in haying, taking pay in hay. From that time he became a frequent caller at our house to see Laura. They were married the 17th of May, 1841. It was a joyous event, but to us all a sad one; our family circle was broken,



MRS. LAURA MOREY JOHNS

Granddaughter of Mrs. Laura Paine Morey
Now wife of Robert Johns of Sedalia, Mo.

and my only and dear sister, was no more our own. They took their wedding trip to Boston. He bought out Mr. Case, also bought Horace's house, and lived there for a year or so. At the wedding were Judge William Hibberd and wife, N. P. Brooks and wife, Lucy Fisk, B. G. Fisk and wife who was Amelia, sister of A. J. Morey, cousin Wm. P. Chase, of Randolph, a tailor, and all our folks.

Before the ceremony, Laura played, "On the Road to Boston" and I accompanied with my flute, she playing the harp. Rev. Mr. Sprague tied the knot, an Episcopal Priest. Laura belonged to that church, having been baptized the previous summer at East Bethel by a Baptist minister.

Horace and wife and two youngest children started for Ohio about June 1st, 1841. Mr. Comins did most of the business in the store, and Horace worked at painting portraits at different times. A year later he moved to New Lisbon, Ohio, and lived there till 1845, when he moved to Grand De Tour, Illinois. Ellen remained with her Aunt Laura till September when her father came after her, and returned to Ohio with his team, Marion Comins riding with him through "the everlasting state of New York".

Horace died in Illinois, February 26, 1864.

A. J. Morey sold out his store and house at East Bethel in spring of 1842, and moved to Strafford, with his father. Their first child, Ellen, was born July 21, 1842.

In October we had a visit from father's cousins, Ezra Paine of Barre and his sister, Mrs. Allen of Brookfield, the only time I ever saw them. They were quite aged.

In June, 1842, father and George and Mr. Spencer and son took a trip to New York City. Father carried some factory cloth to sell. He had previously left some with a merchant, a Mr. Hale, in Troy, which he lost by Mr. Hale turning bankrupt under the new law. It was a \$300 loss, and father felt pretty sore about it. He was still agent for the factory, and getting along very well, but times were hard and money not plenty.

On the first of November, 1842, father and I went to Whately, Massachusetts, to see Aunt Smith, mother's sister, and widow of Dr. Nathan Smith. She was at her daughter's, Mrs. Lincoln. We supposed they still lived at Gardner, New Hampshire, (Massa-

chusetts, I think—*Ed.*) where Mr. Lincoln had preached for several years, so lost one day's ride. We had a fine visit, and made the acquaintance of our cousins, for they had a large family. Malvina afterwards married Orvil Stone, and Eliza, another, married brother Charles. This was the only time I ever saw Aunt Smith.

First Monday after Thanksgiving I began to teach our school. There were about 50 scholars, many of them being as old as, or older than myself; among them being my brother George and Emily Smith, his present wife, Lucina Kibbee, Esther Green, the four Blake boys and the Blake girls, (and Plummer Blake was as rough as a savage), Wales French, David Storrs, Maria Blodgett, Elizabeth Storrs, Stephen Pember, Samuel Green, Kimball, Orin and Abigail Hanks, Thompson and Sophronia Smith, Marshal Persons, Charles Kibbee, the Burnhams, etc.; truly a formidable set. I enjoyed it quite well in many respects, had spelling schools, lyceums, etc., but after six weeks teaching I gave it up, and was succeeded by Monroe Fitts, whose success was no better than my own. Afterwards I studied phrenology and surveying, and was quite interested.

Subjects that agitated those times were: Slavery, Non-resistance, and Grahamism. We read on all those subjects, and Charles became a grahamite, eating no meat for several years. Lectures were frequent, and we heard Henry C. Wright.

A more important subject was Millerism. Elder Marsh was the leading spirit, and held protracted meetings at East Randolph and elsewhere.

The time set for the end of the world was April 3rd, 1843, and the day before, Elder Marsh bid everybody adieu, till he met them on the other side, if saved and caught up in the air, as he expected to be the next day; but when the day passed safely away he met them again, and he and others figured out a new or tarrying time. So the excitement was kept up a long time. Many neglected to plant their crops and do other spring work.

MARRIAGE OF SAMUEL CHASE PAINE.

Born 1817, 3rd Son of Samuel Paine, Jr.

Chase was married to Betsy Burnham, oldest child of Solomon Burnham, December 8, 1842, and lived with his father through

the winter, and then moved to the tavern house, and was given a slice of the farm as his own. He repaired the tavern house the summer before moving in.

At our school house in the spring of 1843 they had a good many meetings to discuss Fouriars plan of association. A company or association was formed, with intention of actual association, but as spring work came on interest was lost and the matter was dropped.

The Blakes went away when Chase took possession of the tavern house, and Aunt Lucy came to our house to live, occupying the south bedroom and brandy room, so called, till her decease, September, 1847.

AN EARLY WINTER, 1843.

Snow came on early, October 23, 1843, and continued on the fields till the following spring. Some potatoes were snowed in and not dug at all.

Mesmerism was a great subject for talk and experiment also, in the spring of 1843, and many gatherings to experiment were had. David Burnham was a good subject, and Sophia French a good operator.

Charles and George wrote some splendid poetry, reviewing the year 1843, and Patten Davis heard it and borrowed it, and we never saw it again.

We boys commenced writing rhyme in the blank memorandum of the Vermont Register, and kept it up till 1847. Some specimens below, not very inspiring.

Monday, March 1st.—Warm and bright, our heart's delight;
To think that spring is coming on;
But we've had what most we dread, a cold winter but now 'tis gone.

A. J. Morey (Andrew Jackson Morey) left Strafford in the winter of 1843-4 and moved in with us. Father deeded him a part of the farm and agreed to build him a house across the road. We wanted Laura as near us as possible. So we made preparations in the winter, and in the spring and summer the house went up.

On the 18th of February, 1843, little Arthur Paine Morey was born.

Extracts from the register:

Feby. 18. The air is keen, serene, and bright;
The sun shines forth its golden light;
This day to the great general joy,
Gave birth to an exquisite boy.—G. S. P.

Feby. 19. Yester' a little tender stranger,
Came to visit our abode;
Heaven protect the boy from danger,
And guide him safe in wisdom's road.—Chas. S. P.

We attended some very interesting lectures by O. S. Fowler at West Randolph, in January, 1844, and felt well paid for the long cold ride over and back, seven or eight successive evenings, and some afterwards at East Bethel.

Fowler examined a good many heads. He gave father a very favorable examination. Charles had a private examination at the hotel. He was more carried away with the lectures than most of us, as he was more susceptible to new things and became quite radical. We took the Phrenological Journal for several years.

THE CLAY AGAINST POLK CAMPAIGN OF 1844.

Chase, Charles and myself attended a Whig convention in the summer of 1844, at Burlington. We broke the wagon, and traveled early and late, but enjoyed it religiously and enthusiastically.

Here is some more of our Register poetry, at election time 1844:

Nov. 5. The New York boys are in the fray;
Hurrah, they cry, hurrah for Clay—
Hold on, for New York's sake, abstain;
The lowering sky looks much like rain.

Nov. 7. Good news is floating on the breeze,
Which makes our hearts to leap for joy;
Stone posts we bore with greater ease—
The New York boys, A-hoy, A-hoy.

Nov. 8. Hark—what sounds are those salute my ears?

'Tis a low shout methinks I hear;
The south wind bears a different scent,
And noble Whigs their hearts are rent.

Nov. 13. Oh can it be, and is it so,
Is James K. Polk our President?
Alas! our joy is turned to woe;
The people are on ruin bent.

Nov. 14. Ah—so it is, so let it be;
The false styled Democrats prevail;
Their principles now let us see,
If Texas and free trade entail.

The result was the speedy annexation of Texas, and the extension of slavery, the Mexican war, the Kansas Struggle, and the Civil War. (No doubt of the politics of these "boys".—*Ed.*)

In the summer of 1843 I went with father, partly on business, to Cabot; stopped at some relatives in Peacham, and went on to Landoff, New Hampshire, Piermont and Lyme, New Hampshire, where grandfather used to live, and went home via Strafford. It was quite an interesting journey.

A SHORT VISIT TO NEW YORK.

In September, 1844, father took me with him on a short trip to New York City. He took some factory cloth to the city to sell. We went with our own team to Troy, stopping at Rutland the first night, and reaching Troy about noon of the third day. Mrs. H. Tracy and little Charley Blodgett went with us, Mrs. Tracy to stop with her daughter in Troy, and the boy to go to his uncle, Dr. Palmer, in New York City. At night we took the boat and reached the city about day light, and spent the day going about the city. I called at the Tribune office and at other places of which I had read. Father sold his cloth that day and then unexpectedly decided to start for home that night. So we sailed up the Hudson in the darkness, but we had an hour of daylight on the boat, and saw the noted Palisades, and other objects of

note. Reached Albany at early morning, and saw the State House, and had to take stage for Troy, as boat was delayed by fog. When we reached home our folks were surprised to see us home so soon, and it does seem foolish to have stopped so short a time in a city we went so far to see; but father was always in a hurry to start for home when business was done. (His son Charles was just the same way.—*Ed.*). Charles and George took the same journey a little later, with horse and buggy, and were gone about two weeks, stopping at the state fair and cattle show at Poughkeepsie.

Horace visited home in the fall of 1844. He had a camera for taking daguerreotypes the first we had ever seen. He also painted several portraits at our house, and at Capt. Burnham's. We had a good deal of music, Horace and George playing the violin, Laura, the harp, and I, the flute. Horace collected what money was due him, and soon after moved from Ohio to Grand De Tour, Illinois, where he went into trade, and for awhile had a share in a foundry with his brother-in-law, Solon Comins.

Laura's health began to fail in winter of 1846. For the benefit of Laura, she and her father visited Illinois at Horace's in 1846. Started in May in a private team for Whitehall, New York, and took canal boat from there through New York state. Laura enjoyed it very much. She often walked on the banks, keeping up with the boats. Her strength seemed to be returning. They visited Laura's friend, Marion Comins, at Cleveland. By boat from Buffalo to Illinois. They had a splendid visit and returned about July 5th. Ellen returned with them.

FARMING AND TEACHING.

The summer of 1846 we worked hard, and raised a good deal of produce; the tiresome haying days were the same as usual, but we had some horse rakes to make the work come easier. The first one bought in 1842 was a revolving horse rake. In November I attended a teachers' institute at Chelsea, and learned a good deal of the art of teaching. Em. Smith was there also.

In the winter of 1846-7 I taught school in the Pember district and liked it very well.

Laura's health began rapidly to fail, this winter, and on the 13th of March, 1847, she passed away, after giving us all words of counsel and farewell. Her friend, Mrs. Lucy (Fisk) Brooks, died the previous summer. Laura wrote some beautiful verses on that occasion, which were read at her own funeral by the minister from Strafford.

UNCLE SAM SHAKES THE FACTORY DUST FROM HIS FEET.

Father sold his share in the factory early in 1845, retaining the sawmill, and was lucky in getting out of the concern without losing all he had. The farm was still safe, and enough left for him and mother the rest of their lives, and considerable for his children who survived him.

In July Horace and wife and Gracia came and stayed till September. George carried them to Burlington on their way home with a two horse team.

DEATH OF AUNT LUCY.

A few days after the departure of Horace and family, Aunt Lucy died suddenly in an apoplectic fit. Her end was not unexpected, but we felt sad to lose her. She was a kind hearted woman, though not always happy. Our house seemed lonely after these changes. Father and mother took a trip to Springfield, Massachusetts, soon after this, to see Aunt Smith, mother's only living sister, the last time they saw each other. Aunt Smith died, I think, the next year, 1848. They had a fine visit, and also visited at Cornish, at uncle Libbeus'. Uncle Jonathan died in 1843.

F. B. teaches school in Tunbridge, and enjoys association with big girls and boys.

I taught school in the Whitney district in winter of 1847-8, and did pretty good work, I guess.

In 1848, father bought a farm in Royalton, away back on the hill beyond West Bethel. We had good crops that year and a measured acre of corn over the branch, produced 195 bushels of ears as handsome as one will often see, and it took first premium at the county Agricultural Society; and an acre of rye on the hill above Albert's also took first premium. We worked over at the Royalton farm a good deal, doing all the haying, and had a large flock of sheep there.

In June, 1848, the Vermont Central Railroad was completed as far as Bethel and we went over to see the first train come in, and took our first ride on the cars from Bethel to Royalton. We rode to White River Junction July 4th, Miss Cordelia Whitney with me and Emily J. Smith with George. Both in 1847 and 1848 George and I rode to Cornish to see our relatives, as we were fond of doing. Uncle Libbeus was a fine old gentleman, and very intelligent and original. In winter of 1848-49 I taught school in the Tom Clark district. In the spring of 1849 we had an exhibition at East Bethel, and all the young folks took part, and we enjoyed the rehearsals and all greatly. It was a great success.

Charles went west in May, 1849, and was gone till July. He had become a devoted ornithologist. He knew every bird in Vermont by its note, or by its looks, and had collected many specimens in his cabinet, dressed and stuffed by himself. He had spent many mornings for several years hunting for birds and their nests, and when west he collected many specimens not known in Vermont.

(He was credited with being the first to discover and make known to the public the fact that the song sparrow has many different songs. A song sparrow one spring made its home near Charles Paine's bedroom window, and he took particular notice of its singing, and found it had nine distinct songs, which it sung in succession, singing each one several times, perhaps 30, 40, or 50 times before going on to the next. And all the rest of his life he could whistle the notes of each one of those different songs, showing a wonderful power of memory and imitation.—*Ed.*)

Before the return of Charles, George was married to Emily J. Smith, daughter of Phineas Smith, a rich money lender and substantial citizen of this part of the town, and his second wife, Mrs (Folsom) Smith, who had been the widow Noyes, and was mother of Mrs. Sarah (Noyes) Hacket (wife of Spencer Hacket), and also aunt of Mrs. Abbie (Folsom) Paine (2nd wife of Charles S. Paine). George's wife was sister of Samuel Thompson Smith, who in 1856 married Elizabeth M. Paine, daughter of Albert B. Paine, and of Sophronia, who afterwards married Mr. Spooner of Plymouth, Massachusetts. George and wife occupied the main part of the house, so long the home of us all, father and mother living in the rooms fixed up on the north side, including the north room. I lived

with them through the summer. Charles also lived with George for a year, and we had a boy, Sumner Lincoln, brother of Charles' future wife. At the marriage of George and Emily which was at the hotel of cousins J. Hutchinson and wife, Sarah (Stone) Hutchinson, I went with Mary C. Smith, O. B. Stone with Frances Pember, Franklin Smith with Levina Tracy, Geo. T. Smith with Maria C. Ainsworth. A photograph of our group was taken on the occasion, which is still preserved at brother George's. The same month A. J. Morey was married to Gracia Ann Torry, and we were glad to have her for a near neighbor. George had received previously a deed from father of the north part of the farm, and Charles of the south part. Each of them deeded to me an undivided $\frac{1}{3}$ of their farms in 1849, and the next year my shares were measured and set off, with the help of Samuel Keith, surveyor. Late in the fall I commenced making preparations for living by myself on my own premises. So alterations were made in the northeast rooms.

1850. Upon a pleasant day of opening spring, the 31st day of March, I was united in holy marriage to Mary C. Smith. She was the daughter of Chester and Hannah (Davis) Smith. Chester Smith was half brother of George's wife. (It will be seen that the family relations of the Paines and Smiths were getting quite mixed.—*Ed.*) We commenced keeping house in the rooms before mentioned, and father and mother moved to the tavern house with Chase, and Charles lived with them.

Charles built a house that summer that was ready for use in November. He then went to Kensington, New Hampshire, and soon returned with a wife (Eliza Lincoln). She had taught our school the previous summer, and then returned home to get ready for the happy occasion.

We gladly received her into our midst. Charles was very happy in his new relations, and they began housekeeping under favorable circumstances. He had carried on his separate farm the whole year. W. P. Smith worked for him. Father also built a house for himself opposite the tavern house, and by winter he and mother occupied the same. It was a snug and pleasant house.

Thus each of us had separate homes and families on the old homestead, including Albert's on the hill, besides brother-in-law A. J. Morey with his new wife, and bright boy Arthur.

F. B. PAINE BUYS A FARM.

As the arrangements of our farms was not very satisfactory, I sold back to Charles and George what land they had deeded to me, for 650 dollars each, and bought A. J. Morey's farm for \$1800, my wife paying the balance of \$500 from money she had inherited from her father. My wife and I took a trip to Cornish, New Hampshire, in July, 1850, and she thought Uncle Libbeus a very intelligent and original old gentleman. Franklin Smith, uncle of my wife and half brother of George's wife, died at George's in June, 1850, of consumption. He was engaged to Olive Nason, a school friend of George's wife, of Rochester. She married in 1852 Geo. T. Smith (son of Heman S., a half brother of George's wife). The text at the funeral was: "If a man dies shall he live again"?

The advent of modern spiritualism in 1849, helped to answer the question of the text. There was considerable excitement in our midst on this subject, from 1850 to 1853, and many circles were held, and a good many converts gained. Albert, George, and myself and our families, were firm believers. Capt. Burnham believed it, and many others. Patten and Calvin Davis were so carried away with it as to become crazy. Charles and Chase always skeptical, agnostics, and so remained. Charles' wife would have nothing to do with spiritualism, as she was religious, her father a clergyman, and her mother's mother was our Aunt Smith, widow of Dr. Nathan Smith.

George's wife's father and mother lived with them, after Franklin's death, as long as they lived, also her brother and sister, Thomson and Frona, for some time.

On the first of April, 1851, my wife and I moved to our new home where A. J. Morey had lived, and Mr. Morey moved to Strafford. We felt much elated in having a house and farm of our own and my wife's mother, and her little boy, Chester, continued to live with us.

The five brothers, Albert, Chase, Charles, George, and Frank, for a year or two made sugar, all within hailing distance of each other, or nearly so, and could make calls back and forth very pleasantly.

In 1851 I was school commissioner and hired Emily, George's wife, to keep the summer school, and she gave good satisfaction. In the winter following hired Olive Nason to teach. She boarded at George's, and we two families, and the teacher were very intimate through the winter, also Chase, and Charles, and their families. Father and mother now lived alone in their new house, and it was always pleasant for us to see them. They were always ready with stories and interesting topics, to make the time pass pleasantly.

Singing school by Moses Cheney in the winter of 1851-52. He was full of his odd and sometimes cross ways.

THE AGNOSTIC'S CORNER—"I DON'T KNOW"—TO GO BACK
A LITTLE.

At one of our circles for spirit manifestations, we had a visitor, an agnostic scientist from abroad, a companionable, critical-minded young man. After the circle broke up and we were thinking of going home, he was invited to make some remarks, to which he assented, and spoke, as near as I can remember, as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—This is not the first time I have witnessed spirit manifestations, so called; and I am always very much interested in the genuine kind, as I am sure these tonight have been, as they show a phase of the human mind not yet understood or accounted for—a phase that has shown itself occasionally from time immemorable.

Students of the Bible are obliged to confess, that such things are recorded there, and the witch of Endor was visited for advice as mediums are now.

"The miraculous career of Joan of Arc, exhibits a very peculiar instance—to say nothing of Salem witchcraft, and the ghost stories of our grandmothers.

Rev. John Wesley relates occurrences in his father's house at Epworth in Lincolnshire, Eng., in 1716, resembling the Rochester knockings, and there is a remark, credited to him, that these things

were to him one proof of future life. But while this may seem an easy way to account for these phenomena, still it seems to fall short of what we would suppose would occur if spirits of the dead did actually exist, and were capable of making themselves known to those remaining in the body. If such things are really so, why are the manifestations not more common, why so isolated? If spirits are around us and can make their presence known, a medium being present, why do they not do so more commonly? A living child desires to be with its parents, and to associate with its mates. People while living take pleasure in the society of their friends, and if possible, why should they not return after the change called death, and talk with them, and give a good description of their spirit home? Why should not more parents return to advise, to cheer, or to admonish their children?

The claim is made that the law of spirit communication, makes it very difficult for the spirits to give names, though it is impossible to tell why.

A spirit, so called, once came to a certain medium and claimed relationship, but as usual could give no names and the medium could not guess right after repeated trials. Finally the spirit made a great and indignant effort, and said: "Can't you think of Lucian Edson?", but, in the effort necessary to give its name, lost control, and came no more at that time.

Why cannot the so-called spirits give a more definite description of their spirit home, its situation, appearance, occupation, etc., instead of vague generalities. It seems to me these manifestations are simply the action of a phase of the mind, born of a desire for future life, not justified by true philosophy.

The argument is often made that one great proof of immortality, is that such belief is so universal, and has been from primitive times; when the fact is that its existence is due to the simple legendary lore of simple primitive people; and the belief that individual life, intelligent life, ends with the death of the body, is gaining rapid ground among intelligent, educated people. Mankind is content to take the next world if there is one, and the great question of life today in the religious world is not the theory of salvation, but: If A Man Dies Shall He Live Again?

Can it possibly be true that our lives have a beginning on earth, and a never ending existence in a future life free from the

body? It is supposed to be a truism that what has one end has another end also; and again it may be said, that whatever exists in physical or spiritual life, is indestructable, and has always been and always will be in existence, though not in the same form or degree of advancement. And it may be said also that not anything is created from nothing; but that change from lower to higher conditions, or from primeval to mature conditions, is automatic and sure, like the growth of a plant. Life is the highest attribute of nature, more mysterious in its many active qualities than heat, electricity, gravitation, or chemical action, none of which are, by any means fully understood.

The Great Reservoir of Life Is Certainly Never Changed By Addition or Subtraction.

What are the attributes of this mysterious thing called life, which displays more or less intelligence in its confinement in individuality? The seed is planted and life ensues—the young plant grows. The baby child shows its possession of life and growing intelligence, and who can explain? Let him answer who can.

Is there any definite proof that life retains its personal quality on being released from its body, whether of man or beast? If it is so retained in the case of man, it is only logical to conclude it is also retained in the case of all the animal kingdom.

Now one of the following conditions may be supposed to exist in the activities of life:*First*, That at every birth a new personal life is created, that is either destroyed at the death of the body, or continues to live its personal life forever, either with frequent reincarnations or without.

Second,—The same as the first, only that instead of being created at birth, life, that has always existed in personal condition, is called into embodied life, perhaps for first, perhaps for one hundredth or more times.

Third and fourth. The same as the *first* and *second*, except that instead of personal life before birth and after death, a great reservoir of impersonal life is drawn upon, producing personal life only while in the living body.

This theory, that life takes individuality only while in connection with animal or vegetable growth, is a belief I am inclined to advocate."

"But," interrupted George Paine's wife, "don't you want to live again, don't you want to meet your friends and kindred on the other side and be with them forever in progressive life?"

"Well" said the visitor, "I was taught to believe in such a reunion, and it is difficult for me to throw off the belief. It clings pertinaciously, and influences my thought and life, and I must confess to a feeling of disappointment when I, by reasoning, concluded that such a condition is impossible, and I am still open to conviction. It is a great question, that many people are at work upon, and we can only live our lives as best we can, accepting whatever comes with a good grace, and helping one another."

(Note: The editor feels impelled to say, that the visitor and speaker above, is altogether a fictitious person, and his presence was inserted in the family history of F. B. Paine, to give the editor a little elbow room for his thoughts, and the remarks may be better adapted to 1920 than to 1850. *Ed.*)

The year 1852 was the beginning of changes in the Paine families.

Chase growing uneasy, sold his farm to different parties. I bought his wood lot adjoining my own, and mowing in northwest corner of Branch and Randolph Center roads paying 300 dollars. His father, Burnham, bought the barn and lot on the other side. Charles bought the berry hill or old Bunker, and John Peake, the road piece, so called. They went to Illinois in November where they remained eight years, not having very good luck. Their little Horace, not quite three years old, had become quite dear to us, and his Grandmother was much attached to him. It was a sad parting for her, and the last time she ever saw Chase and his family.

My wife's uncle, Heman Smith, in winter of 1852-3 bought the house and garden spot Chase had vacated. He moved there with his family before the first of April.

I boiled sap in the grove near brother Albert's, tapping trees all about the pasture and verge of the woods. I would frequently find some lines of poetry and pictures, in my sap pan, in the morning, or on a tree, written by my niece, Emily, and I would serve her the same way in the adjoining grove where Albert made sugar, making pleasant interchanges. I have preserved these relics to this day; they remind me of old and pleasant times.

The sad event of this year, 1853, was the sickness and death of sister Maria, Albert's wife. She began to fail in the summer with troubles in her stomach, ulcers and sores, so her food distressed her. She failed rapidly in the autumn, and passed away with the falling leaves, November 16th. She could eat nothing for several weeks previous. She took an affectionate leave of all of us a short time before she died, and requested us to sing the following hymn, and it was sung at her funeral also.

“Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when our change shall come,
Angels will hover round our beds,
And waft our spirits home”.

She died happy in the faith of spiritualism.

Mr. A. E. Simmons of Woodstock gave a beautiful discourse at the funeral service at the Baptist church in East Bethel.

Julia Lincoln taught school in summer of 1853, sister of brother Charles' wife, Eliza.

On the 6th of February, 1854, our brother Charles' wife, Eliza, most suddenly and unaccountably passed away, leaving a helpless, motherless babe. It was a sad day to us all, especially to poor Charles, in his first great sorrow, and he felt that his all on earth had gone. The whole community was saddened, and the funeral ceremonies were most impressive.

Rev. Mr. Sparhawk officiated with a very feeling discourse.

Mother took care of the child, which was named William Lincoln Paine, for the first month, and then Sarah Hacket took care of it, her husband, Spencer Hacket, having taken Charles' farm for the year. Mr. Hacket had carried on George's farm in company the previous year.

On the 14th of June, 1854, George Arthur, son of George and Emily, was born, and on the 24th of the same month our little son, Francis Masena, was born, who became the light of our household for that and subsequent years. The recovery of the mothers, however, was not very rapid.

Aug. 4, 1854, our niece, Emily, Albert's oldest daughter was married to Masena M. Murray, of Foster's Crossings Warren County, Ohio, and went at once to their home in Ohio.

Our intercourse at the sugar place in 1854 was the same as in the year previous. I recollect that one enigma I left at Albert's boiling place was on the sentence: Oh, for a lovely sight of the distant Murrayite. She had never seen him before. They commenced a correspondence through the matrimonial department of the Phrenological Journal, which finally brought about the marriage.



MRS. EMILY PAINE MURRAY

37 yrs. of age. 1832-1913

So another tie in our family was broken, and three babies to fill the vacant places.

From our western brother, Chase, we heard they too had a baby, born in the autumn of 1855, Ida Grace Paine. Chase was well, had bought a farm, and built a house. Afterwards he has bad luck, lost money by trusting others, had the fever and ague a

good deal, and got discouraged. For a while, before he bought his farm, he was in company with Horace. Our niece, Emily, who moved to Ohio this year, was quite a reformer. She was a woman's rights woman, a strong advocate of the temperance cause, and plain living, and also advocated the wearing of "bloomers". That was about 1852 to-54.

"Mrs. Bloomer was editor of a reform paper in New York state, and advocated the wearing by women of short skirts, reaching just below the knees, with pantalets gathered just above the ankles. She had a good many lady disciples scattered over the country, and her fashion was, really, in the eye of common sense, a great reform. However, it never had any chance of general adoption, for it was too sensible to be fashionable in those days. The female fashions had before them many peculiar and fascinating styles to be adopted at different times, as suited the fair sex. There was the hoop skirt, or crinoline, in mad favor in Civil War times, and before and after, say five or six yards around at the bottom of the skirt, that went out of fashion finally by growing smaller and smaller until they disappeared at zero. There was the bustle (hope it is spelled right) adopted, I was told out of sympathetic consideration for a lovely deformed princess. This style was popular, but another style pressed to the front and took the fancy of a demand for something new. Was it the long skirt that came next, sweeping the sidewalk and trailing approximately twenty inches in the rear? Maybe. I am not an expert at such things, and don't keep a memorandum about it, but I ardently hope that short skirts will some day be in popular style".—*Editor.*)

Suffice it to say my niece, Emily, wore bloomers for two or three years, but was finally induced to give them up so as not to appear odd.

She was a fine singer and one of her songs was a short skirt song, and one verse was something like this:

The silly may laugh and the ignorant stare,
But still I'm resolved my short clothes to wear;
I never again will wear a long skirt
To fetter my limbs and to wipe up the dirt,
While I labor.

A sad event occurred this year, 1855. Our dear, kind mother began to run down, both in mind and body in the spring, and by May her mind was nearly gone. Father broke up housekeeping, and moved into Charles' house, where mother was faithfully cared for by Charles and his new wife, Abbie. Mother was quite well the previous winter, and wife and I made a good many pleasant calls.

At one of the last calls that I remember that we made, mother told us many stories of olden times, and sang several songs. Father was always social and interesting to converse with. But the change came quickly. It was pitiful to see her standing before the window, with the same good face but with mind so clouded that she could converse but little. At Charles' she kept her room and was nearly helpless for some weeks. I frequently called to see her with my little Tena boy, and all she would say was "Oh ho—here comes my little sober boy".

DEATH OF PAMELA CHASE PAINÉ, WIFE OF SAMUEL PAINÉ, JR., 1855

On the 14th of June mother passed quietly away.

Rev. Eli Ballou, Universalist, preached the funeral sermon, at East Bethel. The house was well filled with her many mourners and friends.

From that time father lived with one of his children, that year with Charles, the following with George. I forgot to mention that father made a visit to Illinois in the fall of 1853, and had a good journey and visit. In September, 1854, Horace made us his last visit, a short one. He came to Boston to buy goods for his store, and stopped with us for a few days, and we never saw him more on earth.

My journal for 1855 says I raised 250 bushels of potatoes and 200 bushels of ears of corn. Sold the potatoes to Z. Sprague for 25 cents a bushel.

Charles Paine married Abbie Folsom of Tunbridge, March 20, 1855.

Father made his home with us in 1856, with the exception of about seven weeks in the summer, when he went to Concord, Massachusetts, at the time George moved there, driving George's team. He was quite well and did a good deal of work for us in

hoeing, haying, and harvesting. He would often make visits to A. J. Morey's in Strafford, to uncle Joseph's and to uncle Stone's while they lived in Randolph, and was quite happy in his old age.

George bought a farm in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1856 for \$8000, and let his home farm to Enos Town, and he and his family moved to Concord early in July. Charles, in the spring of 1856, swapped farms with Geo. L. Green, about one and one half miles up the valley, but getting homesick, he sold his farm to John Gifford, and bought George's home farm, which George had just vacated, but did not take possession till the next fall.

In the mean time, Charles took a trip to the West, visited Chase and Horace, went into Iowa, and bought some land of Wm. C. Andrus, who married our niece, Laura, Horace's daughter. It proved a bad speculation and was a loss of \$500 in the end. His wife spent the summer at her father's in Tunbridge.

In July of this year, 1856, I went to Concord with wife and child, and worked for George in haying about three weeks, and worked hard and was glad to get home again. S. T. Smith did my haying. We visited Boston, went to the theater, etc., and liked George's new home very well. It was a large place and gave him a chance to do well, and he did make a good deal of money raising small fruits, etc., and selling apples, pears, hay, and milk.

About the first of August, 1856, our good and kind Aunt Betsy Stone (father's sister) died after a few months' illness with dropsy and complications. Her son, Orville, (and his father) sold their interests in Randolph, and moved to Massachusetts and died there in 1857, leaving a widow, Malvina, sister of Charles' first wife, and one son. His father died in Missouri several years later, with his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Hutchinson.

1857—Chase and George were gone; Albert's daughter, Emily, had married and gone; his daughter, Elizabeth, had married S. T. Smith, November 2, 1856; Albert, himself, had a new wife, the widow Dodge, of Tunbridge, married July 10, 1856; Heman Smith lived where Chase used to live; Geo. L. Green where Charles built; Wm. Hatch, father of Mrs. John Peak, and Mrs. G. L. Green, bought and lived where father built and lived, near the old brick school house. Mr. Town still lived with Charles. We were still at the Morey house. Thus were changes constantly occurring.

1860.—During the spring father had Charles and me come over to his room at Charles' and write off his history from his dictation, giving an account of his father's life, and then of his own with its many events. It was quite a full and interesting account, and I afterwards copied it all into a book.

Soon after father finished his autobiography, he went down to Concord and spent nearly a year there. He was fast approaching his end on earth, and never again did we see him in his accustomed health and vigor.

Our niece, Ellen Bosworth, Horace's oldest daughter, visited us in the spring, bringing her two girls, three and one years of age. Ellen had married a Mr. Bosworth, two girls and one boy. He went to the war in 1861 as Lieutenant-Colonel of an Illinois regiment and died there soon after.

One important event of 1860 was the return of brother Chase to his native hills. He had become discouraged by bad luck and poor health in Illinois, and was glad to come back to Vermont, and we were glad to see him, and his wife and two children, Horace and Ida.

Chase worked around by the day during the summer, and in a short time began keeping house in Charles' north chamber. It seemed like old times to have him with us again, and he got rid of his fever and ague by coming back to Vermont.

Horace had grown to be a big boy, and Ida was a pretty little girl.

Betsy had had a hard experience and grown wise and matronly.

1861—Year of bloody war.—Well do I remember the day in April when the news came of the attack on Fort Sumter, and the commotion it caused. It seemed like the times of "76" of which we read, when the first blood was shed at Lexington.

I heard the news first and told Charles, (as Allen did the Green Mountain boys) "Blood, American blood has been shed". "Where, where"? said Charles. "At Sumter, near Charlestown in old Carolina". Even our children caught the mournful cry, "We must fight". In May we had a flag raising on Old Bunker back of our house, with patriotic speeches by E. K. Burnham and others, and songs, etc. "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Paine, and Marion Dodge, and others.

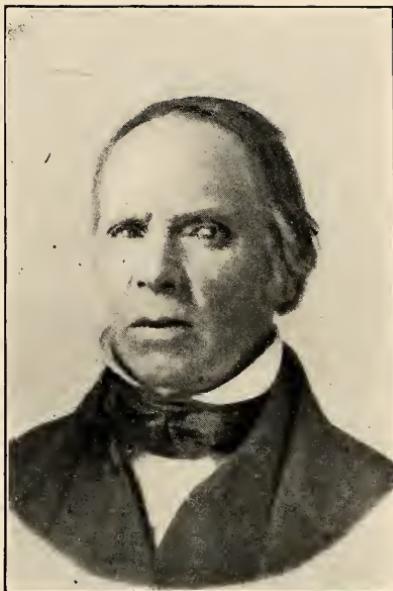
I cannot tell the sad story of those times. The call of our glorious Lincoln for troops to defend our country's flag, and the response, time after time in the long four years. "We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 More". People talked of but little else. Some of our relatives joined the army. Carley Smith, for one, whose life was sacrificed before the end. Nephew Arthur P. Morey volunteered, for three months in summer of '62, a member of Sprague's Rhode Island Cavalry, and in 1864 as a graduate of Norwich University, was made Captain in a regiment, and did good service in Virginia and Texas; was honorably promoted a major by brevet, for gallantry and bravery in the service, and was discharged in spring of 1866.

Brother Chase and family went to Concord, Massachusetts, in March, 1861, and worked for George that summer, and about two years later bought a farm near by there, for about \$2500, making first payment with the proceeds of their Illinois property, and paying the balance from the profits of the place.

Father returned to Randolph to spend his few remaining months broken in mind and body. He lived in our family, and we made him as comfortable as we could. At first he seemed natural and could talk like his former self, could exercise a little in planting and hoeing, and once walked up to my sugar place, but he was a wreck of what he had been—no more the strong man. At last his mind was nearly gone, and he was full of imaginings. Sometimes he would think himself at Hart Island as when he was a boy. He occupied the south room which had been mother Smith's room, and we had to watch over him a good deal. He would often strike at imaginary objects which he said were near his bed. Sometimes he would get up in the night and come into our room with some strange fancy.

Thus passed the summer and autumn till the first of November, when he passed to a new and brighter life in the spirit land. He was comforted by his faith for a good many years, and was at last where he had often wished to be, with his friends on the other side. His funeral was attended by a full house at the East Bethel church. Rev. S. A. Davis officiated with an excellent sermon, from the text: "Therefore marvel not that I say unto you, ye shall be born again". He spoke of his having been born in 1778 when our country was struggling for independence, and

had died nearly 84 years later when we were fighting for our country's integrity. The choir in which I assisted (as was his wish expressed some time before he died), sang some of his favorite hymns. "Woodland", "There is an hour of peaceful rest, 'Tis found alone in heaven". How often he had sung that good



SAMUEL PAINE, JR.
70 Yrs. of Age

hymn with the deepest feeling, and how well it accorded with the solemn hour. Another song was "Pilgrim's Farewell", which he also requested to have sung. He had taken his staff and traveled on where he a better world could view. "Fare thee well, fare thee well, my loving friends". A good man and a good father was with us no more.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF CHARLES S. PAINE,

4th son of Samuel Paine, Jr.

Friday, Jan. 1st, 1847. A new year this day gives birth. Time in her flight has brought us round to the year 1847. All

say, "I wish you a happy New Year. I hope a happy New Year is in store for all the world; I hope none will have occasion to mourn, weep, or sigh; I hope all will wear a smiling face from the beginning of the year to the end thereof". But no—it will not be. All the world will not be happy; many will have cause to curse the day of their birth; many will moan and weep; bitter tears will flow from the eyes of thousands. But many will be truly happy; many will find the path of life all sunshine, smooth and unruffled. What will be my fate? What will the year bring to me? I see not why I shall not be as happy as people in general. (Short hand for four lines here).

Sunday 3rd. It is a very fine day. All go to meeting but me. I stay at home and spend the time in reading, writing, etc. I like to be alone sometimes.

Monday 4th. A furious storm is blowing, blowing,
In every crack it takes a peep, snowing, snowing;
The wind is rushing furious its onward speed;
'Tis winter sure enough, it is indeed.

Father has been to Bethel twice today with corn. Our grain is bringing us in considerable money.

Jan. 6. I went to East Bethel this evening to hear a lecture on phonography. An attempt was made to form a class but without success though all seemed to think well of the science. But it costs money and money is too good to part with. I suppose I might teach a class as well as he. I wonder if I had not better try it.

Thursday, 7. I went to East Bethel today and met Mr. Wooster, the phonographic lecturer. He came home with me and will stay over night. He is very social, and a good Whig. He has been teaching Ellen and Julia phonography. They learn very fast and he is to have a class after all.

Jan. 8—The wind is blowing a hurricane.

Terrible is the wind that blows
As to the south it swiftly goes;
Cold as Greenland ever was,
It colder grows as evening draws
Her darkened mantle o'er the face
Of freezing earth with rapid pace.

Around the fire we closely draw,
While the wind without fills us with awe;
It makes us feel a mighty power
Rules over every passing hour.

Jan. 21. Windy and cold. George has gone off with a load of girls to a junket, or whatever you may call it, to the Widow Murphy's. He goes off with a load of girls, two horse loads, two or three times a week lately. Well, if he likes it and the girls like it, I have no objection; but he ain't me and I don't suppose he wants to be.

22nd. Cold, but who cares for chilly air. What comes, must come. Pleasant, fair. There was another load of boys and girls went off tonight, to a spelling school, I with them. There was 20 on board, nine of them girls. We went to a spelling school in Tunbridge, in the Gifford district. Of course, we had high times, full of fun, but it is all passed off now and here I am.

Jan. 25. A lovely day. George is making a thing he calls a force pump, by which he intends to force the water into the garden. I don't believe he will ever make it go, but I don't know. George always has something under way.

Feb. 27. Father and George have gone to East Bethel. George has just come in. "Got the paper, George"? "Yes". Evening. We are having a tremendous snow storm, and the wind is blowing hard. It beats every storm we have had this winter. Mr. Morey of Strafford came today to see Laura (his daughter-in-law) who is no better.

March 28, 1847. Snow piles up in drifts and is flying through the air. Through the day we stay at home, but in the evening we go to a temperance lecture at East Bethel, but as usual the man did not come. So we went to the singing school. Winter has about passed away, at least in name. Can it be possible? Why, I have scarcely felt it. Never in my life have I felt so little of winter's chill; and O, how short it has been. We have not had any of the extreme cold mornings such as winter usually brings. It was three winters ago, I think, that the mercury fell to below 30 below zero for nearly 15 mornings during the winter, and this year it has not fallen to 30 once. What a contrast!

March 1. Monday—March comes in like a lion. She roars and foams at the mouth. She sends her spray to the winds. We put 40 more sheep down in the lower barn where there are now 250. The yards are small and rather too much crowded. The hay goes very fast at the lower barn, and I have serious doubts about it holding out. I have always said we should not have any too much, and was much opposed to buying those Gage lambs. There was a school meeting this evening and we voted to set up a school of ten weeks. It is well if we have a good school. To-morrow we are to go and vote “no license”, and snow-drifts shall not keep us away. The road ought to have been broken out today, but the license men do not want the no-license men to have good roads, but they shall see it will not make any difference.

March 2. Chase and I went to town meeting through the drifts, and had to leave our horse at the Sam Pember place, and go the rest of the way afoot. There were 263 votes cast, 220 for no license, and 43 for license, 177 majority. Glory enough for one day. In some parts of the town roads were impassable and folks had to stay at home.

Wednesday, March 3. Very cold. Frank has come home from school teaching, and will stay at home. His time was not out, but he leaves on account of the measles, bad roads, and bad weather, and comes with flying colors. Father had a very bad choking spell this morning. It seemed as though he would never get his breath. He has a bad cold and is very liable to choke up. I fear that some day he will—I believe smoking dries or parches his throat and makes the difficulty worse. The evenings are now shorter than they were, and yet they are long and lonely, tiresome and wearysome. Here I am, and what to do I know not. The hours weigh heavy on me. 'Tis only when a newspaper comes into the house that I am cheerful, or when we have some company to take my attention, or when I am away from home. “Frank, let's play a game of checkers”. “Bime bye”, says Frank.

Thursday, 4. The sun shines bright. No license to anything but good weather today. Poor Arthur is still unwell; hope he is not going to be sick. They say it is worms that troubling him. 'Tis strange that such loathsome things should find a lodgment in the human body. I think that bad food or excess of food is the difficulty. Good news is floating on the

breeze. Rum, alas—poor Rum, there is no license for thee; thou shalt have no resting place among the Green Mountains; the people will rejoice to see thee evaporate in thin air. There will be an overwhelming majority for no license in this good state. F. Smith, Geo. Smith, and Frank Bacon called here this evening and we play cards. We had some first rate music too. We had some pulling of fingers too. My fingers cannot be straightened very easily; they never have been that I know of. Is this bragging? It is the truth.

Feb. 5. I have put up a warning for school meeting.

Thursday, 11. Sister Laura is growing worse and worse each day. Andrew was in here a few minutes ago and said that unless something can be done for her she cannot stand it six days longer. Oh—cannot something be done! It is terrible to contemplate the thought that we must lose her. The doctor (John Smith of Randolph Center) and we expect another today (Denison of Royalton).

Saturday, March 13. A mist comes over the heavens, this morning. (Two lines of short hand.)

Afternoon—Our sister Laura is no more. The thought is insupportable. Shall I never see her more? Never, no, never, naught but her cold clay. The spirit has fled; oh—what a void she leaves behind; one that can never be filled. I have no sister now; ever vacant must be the place. Here is poor little Arthur; he has no mother now. But he shall not lack. Almost the last words his mother said were: “Take care of Arthur”.

Laura had her senses to the last moment of her life. She knew us all, called us by name, and bade us be comforted. She told Andrew that he had been one of the best of husbands. To father and mother she said, she had hoped to have lived to have soothed them in their old age, but it was not to be.

Goodrich Fisk and wife came just before she died, and her last words were addressed to Mrs. Fisk, her sister-in-law, calling her by name (Amelia).

Andrew is staying at our house tonight. It will be a long time before he recovers his former self. The neighbors are very good; they have done all that could be wished in the way of help—or sympathy.

Tuesday, March 16. The morning is cold and bright; all is still. We are about to follow to the grave the remains of our sister, the time is at hand.

Evening. What shall I say of the events of the day? I don't feel like writing. Laura is now buried beneath the cold earth. Mr. Cutter in his sermon, read some verses that Laura wrote on the death of Lucy Brooks. What a death-like silence reigned in the house while he read. They are not to be excelled. Father talks a great deal about Laura, more than I like to hear. She was his favorite child.

Sept. 19, 1847. I went down to East Bethel to get my daguerreotype taken by Patten Davis. Think I have a good one. Patten Davis is a Grahamite like myself. I stopped to dinner with him, so there were two of a kind at the table. It has been about five years since I have eaten any meat, and now I would no sooner eat it than the common meat eater would eat carrion. I loathe it; it is to me an unclean thing. I enjoy the best of health; sickness is to me a stranger. It is a shame for any one to be sick that has a good constitution. It is a sign that nature's laws have been violated. They sin through ignorance, mostly; are wilfully ignorant. They shut their eyes to the truth. Sickness comes not without cause, any more than fire comes without cause. I sometimes feel almost to say: "Oh—let the vile world end", when I see the wickedness of mankind. Most people are in the habit of every day taking some poisonous substance, such as, spirits, tobacco, tea, etc.

People who call themselves Christians, fill their mouths with that filthy weed, tobacco, and kneel down and ask the Lord to make them pure. Oh—horrid blasphemy. Young men ruin themselves every year by their most wicked indulgence.

Sept. 24. Just at dusk I went to the orchard and got some good apples. Went from there over to Albert's and stopped some time. I went out to husking with Albert, Jun., and the girls. Emily husks for two cents per bushel. She husks most as much as any one, puts in and husks with all her might. Libbie and Bertia also husk for pay. This is all right.

Jan. 1, 1848. C. S. Paine's diary continued, illustrating his peculiar and original style as follows:

Saturday, Jan. 1. How lovely is this first day of the year! Whoever gazed upon its like? See how charming the outward world looks; see the fields, with no garments of white clothing them. The ground is not frozen; flies may be seen dancing in the warm air. Let us take a walk; why don't you come along?

Monday, 3. I feel quite wrathy with Frank. I have reason to think he has taken both the Tribune and the Mercury off to school with him. If he has he shall have a piece of my mind. I had not read a word in either. It is the most impertinent business I ever heard of, and now I shall have nothing to read but some old books.

A retort—"Indeed, it is a sad calamity that you should go without a newspaper for two days. Poor soul—you had better keep such stuff out of your journal if you want it to read decent. It looks like a small mind to cry over the incidental loss of a newspaper.—F. B. P.)

(Rebuttal by C. S. P.)—"My dear sir—must I suffer by your carelessness and not say a word? This is a journal of my thoughts, and when I feel a loss here I will speak of it; and you, sir, if you do not like it you need not read it".

I carry Sophronia Smith and Emily Paine to the singing school—a cold ride but got home well. That little Fronia is one of the prettiest little girls I ever saw. She and Emily Paine are great friends. It used to be Ellen and Frona, but now our Nell has gone far away and we can see her face no more. How I wish I could see Ellen!

We have had a very interesting lyceum this evening, and a full attendance. We are making things go right and have enough to take right hold of it.

Now up to East Randolph they can't muster strength enough to go ahead with it, but here we have the right stuff, and the ladies too, take hold, which is no light help to us.

Thursday, 11. Oh, Winter—you beat the very devil, as Demerrit would say—41 below zero.

Friday, 14. Thawing.

Saturday, 15. Once again we must get out our wagons; the snow is all gone. Oh, Winter—hath not your nature taught you better? You have your ups and downs; a few days ago you were freezing us all up.

Wednesday, 19. This evening I carry Emily and Fronia down to the sing. Had Albert's little nimble jointed white mare, who skims over the ground swiftly.

Saturday, 29. I went across the hills to visit Frank's school, and wished I had taken my gun. I was not much taken up with things at Frank's school. It is the meanest school house I ever saw. Frank has one scholar who is the very devil; his face looks like a well stuffed cushion. Frank ought to be more dignified in school.

The lyceum met as usual tonight, and it was the very best we have had. Frank was president. The question for debate was whether the third party was likely to hasten the abolition of slavery in the United States, or not; and after a lively debate, it was decided in the negative.

The paper was very good; there was a poem by Emily P. and another by George. Emily's was very good, and George thinks his was also, and I guess it was.

There was a story written by me to be continued. George was editor. I am to be editor next. Don't know what I shall have, but I shall do my very best.

(I think this winter was the beginning of the lyceums that continued without intermission for 25 years.—A. P. Paine, Feb. 16, 1897.)

Feb. 9, Sunday. I call up to Albert's this forenoon. Emily plays on the piano. Emily is a good girl, but she is n't scold.

Tuesday, 11. I call over to Morey's this evening. Nobody there but Calma, but I have a good visit with her. She is a sociable woman.

Wednesday, 11. George has gone with a load of girls up to Randolph Center this evening. George don't ride out with Emily Smith every night, but he does most.

Feb. 18. Went with O. B. Stone to East Bethel and called at Chase's when we came back, and found lots of people there of all ages, including Burnhams, Peaks, Paines, Ainsworths, Whiteney's, Farnhams, Hatch's, Smiths, etc., and have a good time.

Feb. 1. It is late in the evening and the moon looks with silvery light upon the calm still earth. All nature seems at rest and her children should be also. But here I am, the only wakeful person in the house.

All else, even the dog and cat are in profound slumber. Yet all the beds are unoccupied, save one (mother's); all are sitting around the fire asleep. Father, George, and Frank are all there. Sleep on sweet innocents; may no unlucky noise disturb your rest.

Wednesday, Feb. 23. Evening. George has gone to sing at East Randolph with Emily Smith. Alonzo Fowler has gone with Maria Ainsworth. Emily Smith gave him the mitten, they say. Tomorrow is the last day.

Feb. 24. Go into school with Ranny Green. After school the boys met and organized a club to study natural history, and voted to have a museum.

Saturday, Feb. 26. George has finished hauling wood to East Bethel. Uncle Joseph and wife here today. Poor Aunt Betsy, so heavy she broke the chair down, and could not get up without help; it was a ludicrous sight.

Feb. 28. Writing school begins. George Noise (Noyes) teacher. I attend.

Mar. 1, 1848. Have been to a party to Mr. Rich's this evening. I carried Fronia Smith, George took Emily Smith, and Frank escorted Mary Smith.

Feb. 4. Lyceum this evening; the very best we have had. Paper was best, debate was best. Emily Paine read the paper.

March 5. Call up to Mr. Stone's and stay over night with Orville. Aunt Betsy was as sociable as ever, but Orville stays at home like a steady old man, and I can't get him out of his shell. He sees no young people unless they go there. Town meeting, no license 203; license 127.

Saturday, March 11. Our writing school has closed. Am sorry we shall meet no more. The lyceum too has closed its session to meet again November next.

March 13. Ira Burnham was in here a few minutes ago to get Frank to help him in his Latin lessons.

(Charles S. Paine started in May, 1849 for Illinois on a visit to his brother, Horace, living at Grand de Tour. Some of the pages of his diary are gone. With several others he traveled over the mountain with a stage driver or teamster to Rutland and White-hall, and the first extract from his diary was written at Rutland as follows below.—*Ed.*)

May 15, 1849. Rutland. Evening. I arrived in this place after dark, and am once more to have the benefit of a warm room. I overtook our folks after running about a mile, so we all walked up the mountain together. Mr. Hanks is the man for droll talk, and Mr. Tracy is not slow that way. We had enough to laugh at and the time passed quickly away. We found, as we came into Mendon, that thick stone walls were very fashionable. Where they got the stones was the mystery, for all around stones lay so thick we could not think any had been taken away. I am in the sitting room now and can hear the bar-room loafers talk which is all Greek to me. I have not paid out a cent of money yet. I will now retire to rest. Thus ends the first day of my journey. All is well, except I have a boil coming on the back of my neck.

May 16, 1849. Pleasant morning. I have been out on the streets and heard and seen some things for the first time. I saw the telegraph wires. I saw a bird I did not know. The boil on my neck will give me some trouble but I will not humor it. One o'clock. I am within four miles of Whitehall; have stopped at Bachelors' hotel. We have just got out of the mud and ruts. I have been footing it most of the way for some miles back. Saw a meadow lark; never saw it before.

I very much want a gun. We left one of our passengers back at Castleton, the Hibbard girl; have got rid of a restless thing, but she served to keep up our spirits. I am ready for a start again. Have had a cold dinner, paying 18 cents, and making 56 cents I have spent since leaving home. They have gone on ahead and I am here alone.

Later—I have cut across lots and am now ahead of the whole kit. Had a nice walk across the fields. But here is Mr. Bruce and Mr. Hatch; they pass without seeing me. The vegetation here is much ahead of ours. Maple trees begin to leave out, and here is a shade tree in full blossom.

Mr. Hanks has come up with me and meets a man with a team. Hanks says to him, "Have you been to dinner? If you han't, you'll want some before you get to the top of the hill". "Ha, ha, ha", laughs the man. Hanks speaks to every one he meets.

Whitehall, six P. M. "Less have a segar, by God". What a jabbering the man makes. I would not live here, if the whole town were given to me, filled with such low lived population. Streets a mass of filth. I have been over most of the town and seen the sights. There seems to be a good deal of business done here.

FROM WHITEHALL TO BUFFALO—CARS AND CANAL.

I am in favor of going to Buffalo by cars. Don't want to be eight days by boat when we can go in two or less. A man offered to take me out on a canal packet line boat for \$6. I had rather pay \$9. and go in first class cars.

Time is money—but if I had a gun I should not care if I went afoot half the way, there are so many birds I want to scrape an acquaintance with.

I have paid Mr. Tracy \$1 for passage here to Whitehall from home. Paid out so far \$1.69.

May 17, Thursday morning. Still at the Mansion House, Whitehall.

The captain of the boat who wants me to go to Buffalo with him, offers to see me through to Chicago for \$8. No two tell the same story about the cost of cars and canal. I want to get out of this mud hole as soon as I can. Cars go out at seven A. M.

Later—I have eaten my breakfast, and been over to the R. R. ticket office and bought a ticket to Schenectady for \$1.25, one meal and lodging here $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents, total so far \$3.22. The canal man came to me and said:—"Now don't try to stop these fellows from going with me. I had rather make it right with you". I told him he could not convert me. Now I'm *oph*.

FIRST CLASS TO SCHENECTADY.

I am seated in a first class car for Schenectady. Came here and found the second class car so full of emigrants that I backed out and swapped tickets; this ticket cost \$1.70. I am now on a good seat, a good cushioned seat, in good company.

Saratoga Springs, eleven A. M. Got here at about ten. Are waiting for the cars to start. Off at 12. The train we came

down on went on to Troy. Our companions, who now consist of only five, have been looking over the town. We call at the Springs and try the water, but I could not bear it at all; two or three swallows were enough for me. I wander around the beautiful groves and hear the birds sing. The scarlet tangiers sing loud and sweet. I enjoy myself. If I can keep clear of that putrid old canal, I shall not value paying a few cents more. Vegetation is advancing. I wonder how it is at home.

The boys ought to be hard at work planting now; I wonder how they get along without me. However I left the world and its cares behind when I left home. Mr. Tracy wants to know if I am going to write down the length of every fence. The cars go so fast I can't count the posts.

Under an old elm west of Schenectady. Three P. M. Got here at about two P. M. We got rid of the swarms of baggage boys, and left our baggage in care of Hatch; and followed a fellow who was very anxious for us to go with him on his line boat to Buffalo. We beat him down from \$4 to \$3.34 and agreed to go with him. The fare to Buffalo was nine dollars and a few cents by cars, and by packet boat six and one-half and board. I thought I would finally go by boat; that seems to be in accordance with the wishes of the rest of the company. The captain says he will let me take his gun, so that will relieve me of some tiresome moments. Have got aboard, and find all at table except Hatch who has been out with me. I like this Mr. Hatch first rate.

Syracuse, May 20, 1849. Got here at $11\frac{3}{4}$ A. M. Syracuse is a city of the plain, and abounds in handsome streets, and the beauty is heightened by the many shade trees. The salt works are there. The sheds occupy thousands of acres, I should judge. Enough salt, one would suppose, for all creation.

Five miles out of Syracuse. We have just passed a bridge which says 181 miles at Buffalo, half way from Albany. We have come 151 miles by this boat from Schenectady, about 50 miles each 24 hours, and it will take us $3\frac{1}{2}$ days longer to reach Buffalo.

At Buffalo, six P. M. I am now on board the steamboat, Orragon, in my little stateroom which I own in company with Mr. Tracy and Mr. Bruce. A very pretty room with three berths. This is May 24. Got into Buffalo about 11 this morning, and as

we came along the canal about half a dozen runners jumped aboard, scattering advertisements broadcast. Steamer Sultana, around the lakes to Chicago. Another boat, Orrogon, for Detroit; and from there by R. R. to Chicago for \$8.00. Through steam-boats Ohio, New Orleans, and others, had their runners.

Each did his best to prove his neighbor a rascal. We found we could go either route, by rail from Detroit, or all the way by boat to Chicago, for \$7.00, and chose the rail route from Detroit. We have been over the place to see what we could see. Here we parted with our friends, Hatch and the others, with regret, as they were going by another boat.

Saturday, May 26. Traveled all day yesterday, stopping at Erie, Cleveland, etc., and arrived in Detroit about six this morning. Was bothered by the baggage carriers, but got safely transferred to the cars with all our belongings.

Steamboat Detroit, 9 P. M. The cars arrived at this wharf, New Buffalo, at $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock for Chicago.

Sunday, 27. I hear on every side the song of the gay bobolink. Where am I? Ask the mud and the wide spread prairies, and they will answer back: "Far from home, a stranger among strangers". We crossed Chicago this morning, and I started to travel through Illinois with Dwite Lee and his pretty wife. So our canal boat party is reduced to three, and soon I shall be alone. We are at a tavern six miles from Chicago. Fate has condemned me to be in this filthy place for a while. Why am I thus hedged in? Abomination of abominations! Lee and wife will stop at one of the next towns. So much mud we can hardly get along; it cleaves to my feet. Give me old Vermont.

Thursday morning, May 31. Rockford is a pretty place. Have had a pleasant walk this morning. Keep finding houses where there is no road. A pleasant place, I say again. Shall soon be on the last stage of my journey. Have gone through a great many places since I left home, and had many strange experiences. Now my toils are nearly over. I shall soon see sweet Ellen, Laura, and Gracia, and all the rest. Yet a little while and I shall be with them. Fly Time, fly quickly, hasten, hasten, hasten.

Byron, three P. M. Twenty miles to Grand de Tour.

Orrogan City, six P. M. Here I am in Orrogan, the city of broken windows and deserted huts. About eight P. M. arrived at Grand de Tour. My trunk was taken off at the tavern. I then inquired where Horace lived and was told, and I soon knocked at the door. Laura answered my knock, and she knew me very quickly. Ellen and the children had gone to bed, but they soon came down and we had a happy greeting. Soon Horace came in—nothing more need be said.

CHARLES S. PAINE AT GRAND DE TOUR, ILLINOIS.

June 1, 1849. In the morning Horace and I took a ride in the boat down the river; fish some, but catch nothing but a heron. I shot a crow black bird with a rifle. Shall have a shot gun. This evening I have been out to Horace's store to see the folks; like people here so far very well. Have been into the machinery buildings (plow factory) and seen things work but have no great taste for such things.

Saturday. Pleasant. I have a good time with the nieces. Ellen has grown up very tall. I hardly knew her. Laura is rather short and is a good stout girl. Gracia is a pretty little creature, with the most innocent and pretty way I ever saw. Ellen plays the same old tunes to me she used to play in Vermont, which brings to mind by-gone times. In the P. M. Horace and I go out with the gun and rifle down the peninsula. We killed birds, one of which I never saw before.

Sunday. I have been swimming in Rock River today. I came out a new fellow. It always adds new life to one to bathe in the cool water. Horace did the same. He and I have been out on the island by the dam. Saw lots of gulls there. I hear the music of ten thousand whippoorwills.

Tuesday, 5. Have been stuffing birds some. My little nieces have been with me and I am happy while with them; their pleasant voices charm me.

Friday, 8. Smashing time among the birds; stuff three or four. In P. M. Horace and I take a ride seven miles out on the prairie. I shot a bird that was new to me and a prairie hen, and got two chickens that were not more than a day old. Came home feeling pretty well.

Saturday. Ellen and Laura have been to a fishing party this afternoon. They were out in all the showers and caught no fish but suckers. It is quite fashionable to have such parties here. They have none of our Vermont parties. It is contrary to custom to kiss, so I am told. It gives a girl here mortal offence to kiss her; but our Vermont girls not only receive a kiss but return it. It is lips meeting lips, that is the best way. Rev. Mr. Warner called here today and I go home with him. I like him well. He offered to take me to Dixon some day to see a man who stuffs birds. He little knows what an unbeliever I am. Have been expecting a letter from home but none came.

Tuesday, 12. The minister and I ride to Dixon and had a very sociable time. He is very liberal in his religious views; we agree very well on most points. Found the young man who stuffs birds a pleasant sort of fellow. He told me his process and I think it will be of use to me. Have agreed to sell him my book on ornithology. Received a letter from niece Emily tonight, in part written by Andrew. It was very interesting and in the Emily style, skipping about from one thing to another without any system, in a way that would add to its interest. This electrified me. It gave me a longing to see Vermont. She tells me the trees leaved as if by magic; the birds are full of song, and all nature is decked in loveliness. Oh, carry me back to Vermont, to the old Green Mountain state. But wait a little, I have not yet done with Illinois.

Friday, 15. This evening I went out to shoot a whippoorwill. Found an owl and shot it. Soon heard a whippoorwill that stopped singing as I approached. I imitated its note and two of them came and almost flew in my face, and I shot one of them.

I had my daguerreotype taken today and Ellen had hers taken also. The artist wanted Ellen's for his own use for a specimen. He thinks there is nothing so pretty as Ellen.

Received a letter from Frank. He writes that George is to take his "Em" (Emily Smith) home in about a month. That is unexpected, very. And A. J. Morey is to take *his* wife home in two or three weeks. My soul, I shall not dare to go home. When I get there I shall not have any place to lay my head. I believe, —I don't know—no I don't know; of course.

July 3. Have set up two birds, one for Ellen and one for Laura. Have got my pay for coming out here, if for nothing more than to get posted up in this business. Little Laura is full of the devil, but she is a sweet thing; she is a real beauty. Such a perfect form is not often seen. The cholery man died this afternoon. No more cases, but some symptoms; they are generally stopped at the first stages.

C. S. PAYNE GOES BACK TO VERMONT.

Thursday, July 5, 1849. The day, almost the very hour, has come to bid adieu to the dear friends here. Have had a ride with sweet Ellen over the river today around through the woods and prairies, and when we got home Laura and Gracia rode with me a short distance. Shall soon ride to Dixon to take the stage for the east with Mrs. Comins.

In Buffalo. O the D——! This is not the entertainment I was enlisted for. Got accidentally separated from my companions, the judge and Mrs. Comins, and have got to stay here tonight and they have gone East on the cars.

Thursday. I overtook Mrs. Comins at Rochester. The judge was with her and he met me like an old friend. Have paid my fare to Rutland, \$3. I shall not get home till Saturday. I say home, but, pale death, where is my home; everything is turned topsy-turvy, tother side up. I long, however, to take a peep at them.

C. S. PAYNE AT HOME AGAIN.

I am in the old loved spot, home, ever dear to me. Have been making flying visits all about, and all seem glad to see me. We left Rutland at eight A. M. with a double team. The driver had to stop at every hotel to get a drink and a fresh cigar, and he ran the horses all the way down the mountain, and, strange to say, we got into Bethel at four P. M. I parted with Mrs. Comins, called at J. Hutchinson's, and got Sarah to tell me all the news, and then took the cars for Royalton and got there at 4.30. Found a man who was going to Brookfield with some barrels of rum, and I got him to take my trunk and I started on afoot.

When I got in sight of home I felt as though my foot was on my native heath and my name was Charles. I wandered out

into the meadow to see the grass and corn, and found the corn in this section the best I had seen anywhere.

The first persons I saw were George, Emily, (George's wife) and Frony. Was I not glad to see everybody? I find our folks about as I expected.

George and Emily live in company with Frank,—Jim Buck, the hired young man. Father and mother live by themselves, O. K. Andrew has got his wife home with Laura Hibard as house-keeper. Cousin Gracia Ann (his wife) looks very much as she used to, as happy as the singing bird in the green bough. Emily (George's wife) seems to feel herself at home here, and looks to me like an angel let down among us: but I am still alone in the wilderness. I try to mow some today and found I was not strong. I laid down at noon and awoke from sleep thinking I was riding on the cars, and it was some time before I could realize the situation. I felt a kind of trembling all over as I did at Troy. May be a slight attack of ague. Have just begun to hay. The best corn I have seen since I left Buffalo is in this valley and on this farm.

O, this is the place for me, say what they will.

(I have quite a quantity of copy of Uncle Charles' diary, but have not room for all of it, and a good deal would not be interesting to present day readers; but will insert what will best illustrate the times in which he wrote and the temperament of the family.—*Ed.*)

C. S. PAINE'S DIARY CONTINUED—A NEW BOOK—1849.

Saturday, Sept. 1. After times must find a record here. This is a book of the future, soon to be a book of the past. How little do I know what may be its contents.

I may not live to fill these pages; an accident may blot me out and cast me into the shades; but the chances are that I shall outlive them and make them all black and white. Ye Fates, that hold me in the hollow of thy hands, shall happiness be my lot or shall I write of sorrow?—As if to say, "I've come", Autumn puts on a frowning face today. 'Tis cool, though the sun is bright.

In the forenoon we doctor the sheep in the north pasture, about 170 of them, but only about half ours. Morey and Chase and E. Burnham help. They have foot-rot pretty bad. After-

noon Chase and I go to the Whig convention at Randolph Center, and nominate Erastus Hibard for town representative. He was formerly a third party man but has left the party of "trick and dicker" and is now a Whig, though I had rather have an old stand-by Whig. We had some good Whig speeches from good Randolph Whigs. They say we have a fair chance, so many of the old third party are coming back. Albert is now a Whig.

Sunday, 2. Frank goes up to Randolph Center to church, and coming home gets out at the red school house where the other road comes in and sends Sumner home alone. Wherefore? Can it be that Mary Smith, living on that road is the cause? Emily (Albert's Emily) calls here this evening with pretty little Libbie. Chase and wife call here this evening.

"O, let the vile world end". What availeth me to come into this chamber every night to pass away a few hours in sleep, and how am I bettered by passing the day in hard labor? What am I living for? Here are some questions I cannot answer.

Tuesday, 4. Morning. The day has come that Locofocoism is to die the death of the unrepentant sinner. Freemen, arouse! the day dawns, away with sleep. There is a prospect of a beautiful day and no doubt there will be a general turnout. It is generally thought the Locos will carry the day. They will if the old third party sticks by them, but they will not do it.

Evening. I have passed through an exciting day. The vote in this town stood, Loco 330, Whig 180. Oh—let the vile world end.

Friday, 8. Frank cuts bushes. We are about to cut and carve our farm into strips and slices, so we each cut bushes on what each one calls his own premises. We talk strongly of each hanging on his own hook next year, each knowing his own and taking care of it. It is high time something was done, that things were fixed in a tangible shape.

(This slicing and splicing was soon afterwards actually done, the rest of the farm remaining in the father's possession being divided among the sons, Charles, George, and Frank. The oldest son, Albert, at his marriage in 1832, having received the Greene farm and some adjoining lots, and Chase, at his marriage in 1842, having received the old tavern house on the corner with about 100 acres, and Laura, at time of her marriage to Andrew Morey

in 1840, having also received a farm with a new house; and grandfather thus disposed of all his real estate, retaining certain rights and privileges.—*Ed.*)

Nov. 13, 1849. Miss Eliza Lincoln, whose mother was my first cousin, came here tonight on the stage to make us a visit. I call up to Albert's and spend the evening. Emily is going to school up to the Center and rooming with Laura Hibard.

14th. Miss Lincoln spends the evening with us and Samuel Greene calls in with his girl. Miss Lincoln is a very pretty girl of about 19 years. She wants to take a school somewhere near here; I hope she can find one.

25th. Go up to the woods and cut three logs but am rather lazy. Call over to J. Peake's in evening and have a pleasant time. It is nobody's business if I went over with Hannah Burnham. It if is, let them make the most of it. I am 21 and have a right to go where I please, even if I go to the Devil. I have long since made up my mind it is not worth while to mind what may be said by the good folks. Nuf sed. This evening we had a very good lyceum, and discussed the question: Is it best to read novels?, and it was decided in the negative. Miss Eliza Lincoln has taken a school in Bethel, in the Rich district where Frank kept last winter. So we are to have her with us this winter.

Nov 30. Thanksgiving Day and I do not do much work. Play some at checkers with Uncle Phineas Smith, and rather got the better of him. In the evening in company with Frank, George and Emily, Frona, Eliza, Franklin, Emily Paine, Edgar and Mary, we go in a lumber wagon to a party up to the Widow Murphy's. The party was given in honor of Mr. James Miles and wife, she that was Ellen V. Pember. We had a rather high time, but 'tis past. Now the clock has just struck 12 and 'tis the last day of November, and I have completed my 30 years and am now an old bachelor. Ah—"the very old", but "I am as happy an old bachelor as ever you see and now I'll go and married I'll be".

Saturday, Dec. 1. The morning was warm enough but in the afternoon the bawling winds brought on a furious snow squall. Now chill blows the wind that profits nobody. We go into the woods and draw out mill-logs. I have 42 cut and drawn out 37; roll them down the hill to the branch and then float them down to the sawmill. This evening we had a lyceum. Arthur (my

nephew) spoke "On Linden when the sun was low", and did it very well for such a little fellow, very indeed.

Sunday. I call around among the neighbors, up to Justin Smith's and Mr. Stone's. Evening. I call up to Albert's and have a very pleasant visit. Cousin Eliza has a felon on her thumb, and has been up to the Center to have it opened. It pains her very much and she has not slept for many nights. I am very sorry for her trouble.

16th. This evening we have a lyceum, but not a very good one. I was quite ashamed of the actions of some of the speakers, but the paper was a very good one. Emily P. Paine was the editress. Mary C. Smith is to be the next. I had a letter from brother Horace. It gave news of the death of their little Alice. She never was a healthy child.

22nd. I go up on the hill and bring Eliza home from her school, and then we went to the lyceum. Good paper was read, but 'twas stormy.

Sunday, 23. We are all at home all day and have a pleasant time of it. Mary Smith was here till night and Mary is a very good girl. In the evening we have pop corn and reading aloud.

24th. Frank, Frona, and, of course, Mary, go to a Christmas entertainment at East Randolph. I have no love for such things. We have five or six stockings hung up for Santa Claus to fill.

Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1849. A blustering day as I had reason to think as I rode over the hills to our Royalton farm. On my way back I called at Eliza's school and brought her home so she might attend the party at Mr. Morey's, and we had a very pleasant time. Our party consisted of Dr. Smith and wife and two children, Mr. Fisk and wife, father, George, Em, Frank, Mary, Eliza, and Charles. All join in the play and we have high times. We take down our stockings; mine had a very beautiful old maid in it and a bird.

Wednesday, 26. I carried Eliza to her school. This evening we have a lecture at our school house by Samuel Keith.

I am on my last page again and must close this book which contains a great many things I hate to read. Now old book avaunt. I have another one ready.

(The editor has a good deal more of the diary of C. S. Paine, and although much of it would be interesting, circumstances forbid the use of much more. As all the family know, he married November 15, 1850, the cousin, (or second cousin) Eliza he writes of so often in the last dates above. She died February 5, 1854, leaving one child. We have extracts from his journal at intervals from 1854 to 1894. The last written is in rhyme. In the last ten or more years of his life he filled nearly all of his diary with entries in his easy style of poetry. For instance, on the day they



CHARLES S. PAINE. 1819-1895

killed their fat pigs, instead of writing in his diary, that Kilburn (or "Kil") Day had that day butchered their pigs, he wrote: "This day Kil Day our pigs did slay". And the following is dated Saturday, December 31, 1881.—The wailing winds are harsh and drear; but not so cold as doth appear. Churning, A. M., is work I do; P. M. to Bethel, East, I go. I take grandson along with me, the smartest boy ever did see. Carroll to Tunbridge town hath gone; will not come back till another morn.

Alone I sit, all else do sleep; now to my bed I too must creep.
The year has nearly run its course; the clock is ticking, the winds
are hoarse. The room is cold, the fire dead; how soon the year
away hath sped. Old clock now tick the time away. I too have
not much time to stay. Good bye old year, welcome the new,
which another day will bring to view"—*Ed.*)

Sunday, March 26, 1893 —

Sunday comes in once a week; what a day if walls could speak.
But never mind what they would say; Some would preach and
some would pray.

Some would talk in loving words; Some would talk of singing birds.
Carroll to the woods away, Amy in the house doth stay.

I make a call at A. P.'s door, And have my sup within his shore;
And have a pleasant social chat, Before I take my mits and hat.

C. S. PAINE'S DIARY AWAY BACK IN 1854.

Sunday, July 23, 1854. Thomson Smith came home yesterday from southern Ohio, where he has been stopping for the last ten months with O. S. Murray a famous abolitionist, editor of a paper called the "Regenitor". Thompson brought with him a friend, Masena M. Murray, a son of O. S. Murray. The friend is about 25 years of age, and he comes to see Emily P. Paine, my niece. He has been corresponding with her for the last three or four months, though they had never seen each other. I don't know but it will be a match, and that he will take her off with him sometime. If so, Albert will have to depend upon Elizabeth to be his housekeeper, with Bertia's help, or he will have to get a wife.

Emily (George's wife) and baby are not very well and are getting along slow, and my little Willie is getting along slow. Mary and her baby have been very low, but are quite smart now.

Sunday, July 30. I took a long walk today, over the hills to J. Hanks' old place, and lay about an hour under the shade in the thick woods reading the Tribune. Masena Murray is still at Albert's and will stay till Friday when he will make Emily his wife and they will leave for his distant home in Ohio. So Emily is about to leave us. I wish her joy and a long life of happiness. She never saw her intended till he came out here. He first heard of her through Thompson Smith. Emily (George's wife) and

baby are still very sick. My Willie is cutting teeth and is rather fretty; he is sweet as ever, only a little more so.

August. Today I have been to uncle Joseph's. Masena M. Murray and Emily P. Paine were married last Friday and started for the West that day. I went with them to West Bethel to carry them over. They went away in good spirits. May they live long and happily together.

Spencer Hackett and wife went to Tunbridge last Tuesday and brought home a cousin named Abby Folsom. She is a very pretty girl, and she is helping Sarah at sewing, etc. I have had a ride with Frona and Abby today in my new buggy which I bought of Mr. Paul, and got home today. Paid \$66.

October 16, 1864. Carroll, you are noisy. Willie, what makes you scold so, stop it. Yes, I have three noisy children around. Carroll, three years old next week. Eliza, seven and Willie, ten. I am most 45 and Abby most 36. Time flies and so do the years and soon we shall be old, and the children will be men and women. Since I last wrote here I have moved across the road, and Frank has also crossed the road: we swapped farms. It is Sunday, and Abby and I have been to church. Elder Norcross preached. The children are very noisy, but they are happy so let them play.

Feb. 22, 1872. Eight years have passed since I last wrote in this journal, and I am located at the same place as at last date. Willie is 18 years old, Eliza 14, Carroll 10 and Carrie is most two years old. I am today looking over my old journals, and happened to take up this, and thought I would write a little. I am almost an old man, 52 years old. I have many cares and some perplexities, as I suppose all must have. "Let us have peace". This is a cold day; snow is two to three feet deep. Willie graduated at the normal school last January with the highest honors, but he is a curious sort of fellow; loves to be odd and independent: thinks he must leave the old home soon, and take to some business on his own hook. Wants to be a printer by trade, and be an editor of a paper some day. Willie is a poet and has written some very good poems we think. Eliza is a capable girl, plays the organ and attends school in our splendid new school house, built in 1867 at a cost of \$3000; and also at a cost of a good deal of broken friendship. (See my chronicles.) Carroll is a fine boy; he has

attended school five years, during which he has not had a tardy mark. Thursday, September 4, 1879. I go to Royalton to take Chase and Betsy to take the cars. So poor sick Chase has gone. Good-bye. I ball 48 pounds of butter.

Friday, 5. Solon Chase, wife, and children visit us.

Saturday, November 1. Finish plowing the stony field, about one acre. Go to East Bethel with Abby to see Eliza and the baby. Baby not growing much. I fear for the little one. Husk corn in the evening.

A very cold night. I saw Albert M. Smith of Woburn, Massachusetts. I work some, fixing things so I can go to Boston tomorrow and be gone near a week.

VISIT TO MASSACHUSETTS. RAILROAD EXCURSION TO BOSTON
Nov. 1879.

Monday, 3. Snowed all day and by nine P. M. snow was eight inches deep. In evening I started for Royalton to take cars for Boston. The night was passed in depot in company with J. Fowler and wife, and J. Cogswell. At two A. M. the train came and we all got aboard. In Boston at about 11 A. M. Went with A. A. Storrs to see the butter men, and then went out to Lexington to Frank's.

Wednesday, 5. Went with George to Concord to see Chase, and saw him and Justin Smith and all the rest. Stayed at George's this night and had a good visit there, and called around among all the relatives. Saw Susie and Nellie Folsom, and Eddie and George and Em's grandchild, or the motherless baby of Arthur.

Thursday, 6. Snow was falling in the morning. George and I went to Boston and tramped around till I was tired. Went to see Hovey, the commission man, about butter. Evening. Went to see Malvina Stone and her sister Mary (Lincoln) and her husband, whose name is Hanson.

Friday, A. M. Went into the graveyard at Salem where the witches were buried that were hung. Then went to Lexington and had a good visit with George's and Frank's folks, and played whist with Susie and Nellie Folsom and Mrs. Gordard.

Saturday. Pleasant. Went to Boston in P. M. with Frank and visited the natural history rooms and the art gallery. At seven P. M. took the train in company with lots of Randolph folks and rode all night. Got home at five A. M., and went to bed to get warm, and the next day I was so sleepy I could not read.

GENEALOGY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL PAINE, JR., OF RANDOLPH, VERMONT.

First Generation:

Samuel Paine, Jr., b. Feb. 21, 1778 in Sutton, Mass. Son of Capt. Samuel Paine and Lucy (Hall) Paine. Reared and educated in Lebanon, Cornish, and other towns in New Hampshire, and settled in Randolph, Vermont, in 1803; m. Nov. 12, 1802 Pamela Chase, b. Nov. 15, 1780; d. June 14, 1855, dau. of Gen. Jonathan Chase and Sarah (Hall) Chase of Cornish, New Hampshire; d. Nov. 1st, 1861.

Children:

1. Emily Pamela Paine, b. Feb. 22, 1805; d. Oct. 5, 1826.
2. Albert Bulkley Paine, b. Sept. 18, 1807.
3. Horace Hall Paine, b. June 14, 1810.
4. Samuel Chase Paine, b. 1812; d. July 4, 1812, seven weeks old.
5. Laura Prescott Paine, b. July 14, 1814.
6. Samuel Chase Paine, b. Mar. 1, 1817.
7. Charles Smith Paine, b. Nov. 30, 1819.
8. George Storrs Paine, b. Feb. 15, 1822.
9. Francis Brewer Paine, b. July 17, 1824.

Second Generation:

2nd. 2—Albert Bulkley Paine, (2nd child of Samuel Paine, Jr.) b. Sept. 18, 1807; d. May 1st, 1885. A farmer; his farm of some over 100 acres, on the Randolph Center road adjoining his father's home place. Always lived in Randolph. Married May 19, 1831, his cousin, Maria Lucy Hall Paine, dau. of Prescott Paine and Harriet (Hopkins) Paine.

Five children, viz:

10. I. Emily Pamela Paine, b. Oct. 10, 1832.
11. II. Elizabeth Maria Paine, b. Dec. 7, 1836.
12. III. Albertia Lucy Paine, b. Nov. 12, 1841.
13. IV. Albert Prescott Paine, b. Jan. 7, 1846.
14. V. Laura Louisa Paine, b. July 13, 1849.

2nd. 3—Horace Hall Paine, (3rd child of Samuel Paine, Jr.) b. June 14, 1810; d. Feb. 17, 1864 in Grand de Tour, Illinois. Was a merchant at E. Randolph and E. Bethel, Vermont, and at Grand de Tour, Illinois; also an artist and portrait painter. Married July 17, 1833 Laura Comins, of an old family in Randolph and Royalton, Vermont. She was born April 4th, 1813, at Randolph, Vermont, and died in Dixon, Illinois, March, 1899.

Four children, viz:

15. I. Ellen F. Paine, b. Oct. 22nd, 1833, at Randolph, Vermont.
16. II. Laura Pamelia Paine, b. Sept. 30th, 1835, at East Bethel, Vermont.
17. III. Gratia Ann Paine, b. June 30th, 1838, at East Bethel, Vermont.
18. IV. Alice C. Paine, b. Mar. 21st, 1849, at Grand de Tour, Illinois; d. Nov. 20, 1849.

2nd. 5—Laura P. Paine (5th child of Samuel Paine, Jr.) b. July 28, 1814; d. Mar. 13, 1847. Especially gifted as scholar and poet. M. May 17, 1841 to Andrew J. Morey of Strafford, Vermont, at time of marriage a merchant at East Bethel, and afterwards a farmer in Randolph and Strafford, and clerk in department at Washington, D. C. He died in the winter of 1889 from an accident with the stage near Sharon R. R. station. His second wife, whom he married in June, 1849, was Gratia Ann Torry, daughter of Dr. Torry, of Windsor, Vermont, a cousin of his first wife. She died about 1877, and eight years later he married a Miss Harris a school teacher of Putnam Heights, Connecticut.

Two children, both by first wife, viz:

19. I. Ellen P. Morey, b. July 21, 1842; d. Mar. 26, 1843.
20. II. Arthur Paine Morey, b. Feb. 18, 1844; d. Jan. 17, 1905. Graduated at Norwich University, Norwich, Vermont. Capt. and Major U. S. A., 1864-66; and business man of Sedalia, Missouri. For extended sketch of his life, see index. He married May 4, 1869, Ellen Jennie Bard, b. Dec. 15, 1846.

2nd. 6—Samuel Chase Paine, (sixth child of Samuel Paine, Jr.) b. Mar. 1, 1817; d. June 16, 1886. A farmer in Randolph, Vermont, 1842-1852. A farmer in Grand de Tour, Illinois, 1853-1860, and a vegetable and small fruit farmer thereafter in Concord, Massachusetts, until failing health compelled him to relinquish active employment. Married, Dec. 8, 1842, in Randolph, Miss Betsy Burnham, (dau. of Soloman Burnham, a neighboring farmer and mechanic), who died Sept. 25, 1907.

Three children, viz:

21. I. Bertha Elizabeth Paine, b. Jan. 17, 1845; d. Aug. 6, 1846.
22. II. Horace Greeley Paine, b. Jan. 3, 1850. A well to do farmer in Concord, Massachusetts, raising extensive crops of vegetables and fruits for the Boston market.
23. III. Ida Grace Paine, b. Nov. 29, 1855.

2nd. 7—Charles Smith Paine, (seventh child of Samuel Paine, Jr.) b. Nov. 30, 1819; d. Nov. 21, 1895. A farmer on the home place; made specialties of dairying, apples, and honey bees. M. first, Eliza Lincoln, whose mother was his first cousin, and was dau. of Rev. Sumner Lincoln, who preached in southern New Hampshire. Her mother was a dau. of Dr. Torry of Windsor, Vermont, who married Gratia Chase, dau. of Gen. Jonathan Chase. C. S. Paine's first wife died Feb. 6, 1854, age 24, leaving one son. He married, second, Abby B. Folsom, of Tunbridge, Vermont, dau. of Smith Folsom, (whose sister Maria, Widow Noyes, was

second wife of Phineas Smith of Randolph). The following is copied from "Paine Family Records", by Royal Paine, of Brooklyn, New York, Oct. 1883. "He (C. S. Paine) is an intelligent farmer of Randolph. He is one of the school directors, and has been Justice of the Peace for about 25 years. He has kept a diary of events about 40 years and has supplied much information of this branch of the family. He professes to be independent of all creeds, and does not pin faith to any other person's religion. Through all his active life he has been an active ornithologist, observing closely the habits of the birds of Vermont, and their familiar notes, and able to imitate most of them. Upon this department of Natural History he is a fluent and entertaining talker, always finding willing and interested hearers".

Five children; all but one by second wife, viz:

24. I. William Lincoln Paine, b. Feb. 5, 1854.
25. II. Abby Eliza Paine, b. Oct. 11, 1857.
26. III. Charles Carroll Paine, b. Oct. 26, 1861.
27. IV. Carrie M. Paine, b. Apr. 29, 1870.
28. V. Amy Lenora Paine, b. Apr. 28, 1872.

2nd. 8—George Storrs Paine (eighth child of Samuel Paine, Jr.) b. Feb. 15, 1822; d. Aug. 3, 1889. A farmer on the home place in Randolph, having as his part the two story house, built by his father in 1819–20, and used as the family residence, and about 100 acres of branch meadow and pasture and woodland mostly on the east side of the valley, and giving his attention to sheep, cattle and to hop raising. Having a decided inclination to fruit raising he sold his farm in 1856 to his brother Charles, and bought a farm for \$10,000 in Concord, Massachusetts, two miles from the village, on the main road from Concord to Lexington. Here he lived for ten years, giving his attention to strawberries and other small fruit, and to apples, pears, and peaches.

His health failing, he sold his Concord property, after a residence of 10 years, and bought a fine estate at North Lexington, giving his attention to gardening. He also purchased three acres of land in West Somerville, then unoccupied by buildings, where he built a house on what is now Morrison avenue, where he lived

the last years of his life. This three acres is now covered with residences and is a popular part of the town. Also, the adjoining George S. Paine house and the S. T. Smith house (now occupied by Howard W. Smith) at Morrison Place, is a large school building for use of the lower grades of pupils.

George S. Paine married June 28, 1849, Emily J. Smith; b. Aug. 11, 1829; d. May 24, 1915, dau. of Phineas and Maria Folsom, Noyes Smith.

Two children, viz:

29. I. George Arthur Paine, b. June 14, 1854.
30. II. Prescott Paine, b. 1865; d. June 1, 1892, of pneumonia.

Previous to his death he was doing well in business and was expecting soon to be married to a West Somerville young lady. He was a very amiable and esteemed young man.

2nd. 9—Francis Brewer Paine (ninth child of Samuel Paine Jr.), b. July 17, 1824; d. Mar. 18, 1896. A teacher; a prosperous farmer; and much given to literary pursuits; active in debating clubs; the popular Worthy Chief Templar of the Concord Good Templar's Lodge; a moving spirit in all church and social affairs; and a Justice of the Peace for many years in Randolph.

He attended the public schools and academies of Randolph and neighboring towns, and was a remarkably proficient student. His young relatives were fond of saying: "Uncle Frank ought to have been a minister". But "Uncle Frank" was too fond of rural life to adopt a professional life; he enjoyed the freedom of the fields and the open air, and music, being, as boy and man, a ready singer; his mellow bass voice was a fine addition to any choir.

He married, May 31, 1850, Mary Caroline Smith, dau. of Chester Smith (son of Phineas), and Hannah (Davis) Smith. She was born Aug. 24, 1830, and died July 19, 1918. This couple sold their property in Randolph, Vermont, in 1867 and located in Concord, Massachusetts, where they were near neighbors of their brother George Paine. Afterwards lived several years in Lexington, and finally resided with their son, F. M. Paine, in Hyde Park,

where Mr. Paine died, aged 72. Mrs. Paine followed her children to California where she died, aged 88 years.

Two children, viz:

31. I. Francis Marsena Paine, b. June 24, 1854; d. Oct. 5, 1922.
32. II. Mary Ellen Paine, b. Dec. 8, 1859.

Third Generation:

3rd. 10—Emily Pamelia Paine, (dau. of Albert B. and Maria L. H. Paine, and oldest of five children) b. Oct. 10, 1832; d. Aug. 24, 1913. Attended school in home district and the academy at Randolph Center, as did also her sisters and brother. Was a good musician, accompanying her songs with melodian. Taught school two or three summers. Much interested in literary pursuits, and had a mind well stored with useful information. She was a very independent thinker in politics, fashion, and religion, following the lead of no one.

Her health was generally good, but the last five years was troubled with rheumatism, and died of paralysis, aged nearly 81 years at Fosters Crossing, Ohio.

She married, Aug. 4, 1854, Marsena M. Murray, b. Aug. 12, 1829; d. Sept. 10, 1920, who was the son of Orson S. Murray, the well known reformer, who began life as a minister, but became a free thinker, anti-slavery, and temperance man.

Marsena M. and family lived near Fosters Crossings, Warren County, Ohio. He did a large business raising sweet potatoes, from 10 to 20 thousand bushels a year. He died at St. Elmo, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, aged nearly 91 years.

Four children, viz:

33. I. Inez F. Murray, b. Jan. 11, 1857.
34. II. Carlos Leslie Murray, b. Jan. 6, 1860.
35. III. Ethan Allen Murray, b. May 12, 1861; d. Mar. 5, 1918.
36. IV. Mabel Maria Murray, b. Apr. 22, 1865.

3rd. 11—Elizabeth Maria Paine, (the second child of Albert B. and Maria L. H. Paine), b. Dec. 7, 1836; d. Feb. 8, 1907. Her mother dying when Elizabeth was 17 years old, she soon came to

have the principal care of the house and younger children, which continued till her marriage in 1856.

She married, Nov. 2nd, 1856, Samuel Thompson Smith, b. Feb. 2, 1834, in Randolph, Vermont, d. May 22, 1898, in West Somerville, Massachusetts, son of Phineas and Maria (Folsom) Smith. After a trip to Ohio, visiting her sister, and a sojourn of a few months in Randolph, they purchased a fruit farm in Concord, or Lincoln, Massachusetts, near George S. Paine's, and lived there several years. They afterwards lived in Carlisle, Massachusetts; in Fosters, Ohio; and Lexington and West Somerville, Massachusetts. At the latter place they erected a nice house, and lived there the rest of their lives, the place being still in the possession of their sons and occupied by Howard, the oldest.

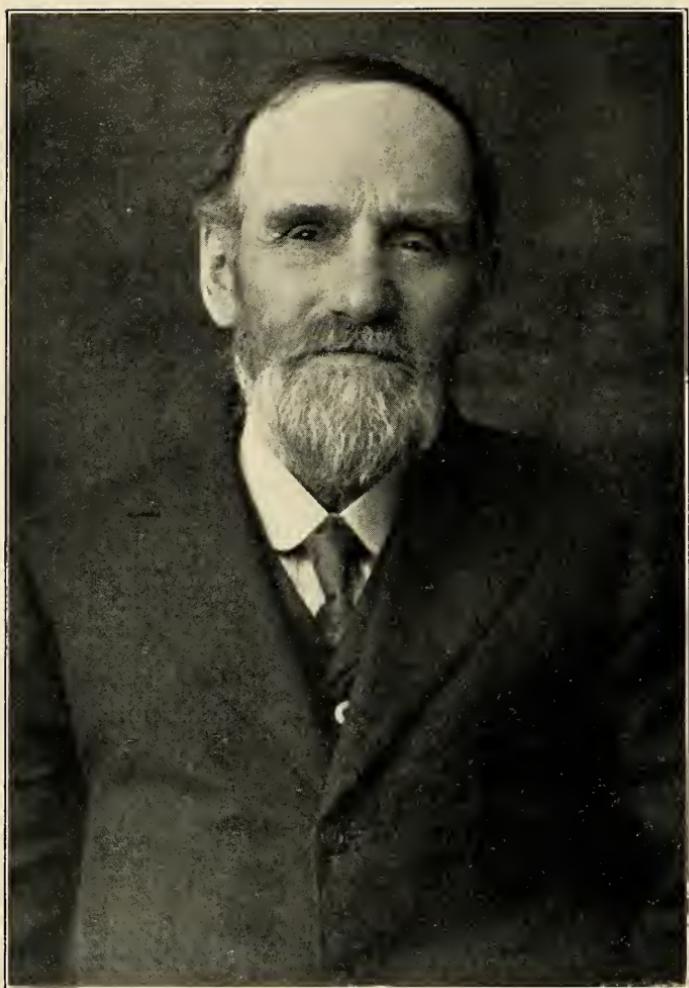
Two children, viz:

36. I. Howard Walter Smith, b. July 22, 1860.
37. II. Albert Phineas Smith, b. Feb. 9, 1863.

3rd. 12—Albertia Lucy Paine, b. Nov. 12, 1841; d. Jan. 21, 1900.

She lived a single life on the home place with her brother and sister. Also spent several years with her married sisters in Ohio and Massachusetts, and became quite proficient as a piano player, and teacher.

3rd. 13—Albert Prescott Paine, b. Jan. 7, 1846. Is still living (Dec. 1922) on the home farm at South Randolph, Vermont, which his sister and himself sold in 1919 to John Clyde Preston, b. Sept. 12, 1895, reserving the use of certain rooms in the house and other privileges. He is an old bachelor nearly 77 years old, in a pretty good state of preservation. Can milk a cow or eat a good dinner about as quickly as any one. His politics are Republican and his religion like that of the primitive man. He has made a dollar by hard knocks and lost dollars by still harder knocks. Has served in all the farmers' clubs, district reunions, G. T. Lodges there were going, and made to act as secretary, or something, in all of them; was W. M. of White River Valley Pomona grange two years and secretary the same; W. M. of Middle Branch grange two years and secretary 15 years, Justice of the Peace 10 years, town



ALBERT PRESCOTT PAINE (at 75)
The Editor of these Pages

school director four years; has served as school district treasurer and district committee, on petit jury and grand jury; in fact has been a kind of pack horse all his life, and no fine roadster any where, but is still standing with both feet out of the grave and is bound to complete his century on earth. A. P. Paine was three years and three months in Ohio, Michigan and Missouri, and the rest of his life has been spent in Randolph, Vermont.

3rd. 14—Laura Louisa Paine (fifth and youngest child, of Albert B. and Maria L. H. Paine), b. July 13, 1849; d. May 31, 1921. Lived on the home place all her life. Was member of Guiding Star Lodge, I. O. G. T., of Middle Branch Local grange, and White River Valley Pomona grange, holding honorary office in each. In 1869 she attended the National Peace Jubilee in Boston, visited by President Grant, as a member of the Randolph Club, of which George Dodge was leader and J. W. Fargo, secretary. She was a natural musician, singing as a child before she could talk.

Third Generation Continued. Children of Horace H. and Laura (Comins) Paine.

3rd. 15—Ellen F. Paine (dau. and first child of the above), b. Oct. 22, 1833, at Randolph, Vermont; d. at Dixon, Illinois, Jan. 22, 1917. Lived at East Bethel, Vermont, till about 1840, when she went with her parents to Ohio, where the family lived to 1845, moving then to Grand de Tour, Illinois, where they lived till after the death of Ellen's father in 1864. Ellen made frequent and long visits to her relatives in Vermont with whom she was a great favorite. Was well educated in the schools of Ohio and Illinois. She was a skillful performer on the piano, and had decided literary tastes. Married, first, Dec. 27, 1855, at Grand de Tour, Illinois, Col. Amos Bosworth, who went out as Lieut-Col. of Illinois regiment in Civil War, b. Apr. 12, 1831, at Royalton, Vermont; d. Apr. 23, 1862, at Dixon, Illinois, son of Amos and Susan (Wheeler) Bosworth.

Three children by this marriage, viz:

39. I. Florence, b. Apr. 4., 1857; at Grand de Tour, Illinois.
40. II. Isabel Bosworth, b. Mar. 11, 1859; d. Feb. 3, 1891,
at Colorado Springs, Colorado.
41. III. Amos Bosworth, b. Mar. 28, 1862, at Grand de Tour,
Illinois.

Ellen F. Paine (Mrs. Bosworth), married, second, July 3, 1873, James Rogers, b. Apr. 3, 1819, at Dorsetshire, England, son of William and Rachel Rogers; d. June 3, 1882, at Grand de Tour, Illinois.

Two children by this second marriage, viz:

42. IV. Gratia A. Rogers, b. Aug. 1, 1876, at Grand de Tour.
43. V. Laura E. Rogers, b. Oct. 11, 1874, at Grand de Tour.

3rd. 16—Laura Pamelia Paine, (second child of Horace H. and Laura (Comins) Paine), b. Sept. 30, 1835, at East Bethel, Vermont; d. Oct. 14, 1907, at Boston, Massachusetts.

Her childhood and youth were passed in Vermont, Ohio, and Grand de Tour, Illinois.

Her talents and advantages were similar to those of her sister Ellen.

She was married, Dec. 27, 1855, at Grand de Tour, to William Con. Andrus, b Mar. 22, 1835, at Malone, New York, d. Jan. 24, 1887, at Chicago.

Two children, viz:

44. I. Nelly Susan Andrus, b. Nov. 26, 1857.
45. II. William Horace Andrus, b. Nov. 16, 1859.

3rd. 17—Gratia Ann Paine, (third child of Horace H. and Laura (Comins) Paine), b. June 30, 1839, at East Bethel, Vermont. Lived in Vermont till 1849; in Ohio, 1840 to 1845, and then moved with parents to Illinois. Was mistress of music. While living in Concord, Massachusetts, as teacher of music, she met James Abbott Walker, of Lincoln, Massachusetts, whom she married, Oct. 5, 1863. He was born, Aug. 19, 1829, at Wakefield, New Hampshire, and died at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Sept. 3, 1895, the son of Milton C. and Eliza (Richards) Walker. They lived in Lincoln, Massachusetts, till 1870, or later, when they moved to



MRS. GRATIA PAYNE WALKER
And her great-grandson, John P. Harville, taken Oct. 1918

newly settled part of Kansas, where grasshoppers and drought waged unrelenting warfare against them. Getting disgusted, they moved to Somerville, Massachusetts, for a year, and then located in Minnesota, he acting as station agent at Brainard and Detroit, on the Northern Pacific R. R. Mr. Walker's health failing, he retired from business later, and lived thereafter in Milwaukee. Mrs. Walker is still living at Los Gatos, California, and her daughters think she can beat them at cooking.

Six children, viz:

46. I. Laura Eliza Walker, b. Oct. 2, 1864, at Concord, Massachusetts.
47. II. Winnifred Walker, b. Dec. 28, 1866, at Lincoln, Massachusetts. d. Sept. 25, 1867.
48. III. Gratia Bell Walker, b. July 20, 1868, at Lincoln, Massachusetts.
49. IV. Horace Milton Walker, b. Jan. 10, 1871, at Lincoln, Massachusetts.
50. V. James Marvin Church Walker, b. May 2, 1872, at Lincoln, Massachusetts.
51. VI. Annie Bruce Walker, b. Dec. 5, 1869, at Lincoln, Massachusetts.

3rd. 20—Arthur Paine Morey, b. Feb. 18, 1844, at Randolph, Vermont; d. Jan. 17, 1905, at Sedalia, Missouri, son of Andrew Jackson and Laura (Paine) Morey. He died after an illness of only a few hours. In 1851 his father and stepmother removed to Strafford, Vermont, where he attended the district schools, and finished his preparation for college at Windsor High School. He entered Norwich University, then located at Norwich, Vermont, but afterwards at Northfield, in 1861, and graduated in 1864, with the degree of B. S. He was member of Theta Chi fraternity. He was appointed in 1862 state drill master, and drilled and instructed volunteers in all parts of the state. He served in Company B, 7th Squadron, Rhode Island Cavalry, "The College Cavaliers", in 1862, from June 18th to October 2nd.

The "College Cavaliers" stands unique in that it was the only company of college men who entered the service. It was organized by Sanford S. Burr, of Dartmouth College, where the war spirit

ran high until damped by President Lord and the entreaties of the parents of the students. Burr's scheme seemed doomed, but he turned for assistance to the rival college, Norwich, across the river, where the students were trained for their country's service, and where the President and faculty were only too glad to aid the cadets to go to the war. Twenty Norwich cadets enlisted in this company, and five others went away in sympathy because their classes were broken up. Seventy, however, remained in college.

The services of the "Cavaliers" were highly recommended, and they received praise for their efficient work from the various officers who commanded them.

Mr. Morey was commissioned Captain of the 22nd United States Colored Infantry, Jan. 30th, 1864; breveted Major of United States volunteers in 1865, and mustered out of service, Oct. 16th, 1865.

He located in Sedalia, Missouri, in 1866, and formed the Morey and Crawford Abstract and Title Company, of which he was president and manager for many years. The firm of Morey and Crawford continued as property owners until Mr. Morey's death, but Mr. Crawford retired from active business some years before, and Mr. Morey conducted a loan and real estate business individually. He was Director of the Third National bank of Sedalia, and Vice-President of the same for many years. He was Republican in politics and held several offices; was County Assessor of Pettis County, Missouri, four years; member of the City Council of Sedalia two years; President of the Board of Charities six years; Commissioner of Special Road District eight years. He was a member of Calvary Episcopal Church, Sedalia, and served on Vestry of that church as Junior Warden for many years; was a member of the Masonic Lodge and Loyal Legion. He was married May 4, 1869 to Ellen Jennie, dau. of John and Mary (Evans) Bard, of Pettis County, and lived in Sedalia, where their children were born. Laura Calma Morey Johns, writer.

Four children, viz:

52. I. Richard Morey, b. Feb. 16, 1870. Lives in St. Louis. Business man and civil engineer; is head of a company of bridge builders, etc. Married Nov.

16, 1899, Mary Godman Mackey. One child,
Richard Morey, Jr., b. May 8, 1904.
53. II. Walter, second child of Arthur P. and Jennie Morey,
b. Aug. 4, 1873.
54. III. Laura Calma Morey, b. Aug. 26, 1876.
55. IV. Jennie Jasper Morey, b. July 2, 1884.

3rd. 22—Horace Greeley Paine, (son of Samuel C. and Betsy (Burnham) Paine), b. in Randolph, Vt., Jan. 3, 1850. In 1852 went with his parents to Grand de Tour, Illinois, where they lived eight years. In 1860 they returned to Vermont and in 1861 moved to Concord, Massachusetts, where two years later, they bought a good farm on the Virginia Road. This farm Horace soon had to cultivate, his father's health failing. He attended school in Illinois, at South Randolph, and from 1861 to 1867 in Concord, also one winter term, 1867-8 at South Randolph, Vermont.

The family selling the farm on the Virginia Road, Horace bought, in 1873, the farm of his uncle, F. B. Paine, on the Concord and Lexington main highway, and has done a good business raising market stuff. His farm has more than doubled in value on his hands, and in 1921 he sold it to his son Charles, who is farming on business and scientific principles, walking in his father's footprints.

H. G. Paine married May 12, 1883, Hattie Hutchinson of Boston, who has proved a worthy helpmate, and both he and his wife are still living on the home place in good health and spirits, enjoying life and the society of their children.

Four children, viz:

56. I. Florence, b. Jan. 25, 1888.
57. II. Elmer Chase Paine, b. Jan. 16, 1889.
58. III. Charles Horatio Paine, b. Apr. 6, 1893.
59. IV. Bessie Harriet Paine, b. June 7, 1896.

3rd. 23—Ida Grace Paine, (dau. of S. Chase and Betsy (Burnham) Paine), b. in Illinois Nov. 29, 1855; d. Oct. 1, 1911. A sensible and accomplished lady, followed the various fortunes of the family, and married, Sept. 20, 1874, James R. Carty, born

about 1848 in, or near, Franklin, Vermont, and died at Lexington, Massachusetts, Jan. 21, 1916.

He did a very prosperous business in truck farming on different farms in Lincoln and Concord, Massachusetts, but sold out and retired from farming about 1908.

The last years of his life were passed in Lexington, with his second wife, who was Miss May Strickland, where he had bought a fine piece of real estate which he was engaged in improving. Ida Paine was Mr. Carty's second wife, his first being Emma Folsom, dau. of Stephen Folsom, by whom he had one child, Myrton. Mrs. Ida Carty was a very bright and popular lady, an excellent mother and step-mother, and ruled her household with a firm but gentle hand.

Children:

60. I. Prescott Chase Carty, b. Jan. 16, 1881.

70. II. Bessie Carty, b. Apr. 19, 1912. *Nov. 19-1889*

3rd. 24—William Lincoln Paine, (son of Charles S. and Eliza Lincoln Paine), b. Feb. 5, 1854; d. Jan. 21, 1917. Lived with parents at South Randolph till of age. Graduated in second course at Randolph Normal School, about 1874; taught school in Illinois one year; graduated at medical college at Burlington, Vermont, two or three years later. Practised medicine at Weston, Vermont, and at Bradford, Thetford, and Royalton. Sold his practice and house at Royalton and moved to Palmer, Massachusetts, Dec. 1904 where he worked in an epileptic hospital 10 years. In 1914 bought a residence in Southwick, Massachusetts, and lived there with family till his death in 1917. He was a poet and scholar and had a very retentive memory. (See poems on other pages.)

He was much sought after to read or recite his original poems on public occasions. He married, June, 1883, May Jaquith, of Chester, who died July 1, 1893. He died and was buried at Southwick, Massachusetts, aged nearly 62 years.

Children:

71. I. William Jaquith Paine, b. Mar., 1885.

72. II. Leonard Hazelton Paine, b. June 17, 1893.

Dr. Paine's second wife, married Aug. 22, 1894, was Carrie, widow of Robert P. Wilson of Wells River, Vt. Her maiden name was Carrie B. Rhodes. Birthplace, Ryegate, Vt.

3rd. 25—Abby Eliza Paine, (dau. of Charles S. and Abby Folsom Paine), b. Oct. 11, 1857. Graduate of Randolph Normal School, and teacher of schools in town. Member of Guiding Star, Good Templars Lodge. Active worker in church and social affairs. Married, Nov. 20, 1878, Howard W. Fowler, b. July 25, 1851, a plumber and business man at East Bethel.

Children:

73. I. Myron Hiram Fowler, b. Aug. 30, 1879.
74. II. Abbie Fowler, b. Dec. 23, 1882.
75. III. Annie Laurie, b. Dec. 6, 1887.

3rd. 26—Charles Carroll Paine, (son of Charles S. and Abby Folsom Paine), b. Oct. 26, 1861, at South Randolph, Vermont. Here he attended the district school and the State Normal School at Randolph Center. He early showed a decided disposition to raise and deal in pigeons, poultry, pigs, and dogs; also in the raising of small fruits, and has had great success in those lines.

He carried on the home place at South Randolph several years, and then bought a place two miles north of Bethel, on the main road to Randolph, where the family lived several years. This place they sold in 1920 and bought a place with nice buildings and several acres of land in South Royalton. There the dogs can bark, the strawberries grow, and Charles attend the High School.

Carroll and his family have spent several winters in Florida at Federal Point, on the St. Johns River, near the residence of his uncle, Francis Tenny. Mr. Tenney has a store and winter hotel at that place. Mr. Paine usually takes fancy poultry along to exhibit at one or two of the southern state fairs.

He was married, first, to Nellie Gifford, June, 1887, dau. of Albert and Mary (Camp) Gifford. She died Aug., 1888, leaving one son. Second wife, Julia H. Wood, married Oct. 10, 1894, dau.

of Ransom and—(Edson) Wood, a successful school teacher of Randolph and Bethel, and graduate of State Normal School.

Children:

76. I. Raymond G. Paine, b. Aug. 23, 1888.
77. II. Robert, b. Aug. 10, 1895.
78. III. Clara Louise Paine, b. Dec. 26, 1900.
79. IV. Charles Samuel Paine, b. Feb. 28, 1908.

3rd. 27—Carrie M. Paine, (dau. of Charles S. and Abby (Folsom) Paine), b. Apr. 29, 1870; d. Mar. 19, 1913. A school teacher, and a graduate of Randolph State Normal School. Married May 1, 1902, Frank Parker of Brookfield, Vermont. No children. Carrie Paine was Mr. Parker's second wife. He had two children by his first wife. Mr. Parker died soon after his wife.

3rd. 28.—Amy Lenora (Paine) Gifford, (dau. of Charles S. Paine), b. Apr. 28, 1872. The youngest of the five children. She married, Nov. 7, 1894, Lewis Gifford, son of Albert and Mary (Camp) Gifford. Bought a well located farm one mile from East Bethel, five from Bethel, and six from Randolph village. They are doing considerable business and acquired a competence, and are educating their children at South Royalton High School.

Children:

80. I. Vernon W. Gifford, b. Jan. 16, 1901; m. Nov. 4, 1920, to Florence Buck, dau. of Justus H. and Alice (Hibard) Buck.
81. II. Harold Earl Gifford, b. May 5, 1908.
82. III. Mary Edith Gifford, b. Sept. 11, 1911.

3rd. 29—George Arthur Paine, b. June 14, 1854, (son of George S. and Emily J. (Smith) Paine). Born in Randolph, Vermont. In 1856 his parents moved to Concord, Massachusetts, where he acquired a highly practical education, but, owing to weak eyes, could not attend school very much. Began early to deal in

butter quite extensively and for a good many years, the last of his life was member of a Boston firm ——————
doing business on South Market Street. Mr. Paine spent a good share of his time in the Middle West buying butter and eggs, as his share of the work of the firm, and made a profitable business.

He lived at 179 Morrison Avenue, West Somerville, in a house built by his father sometime in the 70s, probably.

Arthur married first Nov. 11, 1876, Maria Bliss, niece of Olive Nason. (George Smith's wife, of a Rochester, Vermont, family)
She died July 14, 1878, leaving one child, viz:

83. I. Mabel Maria Paine, b. Apr. 12, 1878.

George A. Paine married second May Wilkins, Jan. 11, 1883.

Child:

84. II. Ralph Prescott Paine, b. Mar. 10, 1894; d. Aug. 14, 1894.

3rd. 30—Prescott Paine, (son of George S. and Emily Janette (Smith) Paine), b. 1865. See record of children of George S. Paine.

3rd. 31—Francis Marsena Paine, (son of Francis B. and Mary C. (Smith) Paine), b. June 24, 1854; d. Oct. 5, 1822. Born in Randolph, Vermont, and died in Los Angeles, California, at Garvanza. His parents moved from Vermont to Concord, Massachusetts, in 1867, and afterwards to Lexington, Massachusetts. When Francis Marsena was married in 1879, he located in Hyde Park, Massachusetts, and practiced his trade of piano tuning. His grandmother lived with him, and afterwards his parents had rooms in his house. In the early part of the twentieth century, the whole family, with the exception of Mr. F. B. Paine, who died in 1896, emigrated to California where F. M. Paine still pursued his occupation of piano tuning, and also cultivated a fine garden of fruit, on his own grounds near a bungalow built by himself.

F. M. Paine was a musical enthusiast and an industrious composer of both instrumental and vocal music. "The Song of the Scythe", one of his first compositions; "So Early in the Morning,"

one of his brightest; "The Elf Song", said to be one of the best for concert work.

Mr. Paine was married, Oct. 30, 1879, to Ellen J. Northrope, dau. of Issac and ——— (Hodgdon) Northrop, of South Royalton, Vermont. She was a teacher and graduate of the State Normal School. Mrs. Paine was born at Northfield, Vermont, Nov. 14, 1853.



FRANCIS MASENA PAINE
Garvanza, Calif. 1854-1922

Children:

84. I. Alice C. Paine, b. Oct. 29, 1880. A graduate of Tufts College, 1902, and a high grade teacher for many years at Los Angeles, California. Now teaching psychology and spent a winter in Switzerland to study the same.
85. II. Florence L. Paine, b. July 6, 1883. A musician and violin player in orchestras. Married May 7, 1921, to Howard Stavers, native of Boston, Massachusetts.
86. III. Walter Francis Paine, b. Feb. 23, 1885. A practical young man. Has tamed and cultivated some wild land, and irrigating wells on them. Is too busy, I take it, to get married.

Children:

87. IV. H. Randolph Paine, b. May 31, 1898. Living in San Francisco. Clerk in store and violinist in orchestra.

3rd. 32—Mary Ellen Paine, b. Dec. 8, 1859. Educated at Concord, Massachusetts. Later studied music and painting, and has passed her time so far in life teaching and practising those arts. She lives in, or near, Los Angeles, California, and, I conclude, considers that location the most desirable place on earth in which to dwell. Married, Dec. 21, 1889, Frank L. Hodgdon, a native of Vermont.

Fourth Generation.

4th. 33—Inez F. Murray, (dau. of Marsena M. Murray and Emily P. (Paine) Murray), b. Jan. 11, 1857. Educated in primary and advanced schools for young ladies at home, near Foster, Ohio, at Cincinnati, Ohio, and at Rhinebeck, New York.

Became proficient as a piano musician under the instruction of Miss Annie Rogers, of Linwood, Ohio. Inez married, in April, 1876, Philip Grandin and lived in Maineville, Ohio, where their children were mostly born. They also lived about three years at Loveland, Ohio, to accommodate Mr. Grandin as an employee on the railroad. Of late years Mrs. Grandin has lived at St. Elmo, Tennessee, near Chattanooga, helping to care for her father who died Sept. 10, 1920, at the age of over 91 years.

Children:

88. I. Mary Reading Grandin, b. Feb. 20, 1877; married, Nov. 30, 1898, Chañay Ray Spaulding.

Children:

Emily 89. 1. Henrietta Spaulding, b. Nov. 14, 1899.
90. 2. Ruth Spaulding, b. Apr. 16, 1903, married June 2, 1922, to Glen Gould.
91. 3. Ruth Spaulding, b. Dec. 11, 1904.
92. 4. Fern Spaulding, b. Jan. 31, 1908.
93. 5. Grandin E. Spaulding, b. Oct. 17, 1911.

Children:

94. 6. Janet Spaulding, b. June 19, 1920.
95. 7. Albert Gene Spaulding, b. Sept. 25, 1921.
96. II. Philip Earle Grandin, b. July 22, 1878; railroad engineer, and second child of Philip and Inez M. Grandin.
97. III. John Piat Grandin, b. Aug. 8, 1879; m. 1907, Emma S.
98. IV. Murray Grandin, b. Mar. 22, 1881. Lives at old Murray home, at or near Maineville, Ohio.
99. V. Robert Grandin, b. May 15, 1884; d. Oct. 25, 1890.
100. VI. Ralph Grandin, b. Sept. 30, 1887; married July 4, 1909, Rosella Woodtli.

Children: Woodtli Grandin b. Dec. 15, 1912

101. 1. Gene Grandin, b. Sept. 15, 1914; d. July, 1916.
- 101½. 2. Robert Grandin, 2nd, b. Jan. 6, 1918.
102. VII. Mable Alice Grandin, b. Mar. 17, 1891; m. Apr. 11, 1918, Henry Acheson.

Child:

103. 1. Virginia Loraine Acheson, b. May 6, 1920.
104. VIII. William Grandin, b. Sept. 30, 1893. Lives in Ohio.
105. IX. Chase Paine Grandin, b. Aug. 16, 1896. Lives at Columbus, Georgia.
106. X. Joseph Grandin, b. Mar. 31, 1898 in Maineville, Ohio, as were nearly all his brothers and sisters. A volunteer in the World War. Lives now (1922) in Columbus, Georgia. His mother writes from St. Elmo, Georgia, Dec. 27, '22: "My two boys, Chase and Joe, who have a plantation at Columbus, Georgia, motored up to spend Christmas with me. They came Friday, 22, and stayed till yesterday; brought a friend with them and their musical instruments, violin, guitar, and Hawaiian guitar. Chase plays the violin, Joe the guitar,

and their friend the Hawaiian guitar, and they surely made fine music. We had a very happy Christmas. I had four of my eleven children with me, Chase, Joe, Mable, and Florence."

107. XI. Laura Elizabeth Grandin, b. Sept. 7, 1900; m. May 1, 1919, Wayne Ingalls. A dentist

Children, twins:

108 and 109. Albert Thompson and Ruth Inez, b. Oct. 23, 1921. Live in Los Angeles, California.

110. XII. Florence Grandin, b. May 31, 1904. Graduate High School, 1922.

4th. 34—Leslie Carlos Murray, (oldest son and second child of Marsena M. and Emily P. (Paine) Murray), b. Jan. 6, 1860. With occasional sojourns and short trips to the South, has always lived near Maineville, Ohio. A farmer by occupation. Married Mary Frieze.

Children:

111. I. Blanche, b. Apr. 18, 1883.
112. II. John Edward Murray, b. Feb. 16, 1885.
113. III. Marsena Markworth Murray, b. Jan. 6, 1887.
114. IV. Albert Otis Murray, b. Nov. 16, 1888.
115. V. Howard Irving Murray, b. June 3, 1890.
116. VI. Henry Thomas Murray, b. Mar. 12, 1892.
117. VII. Emily Paine Murray, b. Apr. 11, 1894.
118. VIII. Ethel Constance Murray, b. Apr. 11, 1896.
119. IX. Elberta Georgianna Murray, b. Apr. 22, 1898.

4th. 35—Ethan Allen Murray, (second son and third child of Marsena M. and Emily (Paine) Murray), b. May 12, 1861; d. Mar. 5, 1918. Lived until of age, at home near Maineville, Ohio. Located for business at Columbus, Georgia, and engaged in market gardening for Northern markets, and in cotton growing. Married, Nov. 21, 1883, Marie Peterson (Cath.) dau. of a French lady from the

West Indies, living near Loveland, Ohio. She died 1890. Ethan married second wife Fannie McCrary.

Children:

120. I. Laurence Murray, b. July 25, 1884, at Columbus, Georgia; m. Carrie Fanny Nichols.

Child:

121. 1. Henrietta Murray, b. Jan., 1916.

122. II. Noel Alfred Murray, b. Sept. 23, 1885; m. Frankie Mann.

123. III. Ethan Francis Murray, b. Oct. 31, 1886; m. Mary Garrell.

Child:

124. 1. Elinor Murray, b. Apr., 1922.

125. IV. Herbert Murray, b. July 13, 1888; m. Fanny Murrah

Child:

126. 1. Catherine Murray, b. Dec., 1917.

127. V. Rose Marie Murray, (youngest child and only dau. of Ethan A. and Marie Peterson Murray), was born Mar. 31, 1890, at Columbus, Georgia. Was educated in a convent, and married, Dec. 1912, Joseph Erskine, and they live in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Child:

128. 1. Rosemary Erskine, b. Feb. 13, ~~1913~~¹⁹¹⁴.

4th. 36—Mable Maria Murray, (the fourth and youngest child of Marsena M. and Emily (Paine) Murray), was born Apr., 22, 1865, near Maineville, Ohio. At maturity, after a few years' work as bookkeeper, in 1890 she went to Columbus, Georgia, to keep house for her brother Ethan (whose wife died at that time of pneumonia) and to care for his children. When her brother married again, a few years later, she went to St. Elmo, Tennessee, to assist her father in the care of his house, and in the management of his business as market gardener at the base of Lookout Mountain; and when he died in 1920, 91 years old, she settled his estate.

About a year after the death of her father she married Mr. Frank A. James, a large land and live stock owner in that section. Her sister, Mrs. Grandin, and Mrs. Grandin's daughters, Florence and Mable and her family (Mrs. Acheson) live near by.

4th. 37—Howard Walter Smith, (oldest child of S. T. and Elizabeth M. (Paine) Smith), was born in Lincoln, Massachusetts, July 22, 1860. When a small boy the family lived a few years in Southern Ohio, but most of his education was received at the Lexington, Massachusetts grammar and high schools, that he and his brother Albert attended.

He has been engaged in the mercantile business in Massachusetts and Michigan. He lived with his family at Lowell and Ann Arbor, Michigan, about 20 years, and moved back to Massachusetts in 1920, and the family now live at the old home at No. 10 Morrison Place, West Somerville. He married, May, 1898, Jessie O. Smith, dau. of Herbert and Luther (Kelsey) Smith.

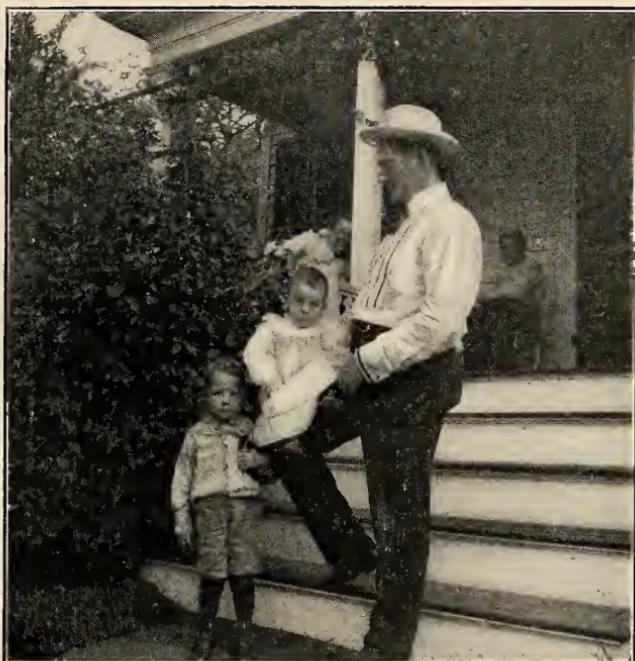
Children:

129. I. Lowell M. Smith, b. May 12, 1900, in Lowell, Michigan, living now in West Somerville, in the employ of the A. M. Smith Co., 31-33 Commercial St., Boston. M. Sept. 8, 1922, to Molly McLean.
130. II. Elizabeth Luther Smith, b. Sept. 15, 1902. Graduated from the Ann Arbor, Michigan, High School, 1920, and is now, 1922, employed as secretary in the Page and Shaw Candy Co., Cambridge.

4th. 38—Albert Phineas Smith, (the youngest of the two boys of Samuel Thompson and Elizabeth M. (Paine) Smith), b. Feb. 9, 1863, in Lincoln, Massachusetts. He shared the fortunes of his brother Howard, till both were men grown, and entered the employ of Mr. Philbrook at No. 2 Fanueil Hall Market, Boston, and later, wanting more room, he rented the adjoining stall, No. 4, also a room for butter in the basement, and a place near by for an egg market, at which places he is quite well known as a thrifty dealer in those prime necessities of life— butter, cheese, and eggs.

He is also breaking his two boys into the business, the eldest now occupying a stall in the Quincy Hall Market, in the same trade.

Albert P. Smith married, Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1891, Miss Kate Cole, of Bellevue, Iowa. Her father, Eli Cole, was of a Pennsylvania Quaker family, dating back to the time of Wm. Penn.



ALBERT PHINEAS SMITH AND SONS

At Home Some Summer Sunday, 1900

Her mother, Ann Maria Rhea, dau. of Daniel Rhea whose wife was a Miss Harper from which family Harpers Ferry received its name. Daniel Rhea, a business man of Newport, Va., lost his slaves in civil war times.

Children:

131. I. Eli Cole Smith, b. Feb. 7, 1898; attended school at Winchester, Massachusetts, and graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1921. Has studied law

and has bought the Crosby Bros. stall in Quincy Hall Market Boston, selling butter, cheese, and eggs. Was married Feby. 7, 1923, to Miss Marjorie Green of Worcester, Mass. Live in Boston.

132. II. Albert Paine Smith, b. Feb. 9, 1900. He attended the public schools of Winchester (the family residing in Winchester on the Myopia Road, overlooking Mystic Lake, in a house they erected in about 1905). He also attended Military Training Schools at Washington, D. C., and Boston, Massachusetts.

4th. 39—Florence Bosworth, (oldest child of Col. Amos Bosworth and Ellen (Paine) Bosworth), b. Apr. 4, 1857, at Grand de Tour, Illinois. Graduated from Rock Island Seminary, attended a State Normal School, and taught over 20 years in the public schools, and keeps busy in social and family affairs. All the cousins will remember her as one of the most interesting writers in the circle letters.

4th. 40—Isabel Bosworth, b. Mar., 11, 1859. The younger sister of Florence with the same advantages. Her health failing, she visited in the East, also spent much time at Colorado Springs, where she died Feb. 3, 1891.

4th. 41—Amos Hall Bosworth (only son and third child of Col. Amos and Ellen (Paine) Bosworth), b. Mar. 28, 1862, at Grand de Tour, Illinois. He was educated at a military school near Chicago, and at Mt. Morris College. He was secretary of the Grand de Tour Plow Co., then and now located at Dixon, six miles from Grand de Tour, until 1905, when the business was sold to another company, since which time Mr. Bosworth has been occupied with public affairs (is a director in the Lee County Farm Bureau, a director of the City National Bank, President of the Building and Loan Association, and on the Library Board, etc.) and attending to his blooded Holstein cattle.

4th. 42—Gratia A. Rogers, (dau. of James Rogers (second husband) and Ellen (Paine) Rogers), b. Aug. 1, 1876. Is a natural musician, and since her graduation from the Dixon High

School, has given a large part of her time to studying and teaching music.

4th. 43—Laura E. Rogers, (oldest of the two daughters of James and Ellen (Paine) Rogers), was born at Grand de Tour, Oct. 11, 1874. Graduated from the Dixon High School, and from Lake Forest College, and resides at Dixon, where all the Bosworth-Rogers family now live (except while at their summer cottage at Grand de Tour.)

4th. 44—Nelly S. Andrus, (dau. of William and Laura Paine Andrus, second child of Horace Hall Paine), b. Nov. 26, 1857; m. Feb. 10, 1881, Henry Hart, of Boston, Massachusetts. She died Mar. 16, 1907.

Children:

133. I. Henry W. Hart, b. Oct. 7, 1881.
134. II. Helen Hart, b. Aug., 1884.

4th. 45—William Horace Andrus, (second child and only son of William and Laura Paine Andrus), b. in Chicago Nov. 16, 1859 Lives in Chicago, and is in trade there. Married Anne S. Hutchinson.

Child:

135. I. Natalie P. Andrus, b. Oct. 17, 1888. Married Bert Custer.

4th. 46—Laura Eliza Walker, b. Oct. 2, 1864, the daughter of James A. and Gratia A. (Paine) Walker. A personality—As a lively girl of ten, she had vivid experience on the plains of Kansas. Later, as an intellectual young lady of many accomplishments, she became proficient, for many years as a “school ma’am”. But that was many years ago, and she has since traveled East, and South, and to Europe, and is now (1922) fighting ill health with Christian Science in the seclusion of beautiful California with the others of the Walker family, at Los Gatos.

4th. 47—Gratia Bell Walker, sister of Laura, born July 20, 1868, at Lincoln, Massachusetts. The editor is not particularly acquainted with this family, but did happen to meet this lady when she was a miss of perhaps 10 or 12 years, a bright and happy

maiden, quoting Shakespeare and Mother Goose with equal facility, but at present know her only as one of the many interesting writers in the letter circle, and hope we shall continue to hear from her for many years to come. Married, July 8, 1897, Joseph Decker.

Children:

136. I. Margaret Ann Decker, b. June 12, 1898. Married.
137. II. Henry Bruce Decker, Feb. 23, 1900.
138. III. Joseph Walker Decker, b. Feb. 15, 1903; d. Aug. 5, 1905.
139. IV. Laura Mary Decker, b. Feb. 18, 1907; d. Feb. 21, 1907.
140. V. Dorothy Bertha Decker, b. Nov. 6, 1909.

4th. 48—Horace Milton Walker, (fourth child of James and Gratia Paine Walker), born Jan. 10, 1871 in Lincoln, Massachusetts; m. June 7, 1894, Grace M. Fowler.

Children:

141. I. Mae A. Walker, b. Mar. 17, 1895; m. Apr. 15, 1917.
142. II. James Abbott Walker, b. Aug. 9, 1898.
143. III. Frances Ellen Walker, b. Feb. 6, 1902.
144. IV. Elizabeth Louise Walker, b. Nov. 4, 1911.
145. V. Gratia Paine Walker, b. June 29, 1913.

We are unable to give any further information of this cousin except that several years ago he was in business at the little railroad town of St. Helena, Napa County, California, about 50 miles northeast of San Francisco, in the Napa valley.

4th. 49—James Marvin Church Walker, b. May 2, 1872, at Lincoln, Massachusetts; m. July 25, 1901, Bertha Cubbler, born Aug. 12, 1881.

Children:

146. I. Theron Horace Walker, b. Dec. 18, 1902.
147. II. Bertram Church Walker, b. June 10, 1904.
148. III. Laura Winefred Walker, b. June 13, 1905.
149. IV. Florence Paine Walker, b. Nov. 3, 1908.
150. V. Jasmine ——— Walker, b. Feb. 14, 1913.

As H. M. Walker and J. M. C. Walker are near of an age they must have kept pretty close together as far as St. Helena. At this time, however, (1922), J. M. C. Walker is living at Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, California, and so are his mother and oldest and youngest sisters, getting a taste of country life with the many other blessings showered upon them.

Los Gatos is a little railroad town of 2,500 people or so, about 10 miles from San Jose, southwest, and about 50 miles southeast from San Francisco.

Church Walker is, I conclude, an active civil engineer. The Paine clan are all thinking it very nice of him to send out that nice family chart, or tree.

4th. 50—Annie Bruce Walker, b. Dec. 5, 1869, at Lincoln, Massachusetts. I (*i.e.* the Editor of these papers) have seen Annie Bruce Walker once or twice. She was out to South Randolph (Painesville), Vermont, in 1884 (a pink cheeked little young lady of $14\frac{2}{3}$ years of age) with her mother, to attend the first reunion of the old District No. One. (A great time we had, and every one who ever lived in the District, and was still living was there; and Uncle Charles wrote an historical paper, telling all about the old school houses, and the old school-mates, and the tyrannical old teachers, who were pretty good folks after all; and Col. John B. Mead delivered the oration, with the flowery language, and poetry, etc., and Ed Burnham made a speech, and we had piles of cake and pie, and oceans of ice cream, and, ah! but hold on. I was telling about Annie Bruce Walker.) She seems to be one of those busy young ladies who are always doing something for the benefit of others, and incidentally for themselves, perhaps. Such people never grow old.

4th. 51—Richard Morey, b. Feb. 16, 1870. Oldest child of Arthur P. and Ellen Jennie (Bard) Morey. His parents lived in Sedalia, Missouri. Richard finished his education at the Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and practices the profession of civil engineer. He is the active member of a construction company, headquarters at St. Louis, where his family reside. Married, Nov. 16, 1898, Mary Godman Mackey.

Child:

151. I. Richard Morey, Jr., b. May 8, 1904.
4th. 52—Walter Morey, b. Aug., 14, 1873, (second child of A. P. and E. Jennie (Bard) Morey); m. Mar., 28, 1900, Carrie B. Scott. Started in business in Sedalia, but ill health compelled him to retire to country life. Died Oct., 9, 1918.

Children:

152. I. Arthur Paine Morey, Jr., b. Mar., 28, 1901.
153. II. Irene Brooks Morey, b. July 4, 1906.
154. III. Philip Stockton Morey, b. Aug., 29, 1908.

4th. 53—Laura Calma Morey, b. Aug., 26, 1876, oldest dau. of A. P. and E. Jennie (Bard) Morey. Education finished at a Young Ladies' Institute near Boston, Bradford Academy, Massachusetts. Married Sept. 20, 1904, Robert Milligan Johns. Mrs. Johns has been much interested in family history and genealogy. Her family chart of the family lineage, in some branches running back into the Middle Ages, represents much time and patient research. At present, she writes, she is busy with family, social, and civic duties.

Children:

155. I. Laura Calma Johns, b. Mar. 31, 1906.
156. II. Robert Milligan Johns, Jr., b. Aug., 17, 1909.

4th. 54—Jennie Jasper Morey, b. July 2, 1884. Youngest child of A. P. and E. Jennie (Bard) Morey. A Smith College girl—at present living in Jefferson City, in University employment.

4th. 55—Florence Paine, dau. of H. G. and Hattie (Hutchinson) Paine, b. Jan., 25, 1888, at Concord, Massachusetts. Graduate of Concord High School; a trained nurse. Married, Nov., 15, 1918, Hugh C. Gibson, who died Sept., 20, 1920.

Child:

157. I. Robert Charles Gibson, b. Aug., 4, 1919.

Second husband: Florence married, June 7, 1922, Leon Howland of Maine.

4th. 56—Elmer Chase Paine, b. Jan., 16, 1889, second child and oldest son of H. G. and Hattie (Hutchinson) Paine, Concord, Massachusetts. Graduate of Concord High School. On account of ill health, has sojourned in both Vermont and California and is, at present time, in Maynard, Massachusetts.

4th. 57—Charles Horatio Paine, b. in Concord, Massachusetts, Apr. 6, 1893. Graduate of Concord High School and, 1911, of Vermont State School of Agriculture, 1913. A corporal in Concord Militia Company. A sergeant in same company in World War. Served in France about two years, and was wounded and in hospital about two months, and thereafter served to help drill raw troops. On his return to United States, he was in the employ of Paul Revere Nursery Company. Was married, June 28, 1919, to Ernestine Chamberlain, of Framingham, Massachusetts. Bought his father's farm, in Concord, in 1921.

4th. 58—Bessie Harriet Paine, b. June 7, 1896, youngest child of H. G. and Hattie (Hutchinson) Paine. Graduate of Concord High School; graduate trained nurse; m. May 14, 1921, to John White, a plumber by trade, and now working at his trade in Cambridge, as first class workman. They rent a house and live in Somerville.

4th. 59—Prescott Chase Carty, b. Jan., 16, 1881, in Concord, Massachusetts, oldest child of James R. and Ida G. (Paine) Carty. Educated in the schools of Concord and Lincoln. Spent about a year in the West, Illinois. Married, Jan., 2, 1907. Was in trade at East Bethel, but being unable to endure the confinement of a store, he sold out and bought the Charles-Prince farm at South Randolph, and lived there a short time. Later owned and ran a milk farm in South Royalton; also the stage route to Chelsea, and a livery stable business. The family have recently moved to Springfield, Massachusetts. His wife was Miss Abbie P. Fowler, dau. of H. W. and Abbie Eliza (Paine) Fowler, formerly of East Bethel, now of South Royalton, Vermont.

Child:

157. I. Thelma Maud Carty, b. Oct. 5, 1907.

4th. 60—Bessie Carty, b. Nov. 19, 1889, in Concord, Massachusetts. Attended Concord schools; graduate High School. Married Gray Wyman, Sept. 9, 1911. He was a professor in some school or college in or near New York City. She died in New York Apr. 19, 1912. She was a very promising and lovable young lady.

4th. 61—William Jaquith Paine, b. Mar., 1885, in Thetford, Vermont. At the death of his mother in 1893 he went to live with his grandparents, Jaquith's, in Chester, Vermont, where he graduated from high school. Is now living in Philadelphia, employed in a department store. Like his father he is quite a scholar.

4th. 62—Leonard Haseltine Paine, b. June 27, 1893 in Thetford, Vermont. Lived with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fowler, and was educated in the schools of South Royalton, also took a course in a commercial school in Springfield, Vermont. The call of his country in the World War aroused his patriotism and he enlisted in the navy. While he was on a war vessel in harbor he met with an accident which disabled him and resulted in his discharge. He was sent to Colorado for his health by the government, and was there employed on the government buildings. He married, Jan. 11, 1919, Miss Ruth Jones of Randolph, Vermont, and is now (1922) living in Springfield, Massachusetts, employed as secretary of a building firm. His wife is a graduate of Randolph High School and of Commercial College.

4th. 63—Myron Hiram Fowler, b. Aug. 20, 1879, oldest child and only son of Howard W. Fowler and A. Eliza (Paine) Fowler; m. Sept. 17, 1902, to Mable Ferguson, of Starksboro, Vermont. He graduated at the State Normal School at Randolph, as did also his wife. He has been in trade at East Bethel, and owned a mill at South Royalton, and been otherwise variously employed. They are now (1923) living at Sharon, Vermont.

Child:

158. I. Edith Ferguson Fowler, b. Aug., 1, 1903. Graduate South Royalton High School; also graduate of business college at Burlington, Vermont. Employed at Sharon, Vermont.

4th. 64—Abbie Paine Fowler, b. Dec. 23, 1882, dau. of Howard W. and A. Eliza Fowler. Lived in East Bethel with her parents till her marriage, Jan. 2, 1907, to Prescott C. Carty, (son of James R. and Ida Paine Carty of Concord, Massachusetts). The family have lived several years at South Royalton, Vermont, but have recently moved to Springfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Carty is a graduate of State Normal School at Randolph, Vermont, and has taught school considerably.

Child:

Oct. 6, 1887
159. I. Thelma Maud Carty, b. ~~Dec. 6, 1887.~~ Now at South Royalton school.

4th. 65—Annie Laurie, b. Dec. 6, 1887, dau. of Howard W. and A. Eliza Fowler of South Royalton. She is a graduate of state Normal School at Randolph, Vermont, and has taught school several years in Royalton and Tunbridge. She married, Mar. 30, 1921, Julian Carpenter, formerly of East Randolph, Vermont. A soldier in France in the World War nearly two years. They are now living at West Randolph.

Child.

160. I. Howard Julian Fowler, b. June, 1922.

4th. 66—Raymond Gifford Paine, b. Aug. 23, 1888, son of C. C. Paine and Nellie Gifford Paine. At the death of his mother, soon after his birth, he lived with his grandparents, C. S. Paine and wife. He graduated from South Royalton High School in the class of 1910. He married, Sept. 24, 1922, Miss Leah A. Newell, dau. of Dr. Newell, of East Randolph. The same season they bought the, so-called, C. J. Billing's farm near South Randolph, where they are now residing.

4th. 67—Robert Paine, b. Aug. 10, 1895, son of C. C. Paine and his second wife, Julia H. (Wood) Paine. Being, like his brother Raymond, an apt scholar, he early graduated from the Bethel High School, and studied one year at the Worcester, Massachusetts, Institute of Technology, and one or two years at a Government Naval College in New York City. The call of his country took him to France, in the artillery branch of the army. Robert accepted his enforced service to the United States army and absence from college, with the calmness of a philosopher and the enthusiasm of a true patriot. He thought his ride across the ocean “at government expense was fine”. After the armistice, “Uncle Sam”, with discriminating selection, gave some of the boys a course of instruction, the boys paying incidental expenses. So Robert got a check from the savings bank, and heard a course of lectures in Glasgow, Scotland, and visited Edinburgh, London, and Ireland, was under fire for a week before Verdun, and came home ripe with experience. He is now on an electro, automatic, telephone installation job, headquarters at Hartford, or somewhere, today in Maine, tomorrow in Connecticut, and the next day in Northern New Hampshire, etc., and, I guess, is contemplating matrimony.

4th. 68—Clara Louise Paine, b. Dec. 26, 1900. Graduated from Bethel High School while living with her parents in that town. Has been employed in the office of Dr. Gifford in Randolph, the two years past, and is now (1922) taking a teachers' course at the Bethel school.

4th. 69—Charles Samuel Paine, b. Feb. 28, 1908. Is in second year of high school at South Royalton, Vermont, and seems to be growing both physically and mentally. Is the youngest child of C. C. and Julia Wood Paine.

4th. 70—Vernon W. Gifford, b. Jan. 16, 1901, son of Lewis W. Gifford and Amy L. (Paine) Gifford. A young South Royalton high school graduate just starting in life. Married, Nov. 4, 1920, Florence Buck, dau. of Justus and Alice Hibard Buck.

4th. 71—Harold Earl Gifford, b. May 5, 1908.

4th. 72—Mary Edith Gifford, b. Sept. 11, 1911. Youngest child of Lewis W. and Amy Paine Gifford.

4th. 73—Mable Maria Paine, b. Apr. 12, 1878, dau. and only child of George and Maria (Bliss) Paine, died Jan. 9, 1916. Educated at West Semerville and Lexington, Massachusetts, where her parents resided. Was a skilful pianist. Married, Feb. 12, 1902, Vernon Steel, of Boston, or near there.

Children:

161. I. Vernon George Steel, b. Mar. 8, 1903.
Graduate of high school, and now, (1922) at Institute of Technology, Cambridge.
162. II. Richard Steel, b. June 21, 1913.
163. III. John Prescott Steel, b. Nov. 30, 1915.
(Since their mother's death these two youngest children have been in charge of their father's sister at Brattleboro, Vermont.)

THE FAMILY OF PHINEAS SMITH, LATE OF RANDOLPH, VT.

Members of this family are connected by marriage with several of the Paine family.

The first known ancestor was Lieut. Samuel Smith, who came to America in 1634 in ship, Elizabeth, with wife, Elizabeth, each 34 years old, and four children. Stopped in Watertown, and settled, later, in Weathersfield, Connecticut. Prominent man there, and soldier in Indian War. Moved later to Hadley, Massachusetts. Representative to Legislature. He died in 1680, aged 76; wife died in 1686, aged 84. Their son, Phil. Smith, born in England in 1633, also a prominent man; married Rebecca Foote. He died 1684, some thought by witchcraft, of Mary Webster. Jonathan Smith, son of Phil. and Rebecca S., born in Hadley, 1663, a weaver, married 1688, Abigail, dau. of Joseph and Abigail (Terry) Kellogg, who trace family back to 1488. This Jonathan Smith and his descendants kept ferry at Northampton, Massachusetts, for nearly a hundred years. He died in 1739.

Capt. Jonathan Smith, son of Jonathan and Abigail Kellogg Smith (and grandfather of Phineas Smith) born 1689, married Hannah Wright, of a family that traces lineage back to Kelvedon Essex County, England. Martin Smith, son of Capt. Jonathan

and Hannah (Wright) Smith, moved from Hadley to Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1763, died in 1780. His wife was Lucy Clapp, married 1760, daughter of Preserved and Sarah (West) Clapp, descended from Capt. Roger Clapp, who came from England in 1630, in ship Mary and John. Capt. Roger Clapp married Joanna, daughter of Thomas Ford, who came from England in same ship as Capt. Roger Clapp. Capt. Clapp was buried in the King's Chapel burial-ground on Tremont Street, Boston: and on the iron gate thereof are engraved the names of several prominent men of the colony who are buried therein, and among them the name of Capt. Roger Clapp. Phineas Smith, son of Martin and Lucy (Clapp) Smith, was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, exact date not known. Between 1770 and 1776. Died at Concord, Massachusetts, 1863. Went to Brattleboro, Vermont, when 16 years old. In New York state one year. Lived at Brattleboro with oldest brother Levi, three years. Went to school at Brattleboro six months, most he ever went. Married daughter of Caleb and Ann (Brooks) Morgan, and lived at Brattleboro five years and then moved to Randolph, Vermont. Established a jeweler's shop at West Randolph. Afterwards was trader, money lender, farmer, and lived in east part of the town. Was volunteer at time of battle of Plattsburg. His wife died in 1828. Seven children, viz: Heman, Lucius, Justin, Wright, Chester, Harriet, who married David Carter, and another who married her cousin, Norman Morgan. Mr. Smith, soon after the death of Mrs. Smith, married Maria (Folsom), Widow Noyes, mother of Mrs. Sarah Hacket, and George Noyes. She came from Tunbridge, and was aunt of Abby Folsom, who married C. S. Paine, sister of Steadman Folsom, and John, and others. Phineas and Maria F. Smith had three children, viz.: Emily Janette born Aug. 11, 1829, married George S. Paine. Sophronia Elizabeth, born Apr. 12, 1831. Married Nov. 9, 1858, at Concord, Massachusetts, James Walter Spooner, of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Samuel Thompson Smith, born Feb. 2, 1834. Died at West Somerville, Massachusetts, May 22, 1898. Married at East Randolph, Vermont, Nov. 2, 1856, Elizabeth Maria Paine, daughter of Albert B. and Maria Lucy Hall Paine.

Thomas Paine was the oldest brother of Capt. Samuel Paine and below is a copy of the inscription on his grave-stone at East Brookfield, Vermont.

THOMAS PAINE

Born Aug. 1732

Died March 28, 1798

Aged 66 years & 7 mo's.

The following is the inscription on the gravestones of two of Thomas Paine's sons, also buried in cemetery at East Brookfield.

NOAH PAINE Esq.

Who departed this life, Mar. 2, 1825—Aged 67

Born in Pomfret, Conn. Feb. 1, 1758

JOHN PAINE

Died Mar. 26, 1838—Aged 82 years

He was born in Pomfret, Conn. July 15, 1756

And was one of the first that emigrated to Brookfield.

Eccentricity and Frankness were his Foibles.

Charity, Justice, and Integrity, were his Virtues,

His guides on Earth, and Hopes in Heaven

Were Religion and Christianity

John Paine had four sons Elijah, Martin, Ezra, and Noah. Elijah had a son, Samuel E. Paine, of Xenia, Illinois, who was father of the author, Albert Bigelow Paine.

Harriet (Hopkins) Paine (wife of Prescott Paine), mother of Maria Lucy Hall Paine, and grand mother of Albert Prescott Paine, was daughter of Stephen Hopkins (from near Providence, R. I., said to be descended from the Hopkins who came over in the Mayflower, and descended or connected with the signer of the Declaration of Independence) and Nancy Turner, daughter of ——— Turner and ——— Frink, a French woman, from

a family of that name. The following is the inscription on the gravestone of Nancy (Turner) Hopkins in East Brookfield, Vermont.

N. H. H.

In memory of Mrs. Nancy H. Hopkins
Wife of Mr. Stephen Hopkins
Who Died Jan. 3, 1803
In the 37th Year of Her Age .

Capt. Samuel Paine was buried in the cemetery at East Bethel, (as were also Samuel Paine, Jr., and wife, and many of their descendants). The inscription on the gravestone of Capt. Paine is shown below.

CAPT. SAMUEL PAINE
An Officer of the Revolution
Born Nov. 8, 1744—Died Dec. 13, 1834
An Honest Man is the Noblest Work of God

William Paine VI (sixth generation from the emigrant), son of John P., V, son of John P., Jr., IV, son of John Paine III of Swanzy and Providence, R. I., grandson of Stephen Paine I of Rehoboth. The said Wm. Payn, born in Cranston, R. I., Nov. 5, 1759, married Amy Clark, 1789, born in 1765. In 1800 they moved to Fairfield, Herkimer County, New York, with four children, and four more born later. About 1820 moved to Rossie, St. Laurence County. Wm. Payn died Jan. 14, 1830.

“DEATH DEFERRED”.

How long to live is a puzzling problem to many men and worthy women. Death, the enterprising enemy, overtakes one and all sooner or later, and frequently finds us in youth's bright morn. The following rules of life by a recent writer, are taken from the synopsis of his valuable book, “Death Deferred”, and are believed to be both useful and practical:



ELIZABETH LUTHERA SMITH
Daughter of H.W. and Jessie O. Smith

"1—Do not eat much, if any, meat. 2—Eat plenty of fruit of all kinds; make them a part of most meals. 3—Avoid all bad food combinations. 4—Fast completely one day every month; fast when feeling unwell. 5—Eat but two meals a day, omitting breakfast. 6—Chew every mouthful of food thoroughly. 7—As you grow older eat less. 8—Drink at least four glasses of water daily, and when unwell double the amount. 9—Breathe pure air at all times. 10—Exercise every day, using all the muscles in turn. 11—Be sure to take plenty of sleep every night. 12—Think only helpful, cheerful, optimistic thoughts. 13—Keep happy; if you don't feel happy, make yourself think so. 14—Bathe frequently; take a warm bath twice a week, Turkish bath once a month. 15—Keep warm. 16—Prefer the color green and other bright colors. 17—A high altitude and a cool climate is more healthful. 18—Create your own happy environment. 19—Do not fear the effects of heredity if a careful life is lived. 20—Never allow yourself to limit the length of your life; you can live to be a hundred if you think so. 21—Be thyself, and make the most of yourself. 22—Have a hobby, and take plenty of legitimate amusement. 23—Take a sun bath when you can, a few minutes air bath every day. 24—Attend to the eyes, ears, hair, teeth, feet, etc."

The above is only preliminary to the following copy from an old scrap book, giving an account of Mrs. Morey, the Strafford, Vermont, Centenarian. The writer, who saw her when she was 100 years old, can testify that she was happy, cheerful and bright. She did not live by rule, but a practical, useful, Christian life, like other intelligent women.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN

Mrs. Martha Frizzell Morey, of Strafford, Orange County, Vermont, (grandmother of Arthur Paine Morey), died on Saturday, March 16th, at the great age of one hundred and one years and ten months. Her health had been gradually failing since December last, but almost to the time of her decease, she was able to be up and dressed nearly every day. Mrs. Morey died in the same house in which she had lived for more than half a century.

At the age of one hundred years, Mrs. Morey was accustomed in pleasant weather to walk from choice, a distance of half

a mile quite frequently, to visit a neighbor. At that age she rose early, did considerable work about the house, and her hearing was perfect. Her sight, however, was somewhat impaired in later years. The centennial anniversary of Mrs. Morey's birthday was celebrated in Strafford, in 1876, by a large party of relatives and friends, grandchildren being present from South Carolina, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, and Vermont.

Mrs. Morey, herself, was as bright and lively as any person in the company. At the fourth of July celebration in Strafford, in 1876, she rode a mile and a half to the center of the town, where the exercises were held, and as she entered the hall, the audience rose from their seats, and the committee of the day presented her with a beautiful bouquet. She remained during the proceedings, and in the afternoon on entering the church, where there were further exercises, she was the recipient of a handsome cake, which she gratefully accepted, and returned her thanks publicly, for the gift.

In the following autumn she fell and broke her hip, from which misfortune, she suffered lameness till her death. She retained her mental faculties in a remarkable degree, up to the last. Mrs. Morey had reared a family of eight children. The deceased was an exemplary Christian, and her last words were expressive of hope in the higher life beyond the grave.—From an old scrap book.

PAINÉ LETTER CIRCLE.

In 1884, at the time of the first Painesville school reunion, "The Paine Letter Circle" was established, by C. S. Paine, F. B. Paine, and A. P. Paine. It started from A. P. Paine's, with letters from the three originators; was sent on in succession to all the different families of Paines, and some one or two of each family wrote a family letter and these letters were added to the package and it was sent on to the next family on the list. When the package got around to the starting point, and where it had been before, each writer took out his old letter and he or some other member of the family, put in a new one. Thus the letters were kept going on their rounds, taking about six months to complete the circuit. One rule was that the letters should not stop over a week at any place. Another, that no one but descendants of Samuel Paine, Jr., or the wife or husband of one, should write in the circle letters.

These rules have been generally observed, except by accident or necessary delay. Once the letters were lost and a new start had to be made. The letters now visit Vermont, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, and Northern and Southern California. Many of the oldest and most valued members have passed away from earth, viz: Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Paine, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Paine, Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Paine, Arthur Paine Morey, Mrs. Emily Paine Murray, Mrs. Ellen Paine Rogers, Mrs. Laura Paine Andrus, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thompson Smith, Miss Albertia L. Paine, Miss Laura L. Paine, Dr. William Lincoln Paine, Francis Marsena Paine, George Arthur Paine.

The following is a copy of one of the circle letters:

Randolph Center, Vt., May 14, 1911.—It is Sunday afternoon, and a nice sunny day. Temperature five P. M. 68%. Leaves on maple trees pretty nearly grown, and plum trees in blossom. I was over to Carroll's last Monday, they are all O. K. And now our folks say "you must write and send the letters on; but my days of letter writing are about gone by, I guess, and I don't know that I had better write much this time. It seems easier for the women folks to write letters. They can put in all the expressions of emotion, of good wishes, and sympathy, or surprise, or congratulations, in a perfectly natural manner. I don't wish to discourage my male relatives; they are doing well, exceedingly so considering their sex. But some way the ladies, old and young, have a peculiar knack. We have just got through with one of our best maple sugar seasons. It kept us all hands pretty busy. We made 1400 pounds from 400 trees, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ to a tree, a pretty good showing, for the average amount to the tree to the year is probably not far from $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per year. So I have been pretty busy, and evenings it's all I can do to read the murder trials in the paper and the Washington gossip, and I am going to leave the letter writing to more capable hands. Very truly yours.—A. P. Paine.

The following gem is from one of Uncle Charles' circle letters, all we have of it:

Apr. 20, —I still love the birds as well as ever, and am always on the lookout for them as they return in the spring; and I am as familiar with their songs as I am with the voices of the mem-

bers of my family, so I can call the name of any bird the moment I hear it sing, and I so delight in their songs that I hate to think of leaving them in the near future. I dislike to think that the golden robin and the bobolink, and other birds, will be still singing over the dewy grass and I shall not be with them.—Charles S. Paine.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

By C. S. Paine

AT REUNION OF SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 1

RANDOLPH, VT., AUG. 16, 1884.

In writing a short sketch of the history of district No. 1, I intend to confine myself principally to events that transpired within my recollection.

First, I will give a brief view of events that transpired before my remembrance, most of which I compile from the records kept by the district clerk. It appears, from these records that this the first school district in Randolph, was organized in 1794. The first legally warned school meeting was over the signature of the selectmen, March 31, 1794. The articles in warning were three in number, the 1st and the 2d relate to the choosing of district officers the 3d to see if the district will build a school house. The following officers were chosen by the district: Joshua Blodgett, moderator; Nathan Davis, clerk; Samuel Benedict, Wolcott Allyn and Edward Evans, prudential committee; John Evans, collector. It was voted to have a committee of three men, to stick a stake in a place to build a school house. The following persons, not residents in the district, were chosen: Jonathan Peckham, David Carpenter and Col. Edson. It was then voted to bulid a school-house 31 by 16 and to be lighted by three windows. Joshua Blodgett was then appointed vendue master, and the building of the school, house was struck off to Nathan Davis, the lowest bidder for 29 lb. 10s., to be paid in wheat at 40 cts. per bu., said wheat to be raised on the polls and ratable estate to be paid into the treasury. At an adjourned meeting, it was voted to release

Nathan Davis from building the school house, whereupon the building of the same was struck off to Wolcott Allyn on the same terms as above. The seats in this house, in which the children of 1795 were educated, were made of slabs, with legs, as you would make a milking stool and without any backs. The writing desks run around the walls of the house, and the scholars sit with their backs to them while studying, and when they wanted to write would reverse their position by throwing the lower extremities over the other side. The district at this time was bounded on the south by Bethel line, and comprised all that part of Randolph that now belongs to the East Bethel district, and extended north to the Turner place. At the time the old slab-seated school house was built, the inhabitants consisted of the following named heads of families, three families of Evans living north of the house on the main road; Israel Kibbee and Moses Persons on the Kibbee road, and it is said that the very "old Grimes" of whom so many have sung, lived on a part of the Carter place; Samuel Benedict lived where Heman Smith now lives; Experience Davis on the Burnham place; Samuel Cole on the Cogswell road; David Green on Albert Paine's place; Wolcott Allyn on A. A. Storrs and Simeon Belknap on the place now owned by Perley Belknap of Northfield. Experience Davis was the first settler in the town of Randolph. He came and surveyed what was afterwards called Davis' gore, and occupied and owned it by a right received from the St. Regis' Indians. After a decade of years Samuel Paine took the place of Samuel Benedict, and Ranny Green located on a part of the Evans place, where he lived many years. The place where T. S. Hanks now lives was owned by Charles Ramsey, and Ziba Pope lived on what is now known as the Ide Dearing place, owned by Mr. Rogers. In looking over the old district records it will be seen that they were in the habit of meeting, agreeable to warning, in the old school house, and after organizing would adjourn to the house of Samuel Benedict where they would do their business. In 1803 Mr. Benedict sold out to Samuel Paine, and they kept up the habit of adjourning to the house of Samuel Paine. The explanation of this is, that the district were in the habit of taking a drink of flip, or a similar beverage, for the stomach's sake, after which they would re-organize in the bar room for business.

We find the familiar name of Solomon Burnham in the district records of 1808; Ranny Green in 1812 and Samuel Paine in 1803. In 1813 the district voted to repair the school house, and chose Israel Kibbee, Solomon Burnham and Samuel Paine to examine the school house and report at some future meeting what repairs were necessary. In Nov. 1813 the district voted to choose a committee to measure the district, find the center of the same and report the most eligible spot to build a school house. The district chose Capt. Shubel Converse, William Converse and Capt. Timothy Edson said committee. Voted that Simeon Belknap be requested to notify the committee to measure the district and also provide some refreshment for them. At an adjourned meeting, this committee made report that they had agreed on a spot to locate the school house, viz., on the west side of the road, near where the aqueduct to Aaron Pressey's house crosses the road, (about where C. S. Paine's house now stands.) It was then voted to move the old school house to the spot where the committee stuck the stake, and repair the same; but alas for these plans! During the following winter the school house was burned to the ground. In March, 1815, the district voted to build where the committee stuck the stake, and chose Simeon Belknap, Solomon Burnham and Samuel Paine a committee to agree on dimensions of school house. The committee made report that in their opinion a house 24 feet long and 18 feet wide would contain all the scholars in the district. At this time there were 80 scholars. In our day this would be called a pretty small house for so large a school, but our fathers had not the high, roomy notions that some of their successors are possessed. — Often these days it would be considered an outrage to shut up almost a hundred children in so small a house. Ebenezer Frizzle and Simeon Belknap were appointed to make a draft of a plan for a schoolhouse, and report at a future meeting. The following is their report. The house shall be 24 by 18 feet, to be studaed and to be 8 feet between the points; to be done with good timber and the frame to be a good frame, with a porch over the door 7 feet square; the door to be in the center of the house; to be a square roof, boarded, and shingled with spruce shingles; the body to be boarded and clapboarded; the clapboards to be spruce or bass. There are to be seven windows of 20 lights each, of 7 by 8 glass, the sash to be made of pine,

primed, and the glass puttied on the outside. Doors made of pine and hung with suitable hangings for such a house. There is to be a jet of 8 inches on the door side of the house; to be lathed and plastered on the walls and overhead, and the seats to be raised by the wall about one foot, and writing desks before them and alleys made between, suitable for two scholars to sit in a desk, with seats in front for small children; the floor to be made of spruce, and the rest inside spruce or bass, and a window in the porch of four lights, said porch to be lathed and plastered and a strip of board put up, with nails, suitable to hang hats and clothes on. In fine, the house is to be finished in workmanlike manner. N. B. The window frames to be of pine. There is, to be a mop board all around the walls. Simeon Belknap and Ebenezer Frizzle committee". It was voted to adopt this report, with the exception of having the seats contain only two scholars. What would our fathers think of single seats and desks, as our present house contains? Samuel Paine, Ebenezer Frizzle and Simeon Belknap were chosen committee to superintend the building of the house.

It was the custom at the annual school meeting to vote a tax of $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cord of wood to each scholar, or its equivalent in cash, at \$2 per cord. This wood was yearly brought to the school house in a green state, and it was not uncommon to be out of wood in mid winter, on account of the delinquency of some parent to furnish his quota. The wood shed fared hard on such occasions, being often partially stripped of its boards to make fire wood. About the year 1838 this method of providing wood was done away with, and the wood has since been got on the grand list. Boarding around by the teacher was always the custom of the district to a recent date. The board was apportioned to each scholar. Some poor families with a large number of scholars suffered great inconvenience. However, the teacher in many instances passed by such families and those more able bore the burden

Some wealthy men were so strict in the matter of board that when the teacher's time was up, were not backward to tell them of it. Others, more liberal, were glad to take some of the burdens from the poor. It is told of one parent, that on a certain occasion, when the school master's time had run its course and he was eating his last meal, that the farmer told him that "strictly

speaking he was only entitled to about half a meal, but he might finish it up for he was not disposed to be mean about it".

The old fashioned fire place was used in the first school house; in the second a sheet iron stove, made expressly for the purpose, open in front, with a sheet shutter to be put in place as the occasion required. The stove pipe was of an oval shape, which could be shoved up into the chimney, the lower end shutting over the flue hole. The scholars often used to shove it up the chimney and stuff it full of wood when the teacher would allow it. On one occasion, the large boys climbed upon the house and filled the chimney with wood, which raised quite a breeze in school. They never tried the experiment again. Perhaps some of our gray beards present, who were scholars at the time, will remember some of these incidents. Some of the scholars were inclined to be superstitious and fancied the school house was haunted. One summer term in particular such was the case. They thought they heard unearthly noises underneath the house and overhead. At length, they got such ideas into their heads that one day while school was keeping, the scholars with one accord rushed out of the school house in a perfect panic, and it was with considerable difficulty that the teacher could rally them again. One of the big boys finally volunteered to crowd under the house and see what was there. He soon came back with his eyes sticking right out. He undertook to describe what he saw. Suffice it to say that if the animal could have been caught and taken into Bernum's great moral show it would have caused immense attraction.

Nathan Davis, the first district clerk, was appointed in 1794, the same Davis that afterward lived below East Bethel, the father of Calvin Davis. Israel Kibbee was elected clerk in 1796 and filled the office till 1833. He was a ready penman and was succeeded by Perley Belknap, who held the office till 1841, when Solomon Burnham was chosen; he was succeeded in 1843 by Chas. S. Paine, who held the office till 1853, when Francis B. Paine was chosen and held the office till 1865, when he moved away from Randolph and C. S. Paine was elected and has held the office since.

March 10th, 1835, the district voted to build a school house. The old one had hardly been fit for the purpose for many years. There was no opposition to the project. A model was adopted, without much consideration, presented by a committee

chosen for that purpose, viz., Solomon Burnham, Wm. Ramsay and Josiah Greene. The seats and desks were built for two scholars each, 25 in all, were graded and were found very awkward and uncomfortable, so in the course of a few years it underwent many changes without much improvement. The house was 24 ft. square and built of brick. The house was located in a bad spot, being set close to the road with a swamp in its rear, abounding in frogs and slime. It was also wet on all sides at certain seasons of the year. The land cost the district nothing, which was one inducement to locate it there, probably. The building cracked open from top to bottom in a few years in several places, and though frequently repaired was always a cold house. In the winter of 1866 and 67 the district took measures to build a new house, and after a series of meetings agreed on a model and chose John Hanks, Ammi Burnham and Charles Paine building committee. They went on and built the house and had it completed by the 1st of September. That house is here before you, so we will not comment on it in this history. The house now seems to have outgrown the needs of the district, but at the time it was built there were 40 scholars, and now only about a baker's dozen. Why is this? Ask some gray bearded middle aged bachelors and the sisterhood of maiden ladies who are keeping house for their brothers. The bachelors, before mentioned, are all of them valuable citizens, but why do they stand back in the breeching and not obey the mandate "go forth, multiply and replenish the earth?"

I wish now to take a retrospective view of the domestic condition of the inhabitants of the district fifty years ago, and trace the changes down to the present time. Fifty years ago every house was a manufacturing establishment, every housewife an operative, and their daughters were assistants to the mothers. The loom and the spinning wheel were the motive powers in every household and the husbands and sons were clothed entirely by their domestic industry. Wool was made into rolls by the carding machine. Black and white wool were mixed together for the sheep's gray cloth so commonly worn, and the blue dye pot stood in every kitchen corner. Families were large in those days, and it would be a wonder to the mothers of our day how time could be found to attend to domestic duties, and also labor at the loom and spinning wheel, as they were accustomed to, but it must be re-

membered that they attended only to the substantial things of life, and children were left more to care for themselves than at present.

Barefooted boys and girls dressed in utmost simplicity, were seen, with robust countenances, romping about the fields and meadows. Domestic help in the household was a drug in the market. Girls could be hired for four and sixpence (75 c) per week to do spinning, and often a fine, robust girl could be hired to do housework for 50c per week. Even school teachers could be hired for the sum of four shillings per week, or a term of twelve weeks for \$8. Young men thought \$10 a month good pay for the best of the season, and would take in part the products of the soil for their pay. It was a common thing for distinguished persons to be called to prize stock to pay for labor done on the farm. Cooking stoves were then just coming into use and a broad fire place was in every house. Immense piles of wood were required to keep them in fuel. It would make the wood choppers of the present day discouraged to think of supplying it. The more ancient fire places were made of stone, laid up with clay mortar, were deep set and would take in wood six feet in length, and immense back logs were put on heavy andirons and a fore stick in front, with split wood between, which, being green, would sizzle and fry, and send up lurid flames to light the room in the evening. A large family of boys and girls could be seen sitting in a semi-circle round the fire place, and if a friend or two called they only had to sit back and make the circle larger. In the old fashioned kitchen "junkets" were frequent occurrences, and the blazing light of the fire, a few tallow candles and the fiddler were the needfuls for the occasion. The girls were then as sweet as now, and a great deal more resolute and healthy. Dressed in their homespun, they were as happy, perhaps more so, than our nervous, high-strung, richly dressed girls of the present day. The old fire place has given way to the stove, and our mothers do not have reason to fire the old flint lock gun to start a fire, or go to a more fortunate neighbor for a few living coals, for matches are now an indispensable factor in every household. They came into use about 40 years ago.

In the time of our grandfathers a great many petty manufactures were carried on in this district. On the Kibbee road

there was a variety of manufacturing business. Elder Ziba Pope was the leader of the enterprise, and he induced many poor families to build houses near him, by giving them half an acre of land to build upon, and at one time there was a wheelwright shop, a blacksmith's shop, where scythes and axes were made, a book bindery establishment and two shoemakers located there. The shoemakers were in the habit of "whipping the cat," as it was called, going around from house to house making up the large supply of boots for the large families. Ziba Pope used to preach in barns and had large audiences. He was of the old style Free-will Baptist and preached more noise and wind than argument in his sermons. However, he got up excitement and old fashioned revivals, and baptized many young converts in our clear running branch. He was a very eccentric man. I presume there are some among us who remember some very curious looking iron wheels about the size of common carriage wheels lying up against the fence, near where the old blacksmith shop stood. Some of the boys used to say elder Pope contemplated building an iron chariot, to ride through hell in, at the sound of the last trump, but he failed to do so, and had to go over the route in the ordinary way.

Samuel Dyer, who lived in the Pope neighborhood, could turn his hand at most anything. He was a well read man, and became a Dr. of the Thompsonian school, but soon moved west with his numerous family of girls, seven in number. Among the industries in the district was the flax spinning wheel factory, on the brook near where John Gifford now lives, owned by Bethuel Keith. His sign was a picture of a flax spinning wheel in running order. Samuel Paine built a cider mill and distillery in 1820, where the ardant was passed out the still warm. Afterward he used the building for the potash business. On the Allyn brook was a clover and grist mill, the ruins of which may still be seen. On the Burnham farm, for a series of years, bricks were made and burned. Near the foot of the Gifford hill road was a blacksmith's ship, run by Gilbert Smith, Royal Cleverly run the shoemaking business when he was not out "whipping the cat".

I wish now to mention some of the old landmarks of the district, the sacred haunts of our childhood. The old Bunker hill, that turns up its precipitous sides to the southwest of us, is one of the most notable. All of us when school children have clambered

up its rugged steps and spent many happy hours, fanned by the summer breezes; and we all remember the sand bank where we have often made our frog leaps, or slid softly down sitting upright, carrying volumes of dry sand to the bottom. The brook that flows along its base, fills our hearts with sweet remembrances. How often we waded up and down its pebbly edge, picking up clay stones, or filling our pockets with smooth pebbles. We have all seen the clusters of red-fins along at various points on its rippling bed, how, when we made them scatter. they would go clustering back to the same spot so peacefully. We school boys were very fond of going to the branch to swim at noon time. We used to wonder why people of mature age did not go in for such sport; we knew when we were older we should do it. I might mention a few more of the old landmarks and play grounds of the school children. There are the old elm trees that were standing in front of uncle Sam Paine's house when the old brown school house was used, which the boys used as goals in their plays. The same trees are still standing there in the self same spot in all their glory. The hill north of the school house, then the old Bunker of the scholars, is still there and is now a part of the Round hill poultry yards of C. C. Paine. I would like to add more to these memories, but I know the audience is weary and the sick man who wrote this is also weary.

CENTENNIAL REUNION OF OLD DISTRICT NO. 1

Randolph, Vermont, Aug. 16, 1884

The following poem was composed and recited at the reunion by

Dr. W. L. Paine of West Fairlee
Pilgrims, from the care and strivings
Whither time, life's barge hath borne,
Drifting toward the sea eternal,
From the gleam of youth's fair morn;

Pilgrims, meeting at the portal,
Whence diverging paths have led,
Now returning to this Mecca,
After seasons long have fled;

Welcome—to the realms of childhood,
To the scenes of long ago,
To this peaceful, slumbering valley,
Where the Branch is winding slow;

Winding round its fertile meadows,
Sparkling in the morning sun,
Beaming welcome to the brooklets,
As they gayly to it run;

Beaming welcome to the wanderer,
Who, in childhood's golden dream,
Played amid the sunny meadows,
By the silent, flowing stream.

Changing as the skies above us,
Are the scenes on earth below,
While the swift revolving ages
To the nations come and go.

Ours is but a fleeting vision
Of the changeful flood of time,
But a few relentless billows
Mark its energy sublime.

And we gaze adown life's vista,
Over many a shifting scene,
Till they vanish in the distance,
With a misty veil between.

But beyond our dim horizon,
Down the decades of the past,
History's page prolongs the prospect,
Till it fades in distance vast.

We have met in this fair valley,
'Mid the school-day scenes of yore,
While each soul, on memory's pinions,
Wings its way to childhood's shore.

There is life's unclouded morning,
With its long gone happy hours;
And we gaze on pleasant prospects,
Wood-land scenes and spring-time flowers.

Fireside groups of home and kindred,
Homes, that gave our youth delight,
Decked, as in the days departed,
Gleam once more upon our sight.

Next, the school-room where we tarried,
Gleaning golden gems of lore,
In that building, old and battered,
Built of brick with slanting floor.

When our childhood games had ended,
Still the brooks went babbling on,
Still amid those liquid murmurs,
Children played when we were gone.

Ever do the laughing waters
Kiss the tiny wading feet;
Ever troops of merry children,
On the banks in pleasure meet.

Friends, today, long parted comrades,
Youth and age and golden prime,
Mingle in a glad reunion,
And their heartfelt greetings chime.

Far and wide our homes are scattered,
Through New England and the West;
But we seek the haunts of childhood
In the vale we love the best.

Years have passed with annals laden,
Since in youth they journeyed hence,
Who with ripened age are reaping,
Of life's toil the recompense.

Now on pilgrimage returning,
Vast the change, as in a dream,
Few familiar sights to greet them
Save the hills and winding stream.

Strangers meet them on the highway
Strangers labor in the field,
Where, in days gone by, their fathers
Garnered in the fruitful yield.

Yet, perchance, that sturdy farmer,
With his bronzed and manly face,
To some well remembered urchin
Bears resemblance, just a trace.

Of their old time friends and neighbor,
Few remain to greet them now.
These are crowned with locks of silver
Time's inscription marks each brow.

And they hasten on life's journey,
Guided by an unseen hand,
Trusting that the nearing portal
Opens to the better land.

Actors in life's fleeting drama,
'Mid the scenes of this fair vale,
Peaceful be their silent slumbers
'Neath the turf, when life shall fail.

Pilgrims, in the shrines of childhood
Who these sacred glens adore,
Oft shall memory's pinions bear you
To the sunny days of yore.

Pilgrims, soon our farewell tokens,
Soon we scatter far and wide,
Hoping for a blessed reunion,
In the realms beyond the tide.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA

By Dr. William Lincoln Paine

Not one man lost, says Dewey,
Away beyond the seas:
The man who won the battle,
At our Antipodes.
Not one man lost with Dewey,
While thundered fort and fleet,
And shot and shell were flying,
As falls the flying sleet.
And not one man had fallen
In all that fearful fray,
Which sank the Spanish squadron
In Manila's torrid bay.
Down went the Don Antonio,
And all the ships of Spain;
The Yankee boys remembered
The sinking of the Maine.
And Oh—the dread Nemesis:
Three hundred Spanish braves,
Upon their burning cruisers,
Went down beneath the waves;
And not one man lost Dewey,
Avenger of the Maine,
A thunderbolt incarnate,
And living hurricane.
The Gods avenged with Dewey,
And avenged with all their might,
The massacre of Cuba
On that February night.
Now if you ask Nemesis,
Why Dewey had none slain,
She answers: Yours had perished
At the sinking of the Maine.

THE HILLS OF VERMONT

From "*The Vermonter*"

Dedicated to the Lovers of Vermont

The awakening of summer in the hills of old Vermont
Is a wonder-thrill compelling ecstasy;
'Neath the spell the grass starts springing
And the woodland birds are singing—
Wondrous Nature joins the song of mystery.

O, I love the cool, deep, shadows in the hills of old Vermont
And I love each murmuring pine and laughing stream.
When the day consents to leave me
And the night bends to receive me,
I lay me down to hope—and pray—and dream.

Often do I hold communion with the hills of old Vermont,
Watching silver rivers ramble down the glade;
And methinks, I hear God talking—
Almost see his Spirit walking
In the forest, where the silence meets the shade.

When Autumn's gorgeous colors kiss the hills of old Vermont,
Leave them tingling with the breath of Winters' dawn;
On the snow peaks—sheets of glory—
We can read the old, old story:
"Summer days will come again when snows are gone."

If the hand of time should lead me from the hills of old Vermont,
And the voice of death should claim me while away,
Bring me back and gently lay me
'Neath whispering pines, I pray thee:
Wrapt in splendor of the hills, just let me stay.

MRS. THERESSA DEFOSSET

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